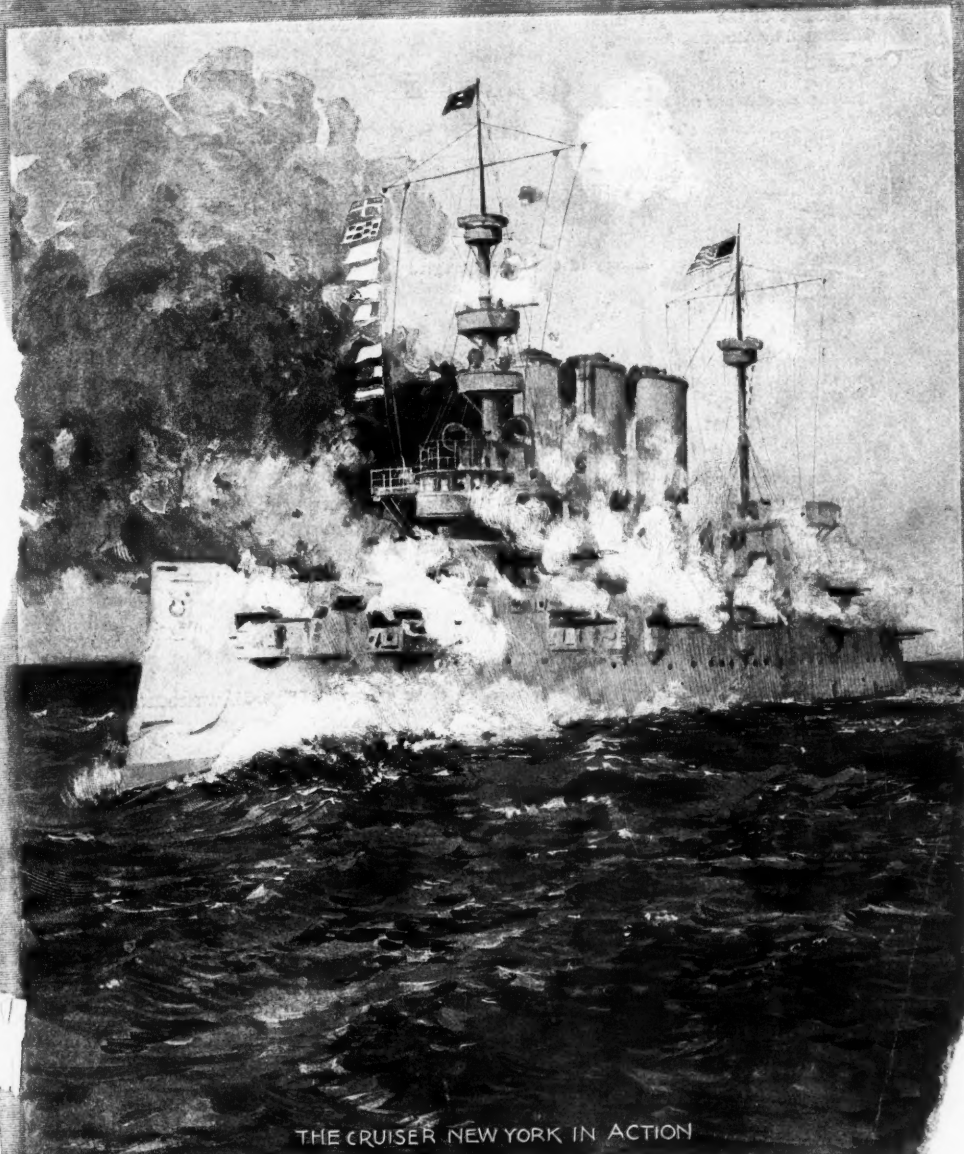


THE MUNSEY



THE CRUISER NEW YORK IN ACTION

FRANK A. MUNSEY, PUBLISHER, 111 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
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MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

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"SWEET JACQUEMINOT, I BEND TO THEE AND KISS THY PERFUMED PETALS RARE."

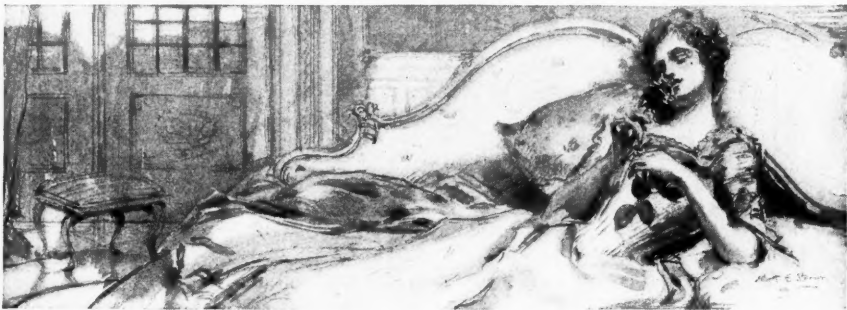
Drawn by Albert E. Steiner.

THE MESSAGE OF THE ROSE.

SWEET JACQUEMINOT, I bend to thee
And kiss thy perfumed petals rare,
And beg that thou wilt tell for me
My heart's fond story to my fair.
When she shall come with dainty tread
To breathe thy sweets—ah, then for me,
When o'er thee bending, lift thy head,
Give her this kiss I give to thee.
And may thy gentle touch convey
Unto her all my heart would tell,
For dare I speak, this would I say,
Sweet Jacqueminot, I love her well.

Meet thou her eyes, and like the flush
Of thine own bloom, then will her cheek,
Adorned with sweet confusion, blush
To hear the vows I bid thee speak.
And let thy every gentle art
Of sweet persuasion plead for me
Until thy story move her heart
To love's impassioned sympathy.
And when she takes thee for her own
To lie and die upon her breast,
I would thy fate were mine alone,
For I could know my love is blest.

James King Duffy.





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"GIN A BODY KISS A BODY."

*From the painting by Maude Goodman—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company,
14 East 23d Street, New York.*

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIX.

JULY, 1898.

No. 4.

OUR FIGHTING NAVY.

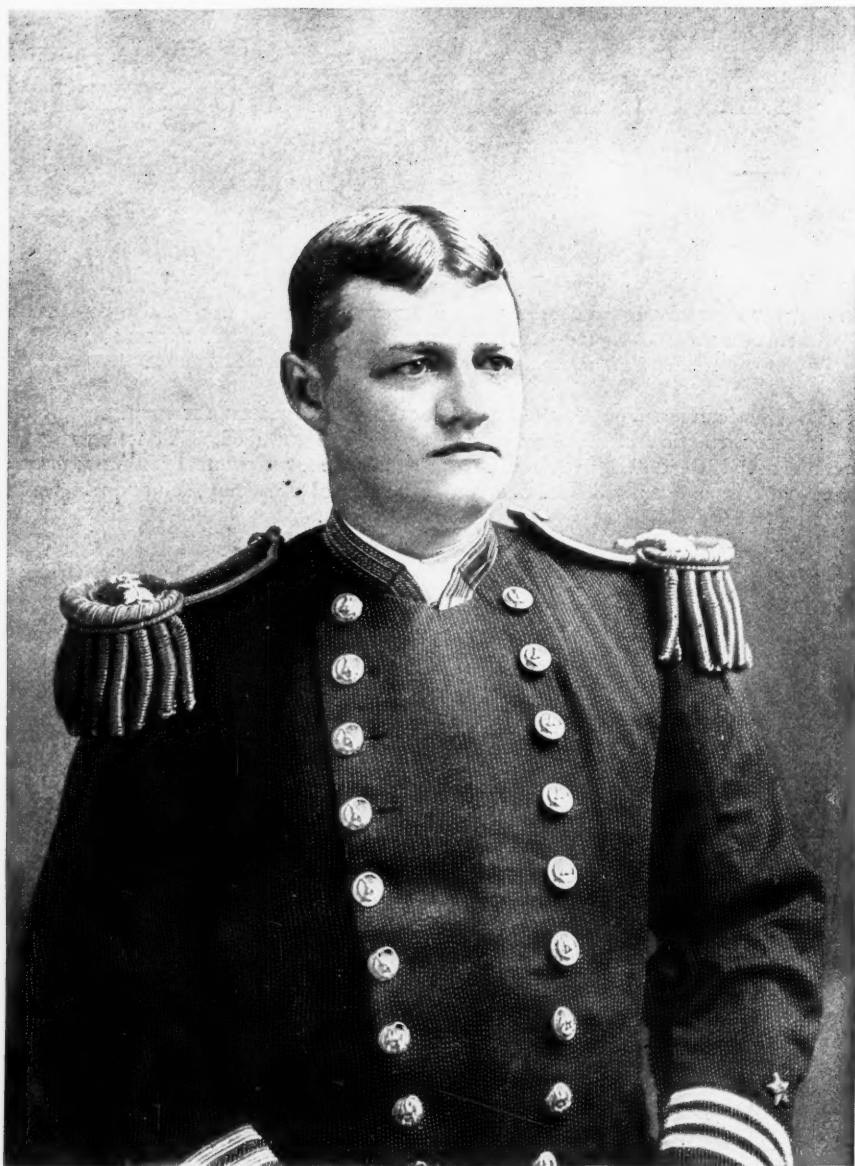
A PORTRAIT GALLERY OF OFFICERS WHO HOLD THE POSTS OF HONOR AND OF DANGER IN OUR NAVAL SERVICE—AMERICAN SAILORS WHOSE RECORD SHOWS THAT EVERY MAN OF THEM IS ALWAYS READY TO DO HIS DUTY.

THE American naval officer offers striking confirmation of the law of the survival of the fittest. The path from cadet to captain is a long and hard one, and calls at every turn for manliness, courage, and hardihood. For four years the candidate for a commission must stay at the Naval Academy, and during that



FREDERICK V. MCNAIR, UNITED STATES NAVY, THE OFFICER WHO HEADS THE LIST OF COMMODORES.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.



CAPTAIN ROBLEY D. EVANS ("FIGHTING BOB"), OF THE BATTLESHIP IOWA.

From a photograph by Rice, Washington.

time his life is one steady round of drill and study. If at the end of two more years spent afloat he can pass a creditable examination in seamanship and gunnery he is made an ensign, and waits for the promotion that will carry him, in the slow process of years, through the grades

of junior lieutenant, lieutenant, lieutenant commander, and commander, finally bringing him, although not until his hair is gray, the "eagle and anchor" which marks the rank of captain. The path, let it be said again, is a long and hard one, but there are few who think of



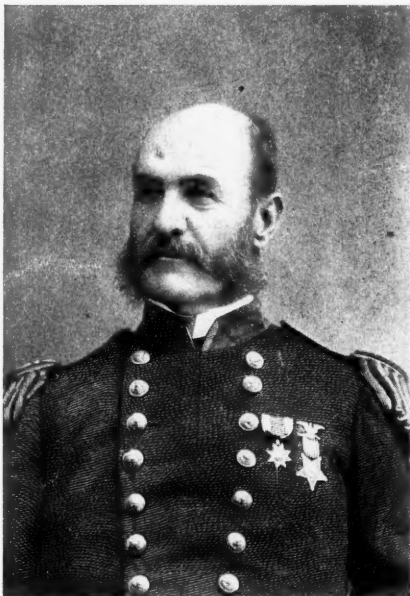
COMMANDER RICHARD RUSH, OF THE
ARMERIA.

From a photograph by Gilbert, Washington.



COMMANDER RICHARDSON CLOVER, OF THE
GUNBOAT BANCROFT.

From a photograph by Parker, Washington.



CAPTAIN WILLIAM C. WISE, OF THE AUXILIARY
CRUISER YALE.

From a photograph by Faber, Norfolk.



COMMANDER JOSEPH G. EATON, OF THE
AUXILIARY CRUISER RESOLUTE.

From a photograph by Notman, Boston.



CAPTAIN FRENCH E. CHADWICK, OF THE ARMORED CRUISER NEW YORK.

From a photograph by Gilbert, Washington.

flinching from the duties and dangers before them.

"Why are you called 'Fighting Bob'?" was the question put not long ago to Captain Robley D. Evans, perhaps the best known officer of his grade in the navy.

"I never courted the distinction," was the reply, "and am no more of a fighter, and no more deserving of that title, than

any other officer. Every one of them will fight when it is his duty to do so, and in all our navy individual cowardice is so rare that it is not worth considering. If the captain of a battleship with five hundred men on board goes into action, he does not make a discount of one hundredth part of one per cent for backing or skulking on the part of his crew."



REAR ADMIRAL WILLIAM A. KIRKLAND, SENIOR OFFICER OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY,
COMMANDANT OF THE MARE ISLAND NAVY YARD, CALIFORNIA.

From a photograph by Saxony, New York.



CAPTAIN HENRY C. TAYLOR, OF THE BATTLESHIP INDIANA.

From a photograph by Child, Newport.

And what is true of the man behind the gun holds good also of the commander on the bridge. There was furnished abundant proof of this during the

Civil War. With the exception of the three lowest men on the list of captains, all of the sixty two highest officers in the navy were active participants in that

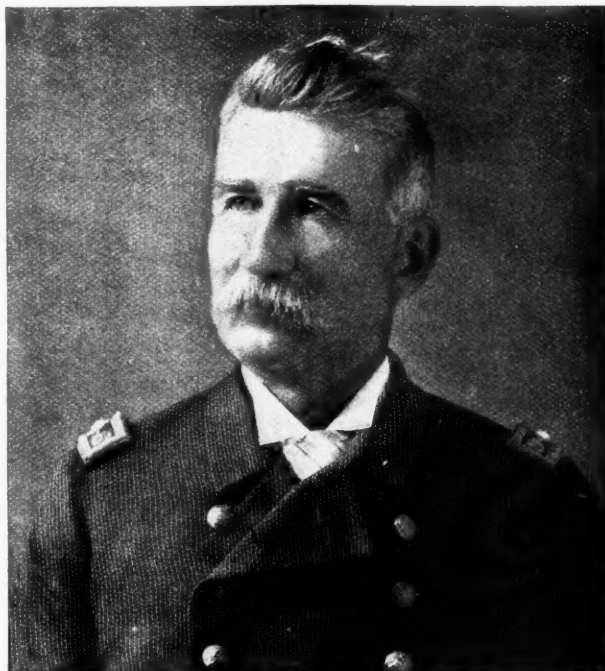
great conflict. Some of them fought under Farragut and Porter at the bombardment of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, the capture of New Orleans, the passage of the Vicksburg batteries, and the battle of Mobile Bay; others served with notable gallantry in Hampton Roads and before Port Royal, Charleston, and Fort Fisher. If there was a laggard among them, history contains no record of the fact.

It was as a young lieutenant in the Gulf that Admiral Dewey mastered the lessons which five and thirty years later made possible the victory of Manila, while Admiral Sampson, as executive officer of the Patapsco in the blockade of Charleston, first gave proof of the coolness and daring he has lately displayed in



CAPTAIN ALBERT S. BARKER, OF THE CRUISER NEWARK.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.



CAPTAIN LOUIS N. STODDER, UNITED STATES REVENUE CUTTER SERVICE.

From a photograph by O'Neil, New Bedford.

West Indian waters.

On the morning of January 16, 1865, the Patapsco was ordered to enter Charleston harbor, and find and destroy the mines and torpedoes with which it was suspected the place was lined. She steamed in, with Lieutenant Sampson on the bridge, but had hardly passed the harbor's mouth when she became a target for the rifle bullets of the Confederate sharpshooters.

Their fire was withering, and the men on the Patapsco went down like wheat before a wind. Sampson ordered the sailors and marines on deck to go below, and held his place, a lone target for the bullets that flew about him.

Then, without any



CAPTAIN FREDERICK RODGERS, OF THE CRUISER PHILADELPHIA.

From a photograph by Hargrave, New York.

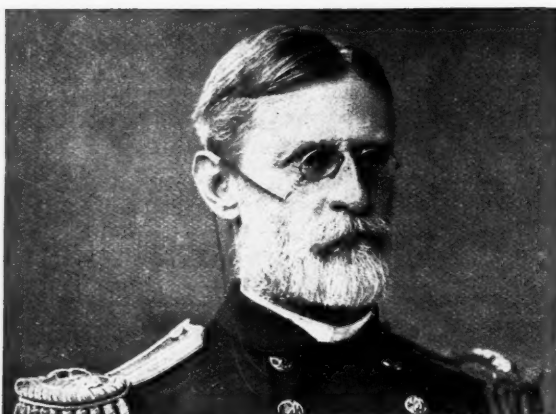


CAPTAIN P. F. HARRINGTON, OF THE MONITOR PURITAN.

From a photograph by Faber, Norfolk, Virginia.

apparent reason, the firing ceased—a sure omen of evil! But it was too late to retreat, if such a thought entered the mind of any man. Foot by foot the little ironclad moved on, until a mighty roar broke the silence, and the boat shot upward, torn into a hundred pieces. Flames leaped from the hull; there was

another explosion and still another, and then she sank slowly in the water. Lieutenant Sampson, blown a hundred feet into the air, fell into the sea yards away from the sinking hull. Twenty five of his crew were with him, alive; the others, to the number of four score, had met their death, as the men of the Maine met



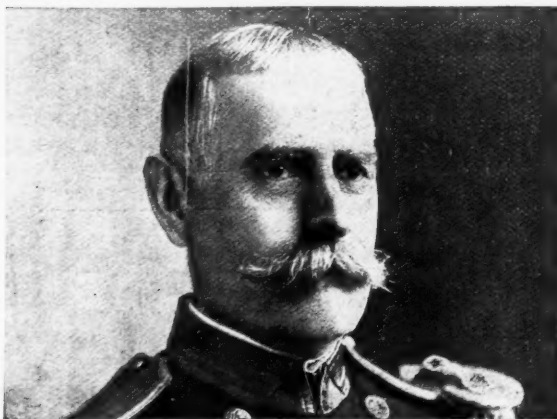
CAPTAIN G. W. SUMNER, COMDT. OF THE NEW YORK NAVY YARD.
From a photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.

theirs in Havana harbor. Penned inside the ship, there was no escape for them. Lieutenant Sampson was rescued with the other survivors, and was ready next day for an experience as daring as the one he had just gone through.

Moreover, the American naval officer is generally something more than a fighter. Admiral Kirkland has made himself thoroughly familiar with the resources of the several republics of South America,



COMMODORE KAUTZ, COMDT. OF THE NEWPORT NAVAL STATION.
From a photograph by Glines, Boston.



COMMANDER E. C. PENDLETON, COMDT. OF THE WASHINGTON NAVY YARD.

From a photograph by Parker, Washington

and Commodore McNair is an astronomer whose opinions are held in respect by students the world over. Commodore Howell is the inventor of the torpedo which bears his name, Commodore Kautz is master of half a dozen languages, and Commodores Watson and Robeson are civil engineers of signal ability.

Captain Philip was chosen from a score of officers as the one best fitted to command the Woodruff scientific expedition in its voyage around the world.

Captains Rodgers, Barker, and Wise are acknowledged authorities on all matters pertaining to the construction of steel vessels; Captains Cooper, Taylor, and Goodrich have long been prominent as students and teachers of the history and practice of naval strategy; Captain Crowninshield has penned the best plea for the building of the Nicaragua Canal that has found its way into print, and Captains Harrington and Ludlow have made themselves valuable to the department by their study of



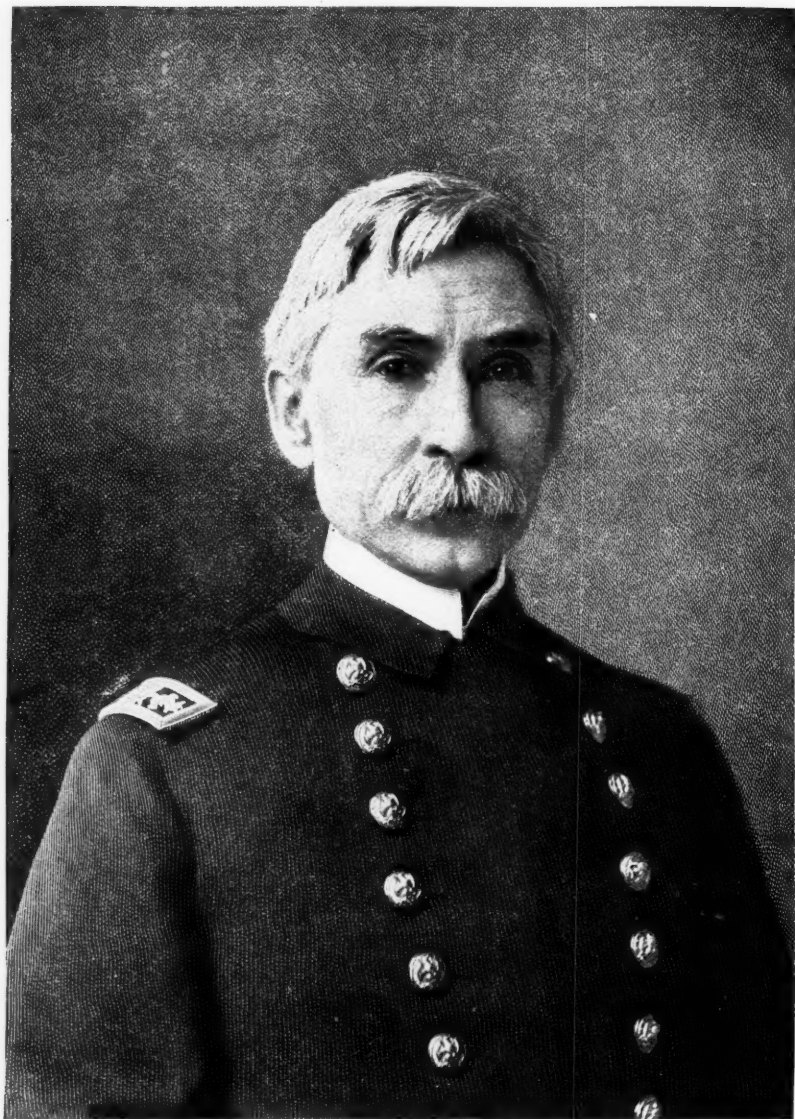
COMMODORE JOHN A. HOWELL, OF THE PATROL SQUADRON.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

the manufacture and use of torpedoes. Captains Sumner, Terry, Read, and Whiting are hydrographers of exceptional skill; Captain Evans is a designer and builder of bridges, whose services, whenever he is on leave of absence, are bid for in advance by the great steel companies;

Captain Chadwick has made a thorough and exhaustive study of marine and international law, and Captain Jewell knows as much about the capacity of modern ordnance and high explosives as any living man.

The eighty five commanders, hailing



COMMODORE JOHN C. WATSON, OF THE CUBAN BLOCKADING SQUADRON.

From a photograph—Copyrighted, 1898, by F. Gutekunst, Philadelphia.

from almost every State in the Union, are the backbone of the navy. Upon them falls the brunt of the fighting in the present war, and from their ranks will come the flag officers of the next dozen years. Commander Willard H. Brownson, who stands near the middle of the list, is a typical sample of the material which will be used in the making of our future ad-

mirals and commodores. It was while commanding the *Detroit* on her maiden cruise that Brownson became famous. He took command of her in July, 1893, and went to the harbor of Rio de Janeiro, where lay the fleet of Admiral Da Gama, of the Brazilian navy, in revolt against the government, which retained control on land. An ostensible blockade was



CAPTAIN JOHN J. READ, OF THE RECEIVING SHIP RICHMOND.

From a photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.



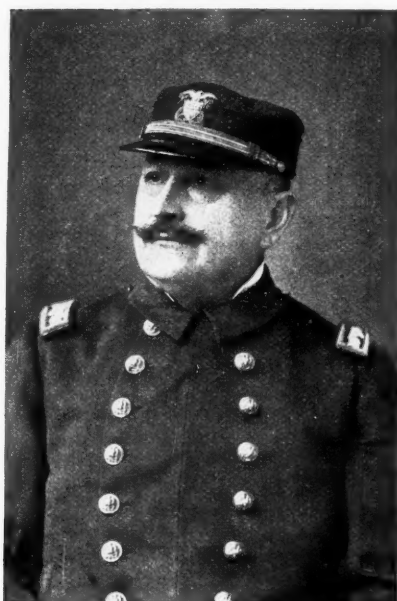
COMMANDER BOWMAN H. MCCALLA, OF THE CRUISER MARBLEHEAD.

From a photograph by Gilbert, Washington.



COMMANDER FRANCIS W. DICKINS, BUREAU OF NAVIGATION.

From a photograph by Parker, Washington.



CAPTAIN JOHN W. PHILIP, OF THE BATTLESHIP TEXAS.

From a photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.



CAPTAIN W. H. WHITING, OF THE MONITOR MONADNOCK.

From a photograph.

maintained, and American ships were not allowed to discharge their cargoes. Admiral Benham, commanding the American fleet in the harbor, resolved to break up this condition of affairs, and he gave Brownson, who is pluck and poise personified, the task of doing it.

Brownson's orders were to fire back if any of our merchant vessels were molested by the insurgents while seeking to discharge their cargoes. A shot from an insurgent vessel was fired at—but missed—one of the American vessels that was preparing to haul into its wharf. In-

stantly the Detroit answered with a six pounder, sending a shot under the insurgent's bow. The latter then fired one shot to leeward, and another over the merchantman. The Detroit answered with a musket volley that tore the stern post of the insurgent craft, after which Brownson steamed alongside the Brazilian, and, hailing her commander, told him that the Detroit would send him to the bottom if he fired again. It was this plucky challenge of the American captain to a Brazilian officer only a few yards from him that ended the rebellion. And Brownson, like his fellows, can do more than fight. He is one of the best hydrographers in the navy, and an accepted authority on deep sea soundings.

Above and below him on the list of commanders are many of the ablest and most resolute of our captains of the fleet, includ-



COMMANDER WILLIAM H. EMORY, OF THE YOSEMITE.

From a photograph by Pearsall, New York.

ing Francis W. Dickins, Charles H. Davis, Bowman H. McCalla, Edwin White, George A. Converse, Eugene W. Watson,

John F. Merry, William C. Gibson, Chapman C. Todd, Joseph N. Hemphill, Clifford H. West, Joseph G. Eaton, Edwin C. Pendleton, Walton Goodwin, Richardson Clover, James M. Miller, Richard Rush, and William H. Emory. Each of these officers is a fighter and a disciplinarian.

Emory in particular is a man to be taken carefully into account in any forecast of the navy's future. Stories of this officer's sturdy character are common in the service. It is related of him that while a young lieutenant on the Asiatic station he had



COMMODORE HENRY B. ROBESON.

From a photograph by Pearsall, New York.



COMMANDER W. H. BROWNSON, OF THE
AUXILIARY CRUISER YANKEE.

From a photograph by Parker, Washington.



COMMANDER CLIFFORD H. WEST, OF THE
GUNBOAT PRINCETON.

From a photograph by Pearsall, Brooklyn.



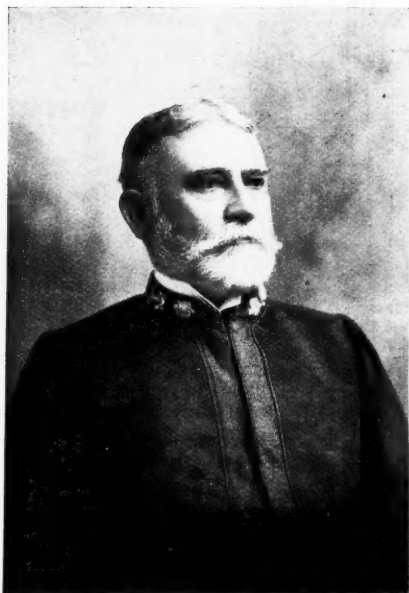
CAPTAIN NICOLL LUDLOW, OF THE MONITOR
TERROR.

From a photograph by Gilbert, Washington.



CAPTAIN SILAS W. TERRY, OF THE RECEIVING
SHIP FRANKLIN.

From a photograph by Fitz-Patrick, Montevideo.



COMMANDER EDWIN WHITE.

From a photograph by Buffham, Annapolis.



COMMANDER E. W. WATSON, OF THE SCINDIA.

From a photograph by Uyeno, Hong Kong.

occasion to reprimand an enlisted man who was physically a powerful fellow, with some notoriety as a bully among the crew. It came to Emory's ears that the man had remarked that "Lieutenant Emory had on his uniform for protection, or he would not have dared to be so severe." Emory went at once to the captain and got a tour of shore leave for the sailor, who gladly availed himself of the favor, but the lieutenant put on his civilian dress, and, overtaking the man, invited him into a back street and told him to defend himself. There was a hot fight for five minutes, and then Emory helped the jack tar aboard ship, and turned him over to the doctor for a week's convalescence.

Commanders Rockwell,



CAPTAIN PHILIP H. COOPER, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY.

From a photograph by Buffham, Annapolis.



COMMANDER WALTON GOODWIN, OF THE
SOUTHERBY.

From a photograph by Tamamama, Yokohama, Japan.



COMMANDER JOSEPH N. HEMPHILL, BUREAU
OF YARDS AND DOCKS.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.



COMMANDER JAMES M. MILLER, OF THE
MERRIMAC.

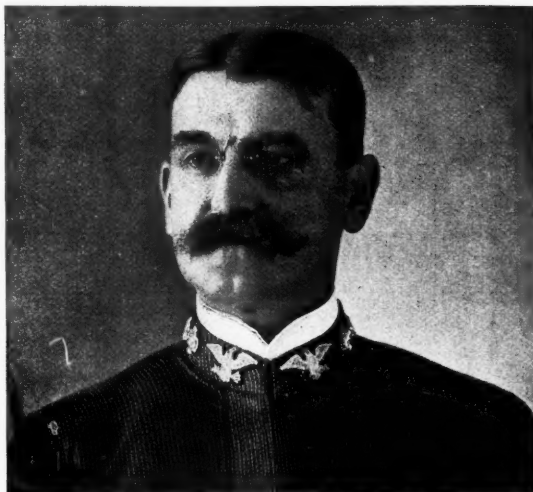
From a photograph by Parkinson, New York.



COMMANDER WILLIAM C. GIBSON, OF THE
PENSACOLA.

From a photograph by Nickerson, Portsmouth, N. H.

Forsyth, and McGowan are veterans of the old volunteer navy. McGowan wears the medal of honor, never given save for conspicuous bravery in battle. The transfer of the revenue cutter service to the control of the Secretary of the Navy has added a number of men with memorable records to the roster of fighting naval commanders. Captains George E. McConnell and Henry B. Rogers served as volunteer officers during the Civil War. Captain Louis N. Stodder, when a youngster of twenty two, was master of the Monitor in her epoch making encounter with the Merrimac, and a few months later he was one of the last to leave the famous iron-



CAPTAIN THEODORE F. JEWELL, OF THE PROTECTED CRUISER MINNEAPOLIS.

From a photograph by Prince, Washington.



COMMANDER CHARLES H. DAVIS, OF THE DIXIE.

From a photograph by Moreno & Lopez, New York.

clad when she sank in a storm off Cape Hatteras in the winter of 1862.

With such men as these to fight its ships and squadrons there need be no fear for the present and the future of the United States navy. Both are in strong, sure hands—how strong and how sure, we perhaps scarcely realize in the piping days of peace. It is only when there sounds the call to arms that we see the metal of our guns, and of the men behind them, fully tested. Not very many times in our history have we had to face the crisis of war, but whenever the hour has come it has found the men ready. Our sailors always welcome a chance for active service, however full of hard work, responsibility, and danger. There have doubtless been many Farraguts and Deweys in our navy who have failed of high renown only for lack of opportunity—as would Farragut and Dewey, had the wars that gave them their laurels come only a few years later in each case; and there may well be some among the American officers pictured here who will rank, a year hence, among our naval heroes.

Rufus Rockwell Wilson.



WILLIAM E. MASON.
From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

THE UNITED STATES SENATE.

BY WILLIAM E. MASON,

United States Senator from Illinois.

Personal impressions of a well known member of our highest legislative body—The Senate's membership and methods, needed reforms in its rules, and the unnecessary air of mystery that surrounds its secret sessions.

THE most agreeable men I have ever known are the Senators of the United States. No set of gentlemen with whom the writer has been associated seem so considerate of one another's wishes and convenience. In fact, it is a question if this has not been carried too far, at times even to the point of interference with the transaction of public business.

The word "parliament" is derived from parley, or talk; and how they happened to call our august body the Senate, instead of the Parley-ment or Talk-ament, I

cannot fathom. There are great Senators who can set their lips moving—that is, begin to parley—and then let them run for days at a time without apparent physical or mental effort.

The first parliament, so far as natural history shows, was organized by our interesting friends, the monkeys. For ages they have met in the forests and, one at a time, expressed their views. At the end of his parley each one is duly applauded, whether it is because of some wise saying, or simply because he has quit, I don't

know and cannot tell, as the learned professor who was to translate the monkey dialect, and possibly publish their *Congressional Record*, has, I think, not completed his work. Mankind says that the monkey imitates the man; but as they had a parliament or senate before the kings allowed men to have one, I hold that man, and not the monkey, is the imitator.

Under the Senate rules, however, applause is not allowed. There are two kinds of applause, affirmative and negative; we waive the former to bar the latter.

Among civilized human beings every legislative body has rules of procedure except the Senate of the United States. I do not mean to say that we have no rules. We have a book of rules as big as a Bible. I mean that there is no rule by which debate can be confined to the subject under consideration; there is no time, on this side of eternity, when a Senator must stop. He can take weeks if he wishes. There is no rule by which a given piece of business can be reached and disposed of by the majority when the majority is ready to act. Day after day pending legislation is dragged along; no matter how large the majority may be, one man can render it powerless to act. No matter that the people may have voted on the question at issue; no matter that business interests may hang in the balance; no hour can be fixed for a final vote until unanimous consent is obtained.

This is not fair and is not right. I admit that the minority has a right to be heard and to protest; but when the minority has had its rights as a minority, the majority ought to be allowed to carry out its policy. This is a country of majorities; all our officers are elected by majorities of the people. Our courts of last resort may differ as to law and facts, but the opinion of the majority is the opinion of the court. There are men in the Senate of the United States now who will never let the question rest until we have some rule by which the business of the government can be transacted by a constitutional majority.

No better illustration can be had than the difficulties encountered in passing the last Tariff Bill. Millions of dollars in business were suffering under the strain

of waiting. Millions of dollars of revenue were lost to the government while waiting for "unanimous consent" to vote, although the people had voted on the question, and a large majority of the Senate was for the measure. The United States Senate will never be an American institution until the majority, and not the minority, controls its every action.

While discussing the rules, executive sessions should not be forgotten. Before I blossomed into a United States Senator I used to be a plain M. C. Sometimes it happened that I was in the Senate Chamber when an executive session was ordered. The first time I heard the motion made I said to myself: "Well, I guess I'll stay and see the fun." The motion to go into executive session was carried, and I was invited to—go out.

"But," I said, kind of swelling up, "I am a member of the House of Representatives of the United States of America!"

"Oh! Yes! Is that so?" said the polite officer. "But—you'll have to go."

And go I did, but I mentally shook my fist at the green baize door and said: "I'll just run for the Senate myself."

Men, as everybody knows, are never curious; but I confess that I was anxious to see what was done in the *sanctum sanctorum* known as the Executive or Secret Session of the United States Senate.

At last, after all my trials and tribulations (this is in confidence) my supreme hour came. A Senator from New England arose and solemnly and earnestly moved that we go into "executive session." I heard the magic words. My dream was to be realized. I saw the galleries cleared. I saw new M. C.'s get the gentle hint to go, just as I had. I wanted to walk out by the same door at which I had shaken my fist, and then walk in; but I was afraid that some part of the ceremonies of the supreme moment would escape me. I rushed to my seat, put my desk in order, dusted my coat collar with my fingers, smoothed my hair, and tried to look like my ideal of a Senator in executive session.

The bells all over the Senate end of the Capitol rang and made music to my ears. The chief page clapped his hands three times, and the pages all rushed from our sacred presence. Amidst the ringing of

bells and rushing of feet the people were all moved out, the doors were closed, and we were alone!

Thereupon the Senator who had moved the executive session struck a match in the usual way and lit a cigar, audibly informing his neighbor that it was the only one he had. He then moved that John Smith be confirmed in his \$700 post office in Podunk. The President of the United States Senate, the Vice President of the United States, said: "Without objection it is so ordered." A motion to adjourn was carried. In one moment my dream was broken, and I was left with a taste in my mouth as insipid and unsatisfying as that of circus lemonade.

Seriously—if it is possible to be serious on this subject—the executive session is a farce. It may be well in times of war with other nations to have the government business as to treaties, and things of that sort, done in secret; but in ordinary business, and in times of peace, there is no reason for closed doors between the people and the men employed to represent them.

This leads to the thought of the election of United States Senators. The people pay the Senatorial salaries, and are bound by the Senate laws, but they have mighty little to say, in most cases, as to who shall be United States Senator. A State may go by fifty thousand majority in favor of one platform, and yet its Legislature may elect a United States Senator on the other platform. The Legislature elects the Senator, and it may or may not carry out the wishes of the people. This system removes the Senate too far from the people. Senators are often elected without having their public and political record before the public for an hour. In my humble opinion there is little prospect of the prompt transaction of public affairs until the people elect the United States Senators. But the Constitution? Well, let us amend it. That has been done, and each time it has been improved.

If a man holds his seat in the Senate by use of his check book he owes allegiance to no man. If he holds his seat at the dictation of a political boss, he bosses the people and serves the boss. But if he holds his commission from the people, he needs must answer to the people alone.

The pay of a United States Senator is \$5,000 a year, with mileage of five cents a mile—which will about pay one's fare if one leaves his family at home and gets a pass for oneself, and also if one is not held up too often by the sleeping car, the dining car, and the boss of the road, commonly called the porter. We all admit that our pay is too small, but we have to admit that we all knew what the pay was when we so reluctantly accepted the office. I have examined the statutes and the Constitution very carefully, and can find nothing in either which prevents our resigning.

The politics of the present Senate is mongrel or non partisan, with no party in a clear majority. Republicans are divided into free silver and sound money Republicans; Democrats the same way. There are Independents, Populists, and What-nots. There is no party responsibility. Some committees are controlled by one party and some by the other, and an appropriation goes through as smoothly as the Ten Commandments through a Sunday school.

I wish that I had the space in which to describe some of the curious things that befall a United States Senator, and some of the people who write to him or call on him, or to bring before the readers of MUNSEY'S the public buildings we visit daily. Most marvelous of these latter is the Congressional Library. Every American citizen ought to see it. So closely connected is it with the United States Senate and the House of Representatives that we can have brought to us on the underground cable, in two minutes, almost any book ever published in our language.

Here are a few samples of letters that Senators receive:

SENATOR MASON:

Will carp eat gold fish? If not send me some carp.

Yours, etc.

This was referred, and I do not today know what the result was.

Another:

SENATOR MASON:

I wonder if you are my brother that left home in 1850. His name was William Mason too. If so please write, etc. etc. (Here followed a family tree.)

SARA MASON.

I did not leave home in 1850. In fact, that was the interesting year in which I first arrived at home. I hardly knew what to do with this letter. I was in Washington, she in Oklahoma, and I could not tell whether I wanted her to be a sister to me or not.

And here is another, just as written, all but the writer's name. I follow his punctuation and spelling. Let us call him John Brown. He was an honest man who thought the government ran a foundling home.

MR. MASON:

We want a baby. We want you to pick us out a baby, my wife wants a girl and I want a boy but never mind I don't care witch. Tell me what it cost.

Yours truly,

JOHN BROWN.

This was referred to the Foundlings' Home at Chicago.

One constituent argued his claim to be a United States consul as follows: "I am a Republican and have made sacrifices for my country. My present wife's first husband was a soldier." I cannot tell whether or not he meant that it was a continuing sacrifice.

Here is a letter covering eight pages of paper and nearly all of the subjects discussed in the last campaign. It is right on all questions and more than gratifying, for it approves my every vote. The last page is a solemn and unselfish prayer, and closes:

May God hold up your hands and make you strong to do battle for the people. May God shower his choicest blessings upon you is the prayer of your true and loyal friend,

S. B. B.

P. S.—Don't forget that I am a candidate for postmaster here.

Some time ago, while I was visiting a friend in Illinois, he showed me the pictures of three famous United States Senators, Clay, Calhoun, and Webster. In the course of a most interesting conversation he told me that he had heard all three of these illustrious gentlemen take part in a single debate. One Senator had said to him that Calhoun was the lightning, Webster the thunder, and Clay the rainbow, of the Senate. Clay and Webster and Calhoun are dead, but their spirits live and still contend upon the Senate floor. Henry Clay can never die while there is one American citizen con-

tending for the doctrine of protection to American industries. One can still see the spirit of Calhoun, like a lightning flash, pleading for State sovereignty, and still hear the swarthy Webster, like the voice of thunder, saying in reply: "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!"

The contest begun by these two Senators did not end with death. It went on and on until the lightning flash of the South and the thunder of the North broke into the storm, the cyclone of the Civil War. For four years the trial of that cause lasted. It was tried at the firesides of all the people. It was heard amid the smoke of battles, in the hills, valleys, swamps, and above the clouds. The spirit of Calhoun wrote "The Bonnie Blue Flag." The spirit of Webster wrote "The Star Spangled Banner." The spirit of Calhoun blockaded the Mississippi River. The spirit of Webster opened it forever to the Gulf. The spirit of Calhoun began the argument at Sumter, and the spirit of Webster closed the debate at Appomattox.

One of the most important duties of the United States Senate is the settlement of treaties between this and other countries. The last treaty under discussion was that pending between England and ourselves, and during its consideration the impracticability of the executive session was never better demonstrated. The proceedings were reported daily, but the giving of information being against the rules, they were never reported correctly. The writer ventures to say that no more learned and careful dissertations have been made for years than those delivered by the chairman of the committee on foreign relations, Senator Davis of Minnesota, and other thoroughly equipped constitutional lawyers on both sides of the question. The people were much interested as to the terms of the treaty, and general dissatisfaction was expressed when it was defeated. The arguments were neither reported nor printed. Requests for the whole debate still come from every quarter, but cannot be granted, because of the old and absurd practice of closing the doors and refusing to report the proceedings.

Those who voted for the arbitration treaty, as finally amended, gave strong

and patriotic reasons for so doing. Those who voted against it rested their action upon reasons as strong and patriotic, but different. Some said we were not sufficiently protected in the selection of the judges. Others believed that it would be time enough to establish the court when we had a difference to submit to a court. Still others claimed that under the treaty the British government could force us to arbitrate settled American principles, like the Monroe Doctrine or the right to levy import duties, which no citizen of the United States is ready to submit to a court composed of Europeans not in sympathy with the doctrines of a republic.

That the treaty was defeated does not show, even by implication, that the Senate favors war rather than arbitration. Quite the contrary is true—in proof of which see the resolution passed by both houses of Congress during President Harrison's administration, settling the policy of the nation in favor of arbitration, and inviting all the nations of the world to join in arbitrating all inter-

national differences. This does not apply to England alone, but takes in all nations, including such weaker sisters as Greece, Guatemala, and Venezuela.

England is, in diplomacy, the strongest nation in the world. She has improved in every way, as we have, since 1776. Still, we do not imagine that her anxiety to fix a court of arbitration is wholly in the interest of your Uncle Samuel. She has not yet entirely abandoned the doctrine of extending her territory and commerce by the aid of her navy. The sentiment of the people of the United States has always been opposed to this doctrine. We have no disposition to mix in quarrels that do not concern us; but there is a growing hope that when we sit down to the great peace dinner we may welcome the nations of the whole world. In any event, our sister republics of this continent—who, according to our brother, John Bull, do not entirely know the boundaries of their own homesteads—will be invited to partake of the hospitalities of peace and liberty.

William E. Mason.

TWO FANCIES.

THIS is the fancy that came last night,
That came when the moon rose over the hill
And we two stood in its silvery light
By the broken wheel of the mill.

This is the fancy—that long ago
When the old dead moon was a thing of life—
A younger world, as the wise men know—
That we were moon man and wife.

For the thought had come, and is with me yet,
That we were not strangers that sweet first time
When eager and shy our young eyes met,
And love rang its silent chime.

And this is the fancy that cheers my heart
When it feels despair—though die we must
That our souls will never be far apart
Though our bodies turn wind blown dust.

And that far away in the realms of space
In worlds that are better by far than this,
Again and again I shall seek your face
And win your first maiden kiss.

Tom Hall.

THE JOKE CLUB.

BY JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS.

It has been well said that there is no more serious obstacle to harmony in human relations than a difference of taste in jokes.

IT was a mystery how any one could have come into our family minus a sense of humor, yet there Rachel was, ten years old, and couldn't see a joke to save her life. She was so much younger than the rest of us that we had rather let her off so far, thinking that her absolute literalness was a childish trait which she would outgrow. But finally it began to dawn on us that if humor did not develop pretty soon it never would.

It was a trifling incident that started the great reform movement. Hugh came in to breakfast one morning, limping. He had stepped on a tack, he explained, and punctured his foot.

"I was like you, Rachel," he added. "I didn't see the point."

"How could I have seen it when I wasn't in your room at all?" she demanded. Hugh lay back wearily in his chair.

"It's no use," he said to me. "We've got to take that child in hand. She must learn to see a point without having to step on it first. Let's start a joke club."

The idea appealed to me, and we organized that very night. Rachel, dear little soul, was so interested and so thoroughly in earnest that we had to take it very seriously, so as not to hurt her feelings.

"You know, I really want to grow up funny, like Hugh," she said. "Perhaps, if you show me why you laugh at things, I can learn to say them, too."

It was agreed that the club should meet every night for five minutes after dinner, and that each member should bring a new and original joke. The first night Rachel was merely to laugh in the right place and explain why she laughed, but after that she would have to begin with simple little jokes herself.

"You must be careful what kind of wit you cultivate," Hugh began. "There's the hackneyed, commonplace kind, that finds suggestiveness in a tunnel and humor in a sneeze. You don't want that."

"I don't know what you mean about tunnels," Rachel said, "but a sneeze is real funny, sometimes, when it's loud."

Hugh laughed and gave up any attempt to classify.

"Well, you can hand in a good sneeze for your first joke," he said. "We'll start from there with your education."

"I guess you only mean that for a joke," Rachel said shrewdly, and beamed with pride when we all applauded.

The next night, as soon as dinner was over, Hugh turned gravely to Rachel.

"This afternoon, instead of coming straight home," he began, "I wheeled up to a girl's house to get her to take a ride with me, and as I went in one gate on my tandem, she went out the other on a different tandem. Do you see anything funny in that?"

Rachel considered earnestly, for she was glaringly honest.

"No," she had to confess; "truly, I don't, Hugh."

He held out his hand.

"Shake on it," he said cordially. "I don't, either. But that other fellow is telling it to his joke club as the best one of the season. And I shouldn't wonder if her joke club heard of it, too."

"Did you fall or anything?" Rachel was making a conscientious effort to put salt on the tail of the jest.

"My pride did," he answered. "Never mind. We won't any of us laugh at that. But I'll tell you something really funny. She's going to ride with me tomorrow afternoon, and I, knowing that other man's habits, am going to take her down a certain street at a certain minute, and he will see us whiz by. Now that's a joke worth telling. Edith, it's your turn."

"I have a better one than that," I said. "That particular young man is going out of town tomorrow for the day, and won't be back till evening." Hugh and I both laughed, but poor little Rachel looked puzzled and discouraged.

"I can't keep up," she said so mournfully that Hugh pulled her into his lap and began making bad puns. A particularly strained one on her own last name roused

an appreciative giggle, and as secretary of the club I was obliged to write it down, with the date, in a little blank book.

"When you get five or six pages along, you'll look back at that and wonder why you laughed," said Hugh, showing her the entry. "A sense of humor tells you when not to laugh even more than it does when to laugh."

But that was beyond Rachel.

"How did you know that Lester was going away?" he asked me when the meeting had adjourned.

"I had a note from him, saying that he might not get back in time for the Choral Club tomorrow night."

Hugh did not look especially sorry.

"I think we'll survive it," he said. "Well, I'm going out to make some calls."

I smiled to myself, knowing how many he would make, and where; then sighed a little, having troubles of my own.

Rachel was very solemn the next morning.

"Do I really have to have a joke ready by tonight?" she asked me, before she started for school.

"Well, I'd try to," I advised. "You'll have to begin some time, you know. Keep your eyes wide open for anything that happens. Maybe you will see something that will make a funny story."

"I'll watch," she said, and went soberly off, herself the best little joke ever played on a fun loving family. At dinner that night she seemed preoccupied, and did not even ask what we were going to have for dessert.

"I'm afraid it isn't funny enough," she said, when the club opened session. "It made me laugh, but then, you know, I was looking right at it. He was so big and fat and scared, and his bicycle wiggled so! And when a horse passed him he chattered all over."

I smiled sympathetically, but Hugh shook his head.

"No, Rachel; we can't laugh at that. I'm afraid," he said seriously. "It is rather commonplace. If you had told how, in trying to dodge a trolley car, he had run over a baby carriage and been flung head first into an ice wagon, and had then sued the driver for giving him the frozen face, it would have had a certain crude, funny paper amusingness about it. One could hardly call it subtle, in any case."

"But none of that happened at all," she protested. "It wouldn't be true."

"It doesn't have to be true, if it's funny," said Hugh. "You aren't trying to deceive people, you're just trying to give them a good laugh. Oh, you can't contaminate her," he added aside, in answer to my

glance. "She is altogether too honest. She will grow up an unmitigated bore if we don't drill a little playfulness into her."

"I'm glad she won't be quite so playful as some," I was beginning with meaning, when the door opened, and the first soprano of the Choral Club brought Hugh to his feet with a jump. There is only one woman in the world (at a time) that can make a man scramble up in just that way.

Pauline smiled on every one impartially.

"Am I very early?" she asked. "Father was coming by here, so I made him leave me on his way."

"I don't believe there will be many here tonight," I said, while Hugh took her wraps. "Almost everybody is away."

"And it's all ready to rain," Pauline added. "But I just wanted a good time tonight."

"You'll get it," said Hugh boldly, shaking his head at her.

"How?" asked little Rachel, and there was a general laugh.

Only six or eight members had come when there was a growl of thunder, and the clink of rain on the windows. The Choral Club, in spite of its name, was not seriously musical, being merely an excuse for the informal assembling of a certain little set every few weeks. We generally sang a little for form's sake, then did as we pleased. Tonight a spirit of recklessness possessed Hugh, and as the thunder crept nearer and nearer, the excitement spread to the others, till they were ready for any foolishness.

"Let's play Hide and Go Seek," he proposed suddenly. "All over the house, you know. We're just evenly divided, so we'll hunt in couples, and Rachel can be a rover. Edith, we will give you and Duncan ten minutes to hide—anywhere, from the roof to the cellar. Hurry up! I bet Pauline and I find you."

I wavered, and for the first time since a certain incident three weeks before Duncan and I looked each other straight in the eyes. Something—the lightning or Pauline or the absence of Lester—had gone to Hugh's head, or he would never have made that suggestion. A long, tumbling peal of thunder set our pulses beating, and we faced the situation with a laugh of restored friendship.

"Come on," we said, and slipped out, closing the doors on the others.

We ran through the halls, that our footsteps might be misleading if any one were listening, then tiptoed up to the third story, and stowed ourselves in an unfinished part of the attic that was used for a trunk room. The rough beams sloped sharply down over our heads, and the pounding rain on the shingles seemed ready to break through any

minute. Now and then a blaze of lightning would cross the dusty little window, showing piled up trunks and boxes on all sides, a dressmaker's wire form looming ghost-wise in a white sheet, and a little old crib swung on wooden supports.

We seated ourselves on a box behind a pile of trunks, and waited in throbbing excitement. Had we been hiding for our lives, we could not have felt the tension more than we did in those few moments alone in that mysterious room, with the storm so close to us. When steps sounded outside we cowered down in a tremor of elated fear. The door swung open.

"I don't believe they're in here," said Hugh's voice.

"We'd better look, though," Pauline answered, leading the way in. "They might have—oh, what's that?" She shrank back and seized Hugh as the lightning showed the sheeted form.

"It's a wire lady to sew dresses on," he said. "I won't let it hurt you, Pauline."

They laughed and crossed over to the window.

"God makes the thunder for the women-folk to wonder at—

God makes it lighten just to frighten who He can,"

said Hugh. "There's no use wriggling your fingers, Pauline. I've got to hold your hand. If I once lost you in this spooky place, I'd never find you again."

"Perhaps we had better go back, then," suggested Pauline. Duncan was choking down his laughter with an effort that made the box shake, though we both felt a little mean. I should have spoken then if I had dreamed what was coming. The next moment it was too late.

"Oh, we don't really want to find them, do we?" Hugh said. "I'm sure they don't want us to. Things have been wrong there for several weeks, and I thought I'd give old Duncan a chance to straighten them out. I suspect that she turned him down just to see how it felt."

Well, I was paid now. If ever I was thankful for darkness, it was that minute. I could feel Duncan's eyes fixed on me, waiting for the next flash, but the storm seemed to have passed over.

"They do sometimes," admitted Pauline. "Do you really think Edith cares for him, Hugh?"

"I guess yes," was the confident answer, and I felt as though my face must be lighting up the room like a red lantern. I don't believe either of us breathed. "Oh, they'll come out all right!" he went on. "Let's talk about us. Do you suppose we'll come out all right, Pauline?"

"I shall," she said confidently. "I can't answer for you."

"But you can't do it all alone. It takes two to make a—anything."

"What's a—anything?" she asked in that wicked little half voice she kept for critical moments. "Oh, there's some one coming!" she added hastily. "Let's hide."

Some one really was coming. They had barely time to rustle into a corner behind an old bureau when the door swung open, letting in a faint light from the hall.

"I thought maybe they came in here," said Rachel's voice, a trifle plaintively.

"It's a very queer game, any way. There are two of them down in the furnace room, and two in the butler's pantry, and two on the back stairs landing, and nobody seems to be looking at all. They just tell me to run and hunt."

"Well, perhaps you and I can get them going again," said another voice, and I caught my breath as I recognized it as Mr. Lester's. What Pauline did I don't know.

"Let's look out of the window," said Rachel, piloting him across the room. "See, the clouds have big holes in them, and there's the moon. I wish we could find Hugh and Miss Pauline, don't you? It would be a joke, you know, because they don't know you're here." The joke club was beginning to bear fruit, but I doubt if Hugh rejoiced in his pupil at that moment.

"Yes, there would be a joke on some one, I suppose," said Mr. Lester, rather moodily.

"Do you think they're lovers?" went on Rachel's cheerful voice. "Oh, see, here's the old cradle!" She patted a little old pillow that lay in it, and began to swing it gently back and forth. "Don't you wish there was a dear little baby in it?" she said. "I do love them. Wouldn't you like to have one of your own?"

My heart sank, for there was no knowing where the catechism would stop, but Mr. Lester did not seem disturbed.

"Yes, Rachel, I should, very much," he said, with a simple seriousness that made me warm to him.

"I'm going to have four, two girls and two boys," Rachel went on. "But I don't think I'll name any of them after me. Would you?"

"Why, Rachel is a pretty name, very," he said. "I think we'd better go and find the rest now, don't you?"

"Let's play a joke on them," said Rachel. "You know I'm learning to do jokes now, so that I'll grow up funny, like Hugh. I'll tell you"—lowering her voice to an excited whisper—"let's tell 'em you and I are lovers! It won't have to be true, you know, if it's funny. Won't Miss Pauline be mad!"

Lester laughed in spite of himself. As for me, I was weeping with smothered laughter and excitement. A great, stern silence overshadowed the other corner.

"Why?" asked Mr. Lester.

"Because you're her other beau, aren't you?" inquired Rachel, with beautiful simplicity. "I know about beaux, for Maggie tells me about Tim, and then—don't you ever tell!"

"Never!"

"I heard Hugh ask a girl to marry him once. I was playing cave under the sofa, and they didn't know it. Oh, you ought to have——"

"Come, we must go down," interposed Mr. Lester. "I imagine they are all looking for us by this time, don't you? Let's hurry."

There was an ominous silence in the attic as their steps retreated. I leaned exhaustedly against the wall, and Duncan stealthily mopped his eyes. Pauline spoke first, in a cool little voice.

"We may as well follow. I really think this game has gone far enough."

"Quite far enough," agreed Hugh with equal coldness. "I suppose it is Lester's turn now."

Pauline made no answer, and they departed in unfriendly silence.

"Well?" said Duncan.

"They didn't find us, any way," I exclaimed, jumping up. "Let's get out of this dreadful place. We must never breathe where we were."

"I don't know, myself, just where we are," he persisted.

"All in the dark," I answered. "Come."

It was the end of the evening before Hugh and Pauline came within the width of the room of one another. Then, with a formal apology, he drew her aside.

"I simply wish to tell you," he said, ignoring the fact that I was not two feet away, "that I have never seriously asked any girl to marry me in my life. Rachel must have overheard some fooling—I don't have to explain to you how one sometimes carries on—and have taken it seriously. That is all, but I wish you to believe it." He might have been explaining how he came to step on her gown, for all the feeling in his voice. There was a distinct pause, then:

"Aren't you going to take me home?" she said in that deadly little half whisper. When I looked Hugh was down at her feet, putting on her overshoes, and she was smiling serenely.

The joke club had barely a quorum for the next two or three meetings, for Hugh was either at Pauline's or in such a hurry to get there that he had no time for Rachel's edu-

cation. He was getting a good deal of education himself, I fancy, for I could see that Pauline never gave him a smile without setting one aside for Mr. Lester, and there was no knowing which way the demure little cat would jump.

Sunday Hugh repented, and announced that the club would hold an important session, three cigarettes long, immediately after dinner. Rachel was very much excited.

"I've something to tell," she announced when she had been allowed to choose the three cigarettes that seemed to her the longest.

"Funny?" queried Hugh warningly.

"Yes," said Rachel with confidence. "I was coming over from Aunt Nellie's and I went around by the little bridge—and what do you think I saw, walking down through the willows?"

There was an impressive pause.

"Ghost?" Hugh suggested.

"No," said Rachel. "It was Mr. Lester and Miss Pauline, and he had his arm around her!"

No one laughed in the breathless silence that followed. Hugh laid down his cigarette. Rachel looked a little disappointed, but brought out her climax bravely.

"And then, just before they got to the bend, he kissed her, real hard. I saw him. I thought maybe she'd slap him—Maggie did Tim, the other night—but I don't believe she did."

Rachel had made a coup. Hugh, dark crimson, slammed out of the room, and Maggie, bright pink, fled to the pantry. Then we broke down and shouted with laughter. Rachel's little giggle joined in delightedly.

"Oh, I like the joke club!" she exclaimed, and set us all off again. "I wish Hugh hadn't run away," she added. "There was two cigarettes and a half more."

Though I couldn't help laughing, I was very sorry for Hugh, for this was no joke at all to him. He was angry and hurt and desperately disappointed. He made a plucky attempt to appear as if nothing had happened, and all the next week took pains to go out just as much as formerly, though I guessed it was not to Pauline's before she herself betrayed the fact. I met her down town towards the end of the week, and we stopped to talk, each a little constrained.

"When is Hugh coming back?" she asked very casually.

"Why, he hasn't been away," I answered in surprise, my wits not catching up for a second.

"Oh, I thought I heard that he was out of town. I must have mixed him up with some

one else," she said, bowing into the crowd. "Rachel is coming to Florence's little supper tonight, isn't she? That's good. Well, do run in soon."

"And bring brother back to the fold," I supplemented under my breath, as I smiled and nodded myself away. I felt no resentment against her, for Hugh was quite old enough to take care of himself, and, frankly, he had been known to play that game himself. I couldn't logically resent his being served in the same way occasionally.

I found Rachel getting ready for her party, and very important.

"Now, Maggie is going to take me over to Florence's," she said, "but Hugh will have to come and bring me back, mother says, and I'm so glad. Really, Edith, Hugh is so very beautiful that I, like to have the girls see him. And then, you know, he can talk to Miss Pauline while I'm getting my things on."

Hugh was too proud to protest against his mission that evening, but when it was time to go he hung back and suddenly became very brotherly.

"Why don't you walk over there with me, Edy?" he said. "It's a great night." No amount of nocturnal loveliness had ever before suggested my going with him in that direction, but I understood, and went as matter-of-course as possible.

We found an excited troop of children going to Jerusalem around a double row of chairs, while Lester, at the piano, furnished the necessary accompaniment, watching the game—or Pauline, perhaps—over his shoulder. Rachel came up to us, beaming.

"Just a little longer," she begged. "We're having such a grand time, and I haven't been caught yet. Nobody has gone home."

"Oh, you can't take her away quite yet!" said Pauline, coming over to shake hands. So Hugh submitted. As some one claimed my outer attention, she turned to him.

"Hugh," she said, in a small voice with a hint of laughter in it, and several other ingredients that must have been trying to his resistance, "Hugh—you mad at me?"

If I had been a man and in love with her—and Hugh was both—I should have surrendered without a struggle. Perhaps the defiant jollity of the piano had something to do with his fortitude.

"I have been busy this week," he said indifferently. "Really, I have not been anywhere."

The music broke off, a signal for the children to scramble for chairs, and Mr. Lester came over and joined us.

"Thank you, Teddy," said Pauline, with a very special smile, and Teddy was evidently well repaid.

"Rachel, you must come now," said Hugh impatiently.

The next Sunday afternoon I was talking with Duncan in the library when Rachel wandered in, looking rather forlorn.

"Nothing's any fun any more," she said. "We don't even have the joke club, and I'm forgetting all I learned. Maggie told me one about sandwiches and it didn't make me laugh a bit. I wish some one would tell me a story." Nobody took the hint, and she evidently began to have an uneasy sense that something was happening.

"Is Duncan your beau, Edith?" she asked, in a tone of surprised discovery.

"Girls don't have beaux any more. They've gone out of fashion," I answered as collectedly as I could.

"Maggie does."

"Well, perhaps. But we don't."

"What do you have, then?"

"Oh, best young men, and little playmates, and things like that."

"What's Duncan?" Rachel persisted.

I looked at him consideringly.

"Do let's make it fiancé," he said, going on with the argument Rachel had interrupted.

"I suppose we might as well," I admitted, pressing my face against her shoulder.

"Ve—what?" she queried.

"Edith, you in here?" said Hugh's voice. "Here's Lester." I did my best to look glad, but Duncan wouldn't even try.

"I just ran in to get my umbrella, and to tell you something," he said, and I shuddered for what Hugh might be about to hear. "No, I can't stop long enough to sit down. I'm going abroad tomorrow."

"Going abroad!"

"Yes; our firm wants a representative in England for the next few months, so they are sending me. It was settled only yesterday, so I am simply chasing."

"It is a splendid thing for you," I said, wondering what it might mean to two other people.

"Yes; and I am very glad to get away for a while," he said, and there was a momentary silence. Then he squared his shoulders, as though putting something away from him. "I hadn't an idea of it till a week ago today. I went down to my uncle's to stay over Sunday, never dreaming that he had any such—"

"Last Sunday?" I interrupted.

"Yes; I was there from Saturday till Monday," he answered, surprised at my tone.

"Oh, I was thinking I had seen you!" I stumbled, with a glance at Rachel, who was unconcernedly amusing herself with Duncan's watch guard.

Hugh had never been on very friendly terms with Mr. Lester, naturally enough, but Mr. Lester, after saying good by to the rest of us, turned to him and held out his hand.

"I wish you every kind of good luck," he said, looking Hugh straight in the eyes. Hugh flushed a little, and gripped his hand with a new heartiness, and the two went out together.

In a few moments Hugh came striding back.

"Rachel," he exclaimed, "how could you have seen Lester last Sunday?"

"H'm?" said Rachel.

"Mr. Lester and Miss Pauline," I prompted. "Don't you remember saying you had seen them in the willows, when you were coming from Aunt Nellie's?"

"Oh, the joke club!" said Rachel, with a pleased smile of recollection. "And he kissed her. It wasn't really them, you know, it was two others, but I thought it would be funnier——"

"Do you mean to say that it was just a confounded lie?" Hugh blazed out.

Rachel's eyes began to wink very fast.

"I didn't lie," she protested, catching her breath audibly. "I just told it as funny as I could, the way you said to. It wasn't as big a fib as the iceman story you told me, and you know you said it didn't have to be true if it made people laugh. And they did laugh," she added, with a hiccup of injured feelings.

"But, good Lord——"

"Hugh, don't. It isn't fair," I interposed. "You haven't any right to blame her." Rachel was sobbing excitedly by this time, and Hugh relented.

"There, kid, it's all right," he said, rubbing the top of her head. "It was my fault. We won't scold each other."

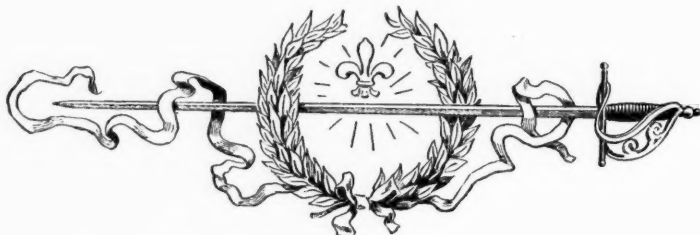
"When you say it it's funny, but when I say it it's a wicked story," said Rachel, still aggrieved.

"We won't be funny any more, either of us," said Hugh, giving her a forgiving pat and starting for the door.

"Not even at the joke club?" asked Rachel, lifting her head.

He paused in the doorway.

"Rachel," he said solemnly, "the joke club is disbanded!"



THE SPIRIT OF SEVENTY SIX.

He is with us again in the buff and the blue
That was soaked in the Delaware's flood,
Or on Lexington's field in the mist of the dawn
Was blackened with powder and blood.
His brown curly locks with a black ribbon tied
With gray are beginning to mix,
And bullets have riddled the rim of the hat
Of the spirit of Seventy Six.

The glance of his eye is as clear as the day,
And his heart is as stout as of old,
Though the lawn at his neck and the lace at his wrist
Are touched with a century's mold.
His musket is steady and true in its aim,
And the steel of his sword never sticks
In the worn leather scabbard that swings by the side
Of the spirit of Seventy Six!

Minna Irving.

TWO WOMEN AND A THEORIST.

BY PAUL ARMSTRONG.

A tale of matchmaking strategy—How one woman's wit and another woman's beauty were matched against a man's diplomatic egotism, and which side won the game.

DAVIS MONROE held curious opinions on the subject of feminine beauty. He maintained that nature never forgot herself, and if to one woman she gave beauty she never overdid the matter by giving her any great amount of brains. He used to defy his friends to disprove his theory, and if some one should mention a woman who was both beautiful and undeniably intelligent, he would exclaim:

"Ah, just so! But that is the exception which proves the rule."

Davis Monroe was rich, of course, or women would never have smiled on him after his having made public such a theory. In a young man, to be rich is to be petted, agreed with, and spoiled. He is sure to become an egotist, and that, of course, makes him easy prey—generally. So far as Monroe was concerned, however, the mammas had begun to believe that he was not marriageable; and they were about to consign him to the outer darkness of bachelorhood when Mrs. Andrews Fillmore Rix, of Philadelphia, chanced to meet him. It was at the home of Mrs. Kilsurd, her sister.

"Very curious young man," she had remarked, after having heard him expound his theories. "Interesting, too."

"Very," declared Mrs. Kilsurd. "Very curious. In spite of all I can do he shows no especial interest in Leona. I have quite given him up. He will be a bachelor."

Mrs. Andrews Fillmore Rix laughed.

"Then you have decided there is no chance of his marrying?"

"Quite," declared Mrs. Kilsurd, with emphasis.

"Reason, if any?"

"A very good one. He maintains that he will marry no one but a woman who is both beautiful and intelligent; and in the same breath he declares that such a person does not exist."

Again Mrs. Andrews Fillmore Rix laughed—a quiet little laugh denoting pleasing reminiscences.

"How odd!" she mused.

Presently she looked at her sister.

"Then, of course, you have no objection to my marrying him to my niece, seeing that he fails to appreciate Leona."

"None whatever. In fact, I believe I should enjoy seeing you try;" and Mrs. Kilsurd laughed quietly.

Mrs. Andrews Fillmore Rix met Davis Monroe at a musicale a week later, and she proved such a good listener that his pet theory seemed to be tottering. Then he suddenly remembered that it did not apply to women past the age of thirty.

There was one remark Mrs. Andrews Fillmore Rix had made which fixed his attention.

"You must meet my niece, Grace Fillmore," she had said. "She has theories similar to yours."

As Davis Monroe recalled the words he concluded that the niece must be as homely as the aunt was beautiful.

Some two weeks later Mrs. Andrews Fillmore Rix returned to Philadelphia, knowing that Davis Monroe would follow a week later. On business, he had said. Upon her arrival Mrs. Andrews Fillmore Rix attempted to transfer her knowledge of the theories to her niece. But Grace Fillmore was beautiful and under thirty, and she could not grasp the situation as her aunt had.

"Now, Grace, listen: once a man has a pet idea he is as easy to handle as a mouse in a trap. He is absolutely powerless. It is his undoing. It is paralysis. It is——"

"But, aunty, I don't understand what you mean. If he is subject to paralysis——"

"No, no, Grace. Now listen. Can you follow directions?"

"Why, of course, if you——"

"Well, then, listen to him like a child would to a fairy tale. Never mind whether you understand what he is talking about or not. Just look him in the eyes, nod now and then, and if he stops ask him to continue. Declare that he is the most interesting man you have ever known. But don't talk. The man always wants to do the talking; and, besides, if you talk he may dis-

cover that you have not understood what he has been saying. Can you remember that?"

"I think so," said the clever girl. "Is he rich?"

"Two millions, twenty six, tall, handsome—everything. And there is no reason in the world why you should not marry him. You have only to look at him, listen, nod, and exclaim. But, *don't talk.*"

Davis Monroe called earlier than Mrs. Andrews Fillmore Rix had expected. The theorist had thought much of this girl who a clever woman had assured him was intelligent. He had become interested.

They met.

Grace Fillmore was disappointed in no way whatever. Davis Monroe was at once agreeably surprised and not a little suspicious; surprised at the girl's beauty, and suspicious of Mrs. Andrews Fillmore Rix' judgment of her intelligence.

As the hours wore away and he delivered himself of his theories, ideas, and beliefs, he became more and more interested and his suspicions gradually faded away. As he left the house he noticed that his voice was husky; he could remember nothing but a pair of interested, child-like eyes and a beautiful face.

Mrs. Andrews Fillmore Rix and her niece had a consultation.

"I don't understand it," declared the girl. "How well we get on!"

Her aunt laughed musically.

"Did I do all right?" the girl asked.

"You were perfect, my dear," Mrs. Andrews Fillmore Rix said, patting her hands affectionately. "I'll ask him to dinner some night this week."

The affair progressed. Davis Monroe told the same tales, expounded the same theories, and discussed the same subjects again and again, without realizing it. He was entranced. Nor did the girl seem to realize the repetition. His theory of intelligence and beauty was worth more than ever now, for he had found the exception which proved the rule. And such a beautiful girl, too!

He proposed.

She accepted.

He went to his hotel the happiest egotist on earth.

She kissed Mrs. Andrews Fillmore Rix, and declared that she was the dearest aunt any girl ever had.

Again Mrs. Andrews Fillmore Rix smiled, patted the girl's hands and wondered at Mrs. Kilsurd's stupidity.

A week later there was a quarrel.

Grace Fillmore had what she thought to be a graceful and attractive—in fact, a stylish way of carrying her hands.

Davis Monroe called her attention to the fact that she had "contracted a bad habit in her hands."

She informed him that he had no eye for either grace or beauty, to say nothing of style.

He mentioned the fact that from all appearances he had quite a considerable eye for "Grace," to say the least. But she would countenance no foolishness. He then defended himself bluntly and in man fashion.

To vanquish him she declared that she was not the girl whom he should marry, and released him from his engagement.

He apologized, and begged forgiveness and favor.

She was at first obdurate, but finally consented to the renewal of the engagement on condition that he did not venture to criticise her hands again.

He promised, and she told Mrs. Andrews Fillmore Rix of the quarrel and the final settlement.

That person, after a moment's silence, declared that no harm was done.

A month later Grace became careless, and attempted to talk with Davis Monroe on one of his pet theories. The remark she made chilled him. It was so silly that he could not forget it for hours.

That night he lay awake trying to recall what Grace had ever done which led him to believe her intelligent. She listened well, it is true, but his horse could do that.

The next day he attempted to draw her out concerning a certain land scheme which would forever dispose of the problem of overcrowded tenements. This particular scheme he had explained at least once to the last detail, and Grace had nodded and apparently understood.

His effort, however, was forestalled by Mrs. Andrews Fillmore Rix, who took the conversation upon herself, and left Grace to agree with him when an argument arose.

Davis Monroe went home humble. Grace was clever beyond belief.

A few evenings later they were at the theater.

Grace had declared she loved tragedy above all things dramatic. He did also. In fact, he was at first surprised to find that on this line her tastes and his agreed.

But nothing surprised him of late. He had found his affinity.

The play was "La Tosca," which he had never before seen, and the terrible struggle of the heroine appealed to him. The villainy of the persecutor of the lover made his blood boil.

The scene where the heroine and the villain meet had been reached, and the climax

of the story was at hand. The house was noiseless as a tomb save for the suppressed breathing and an occasional stifled, hysterical exclamation.

Davis Monroe sat with hands clenched and his eyes ablaze with excited interest.

Philadelphia was not the city, nor a theater box the place. He was there—in that room of the villainous *Governor* watching the torture of a woman who loved. Her lover was without, in the courtyard, about to be shot. To Davis Monroe it was real, awful, tragic.

Suddenly Grace turned toward him, leaned forward, and touched his arm. Then in a whisper which sounded like a shout in the stillness of the house, she said:

"Do you see that hat that woman wears in the sixth row in the balcony, third seat from the end? I had a friend at school whose mother used to wear hats like that."

Just at that moment the heroine stabbed the villain, but Davis Monroe did not see it. He was answering in a hoarse, stammering voice:

"Yes, yes—yes—sixth seat from the hat, third row."

Then the act ended suddenly, and a burst of applause thundered from the audience. Grace was applauding as if anxious to ruin her gloves. Davis sat for a moment dazed and wondering.

"Did—did you ever see this play before?" he asked.

"No," said Grace, looking at him with eyes which he would have sworn reflected the excitement of the play; "but isn't it beautiful?"

Again he pondered.

Her eyes and her lips told him she had seen the play, but he could not believe it. Then suddenly he recalled a certain remark she had made. He thought of his plan to learn what she knew of his land scheme, and its result, and like a flash he recalled the part Mrs. Andrews Fillmore Rix had taken in that conversation. He thought he understood. He looked at the girl furtively.

"Yes," he said; "the play is beautiful. But it's faulty."

"Oh, yes," said Grace Fillmore.

"Did you notice how she stole that knife from the church?" he asked. "Wasn't that clever, though?"

"Very," said she.

"I didn't like the idea of having that policeman coming in there while the hero was saying good by to his mother, did you?"

"Not a bit," said Mrs. Andrews Fillmore Rix' clever niece.

"Wasn't that leap from the bridge exciting?" he said.

"Very; I have never seen better acting," she said.

And thus, with similar remarks about things which never occurred, and which the commonest sort of intelligence would tell one could not occur, he trapped her.

The curtain rose on the final act, but Davis Monroe did not see it. He was at work on the next act of his own little tragedy. Suddenly it occurred to him that he was to marry this girl, who was worse than stupid. His first impulse was to run; then came saner thoughts.

The audience applauded, and Grace Fillmore joined in the demonstration. It drew his attention to her hands. A ray of light came into his pit of despair. Her hands! He had been thrown over once, the engagement snapped in an instant, because he had criticised her hands. Would it occur again? It was an easy and graceful way out. He could hardly wait until the play was finished to put it to the test.

At last his chance came. They were in the carriage.

"Really, Grace," he said, "your hands are very awkward."

"Mr. Monroe," she began in a voice which gave him hope.

"Yes, I know," he interrupted; "but if you knew how you looked——"

"I thought," she broke in, "you understood that subject was forbidden."

"Well, I can't help that," he went on. "I really must insist that——"

There was a sound of tearing kid and a ring was forced into his hand.

"But, Grace, don't be childish," he began.

"Mr. Monroe, you do not remember well," she said. "I release you. We are apparently not suited——"

"But, Grace," he interrupted, half apologetically, trying to force the ring back in her hand.

"Not another word, Mr. Monroe," she said stiffly.

The ride to her home was finished in silence.

At the door he said:

"Am I to understand that you wish our engagement broken off on account of a little thing like——"

"Let us not discuss it further. There is no engagement between us, Mr. Monroe. Good night."

She told Mrs. Andrews Fillmore Rix about it, and that diplomatic person, after a moment's thought, declared:

"You were quite right, my dear. He will call tomorrow."

But Davis Monroe did not call, and he is now a bachelor beyond recall.

THE FLAG OF OUR COUNTRY.

BY FREDERIC VAN RENSSELAER DEY.

"The star spangled banner, oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

THE mysterious influence of patriotism has its fountain head in the flag of our country. It gleams upon us from the stars; it is fastened to our existence by the immovable, unchangeable stripes. Its brilliant red teaches us to remember the heroes who brought it into existence to symbolize the birth of freedom. Its cerulean blue is emblematic of truth, of honor, of principle, and of that kind of glory which is everlasting. Its spotless white typifies the purity of purpose which actuated our forefathers who conceived it. "Its stars are the coronet of freedom; its stripes, the scourges of oppression. Wherever it appears, it is the symbol of power and the shield of safety; who clings to it, not all the tyrants on the earth can tear from its protection. There is no influence more august, there can be no holier thrill than that which the flag of our country inspires in every patriot's breast."

An American poet has aptly termed our banner the "Scarlet Veined." It seems like a channel through which the heart throbs of a mighty nation impel the life giving, liberty loving fluid of its people. It generates the atmosphere of freedom that we breathe; it creates the higher impulses which we absorb; it speaks to the highest and to the most lowly in the same even tone of power, of steadfastness, of unalterable and unqualified promise.

Tradition asserts that the prophets of old were no more directly inspired than was our own Washington in its selection. Picture those grand men, our national creators, as they were gathered together in that grim old Philadelphian chamber, to consult and to agree upon the adoption of a national emblem, as they had been directed to do by the Continental Con-

gress. There were as many designs as there were men at that solemn conclave, and yet to Washington, upon whom all eyes rested, all hearts depended, every thought concentrated, there was not among them one which conveyed his heart's exalted hopes for the future of his country.

He alone submitted no design. He had imagined many, but was satisfied with none; and at last, perplexed, he rose in his place, so to state. Just then the sunlight streamed through the diamond paned window of the gable, high above their heads, and fell upon the table before him. The prismatic gleams begat colors and resolved themselves into shape before his eyes. The framework of the window separated the bars of light in their descent, so that when they met again upon the table they became stripes of red and white. Washington raised his eyes, and through the window saw the blue dome of heaven beyond, where so many nights, upon the battlefield, he had watched the glimmering stars. Instantly he saw the flag of freedom.

History has not recorded the words in which he gave the fruits of his inspiration to that august assembly, but with one voice his suggestions were adopted, and on the 14th of June, 1777, Congress resolved "that the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes of alternate red and white; that the Union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, presenting a new constellation." Thirteen has proved to be America's lucky number.

It is only fair to add that there is another account of the source from which the pattern of the Stars and Stripes was drawn—an account that is less picturesque, but perhaps more historical. It is pointed out that Washington's coat of

arms consisted of stars and stripes, and that either he or, more probably, some other member of the committee—there is no actual evidence as to the individual originator of the design—adopted these heraldic emblems as no less appropriate for the banner of the army he commanded.

Be this as it may, historians agree that, some time during the first days of that eventful June, Washington, accompanied by other members of the committee, called upon Mrs. Elizabeth Ross at 239 Arch Street, Philadelphia, and from a rough draft which he had made she prepared the first flag. Washington's design contained stars of six points, but Mrs. Ross thought that five points would make them more symmetrical. She completed the flag in twenty four hours, and it was received with enthusiasm wherever displayed. "Betsy" Ross was manufacturer of flags for the government for many years, and was succeeded by her children.

A volume could be written upon the early history of the Stars and Stripes. There has been much controversy as to its first appearance on the field of battle. "My hand hoisted the first American flag," declared John Paul Jones, the pugnacious Scot who afterwards became famous as captain of the *Bonhomme Richard*; but this must have been one of the earlier banners, as the final pattern had not been adopted when Jones was serving as lieutenant on the Revolutionary frigate *Alfred*. John Adams claimed the honor for a New England officer. "I assert," he said, "that the first American flag was hoisted by Captain John Manly, and the first British flag was struck to him." Manly was a Massachusetts sailor whose schooner, the *Lee*, captured the British brig *Nancy* almost at the beginning of the war. His ensign was probably one of the pine tree flags, of which several different patterns were flown as early as the battle of Bunker Hill.

It was probably at Fort Schuyler, then besieged by the British, that the Stars and Stripes received its baptism of fire. The beleaguered patriots had some difficulty in finding materials of the proper color. They had to cut up linen shirts for the white stripes, and to patch together pieces of scarlet cloth for the red, while a

fine blue camlet cloak, captured from a British officer, served for the canton. The flag's first important battle was that of Brandywine, where it suffered a defeat that was speedily and amply avenged when it flew in triumph at the capture of Burgoyne's army at Saratoga.

Today, when New York is expressing her outburst of patriotic feeling by flying a hundred thousand flags, we can afford to recall the curious fact that she was the last American city to greet the Stars and Stripes, more than six years after its adoption as our national banner. King George's colors dominated the metropolis from a few days after the disastrous battle of Long Island till the end of the war. On the day agreed upon for the evacuation of the city—November 25, 1783—when the American troops reached the Battery at three o'clock in the afternoon, they found a British flag hoisted there upon a tall pole, with the halyards cut away. The departing garrison, the last of whom had just embarked, evidently wished to see their colors flying as long as they were in sight of land; but a young American soldier, Van Arsdale by name, climbed the pole, tore down the offending ensign, and set the Stars and Stripes aloft, in full view of the retreating squadron.

It is recorded, however, that the flag had been flown in New York earlier in the day. At sunrise a local boarding house keeper, whose name history does not seem to have preserved, ran up the Stars and Stripes over his residence. His daring action was reported to Cunningham, the British provost marshal, who ordered the rebel ensign down, as the garrison claimed military possession up to the hour of noon. The order being disregarded, Cunningham came in person to haul down the flag. Before he could touch it the mistress of the house rallied to its defense with a broomstick, which she wielded with such vigor and success that the provost marshal retreated in confusion, with the loss of most of the powder in his wig.

May 1, 1795, brought the first change in the Stars and Stripes. Vermont and Kentucky had been admitted to Statehood, and Congress decreed that the flag should thereafter contain fifteen stars

and fifteen stripes. It soon became evident that the continual addition of new States would destroy the symmetry of the flag, and it was Captain S. E. Reid, of the famous privateer General Armstrong, who suggested to Congress the plan upon which the flag is built today. April 14, 1818, saw the restoration in perpetuity of the thirteen stripes, and provision made for the addition of a new star on every Fourth of July succeeding the admission of a State to the Union. Captain Reid's wife made the first flag with the original number of stripes, and with twenty stars, arranged in the form of one great star.

"Old Glory" is among the oldest of flags, although we are one of the youngest of nations. The present flag of Spain was adopted in 1785; the tricolor of France, in 1794; the Union Jack of Great Britain, in 1801; the banner of Portugal, in 1830; of Italy, in 1848, and of the German Empire, in 1871. It is claimed for the Stars and Stripes—and no flag except the French or the British can possibly dispute the claim—that it has been in more battles, and has waved over more victories on land and sea, than any banner in the world, and there is not a European standard for which so many men have fought and died. Something like a million lives have been laid down, that the Stars and Stripes might continue to wave over the land of the free.

Until two years ago all the American flags used in the army and navy of the United States were manufactured at the

Brooklyn navy yard, but they are now also made at Mare Island, San Francisco. At these government factories the work has been reduced to an exact science. The bunting is carefully weighed, the colors tested with chemicals, the stars and the stripes measured to the breadth of a hair, and every stitch counted with minute exactness. The floor of the measuring room is a geometrical problem which might puzzle a professor of mathematics—a sort of mosaic combination of polished brass, hard wood, and arithmetic. The "hoist" of the standard flag must, to the fraction of a millimeter, be precisely ten ninetieths of the length.

Before the beginning of the present war with Spain, fourteen women were kept busy stitching flags; now there are forty four, and it is curious to see them working as diligently upon the flags of Spain as upon the Stars and Stripes. Every United States ship carries a full complement of flags of all nations, and of signal flags, and all these are made by our own government. Just now Spanish flags are in especial demand; our ships are even searching the high seas for them!

There is a new design in which the flag workers have made a special display of their skill—the President's flag. It has never yet appeared upon a battlefield, nor floated above a man of war, but the day may come when an American chief magistrate, making the grand tour of our territory, may take it with him to Cuba, to Porto Rico, or to the Philippines.

LOYALTY.

WHAT is true friendship? Hear the answer, then!

True friendship does not doubt, or fail, or fear;

It turns to calumny a deafened ear;

Its strength must needs be as the strength of ten

Because it is so pure and selfless, free

From morbid fancies and from vain alarms.

His honor questioned? Quick! a call to arms

To fight for him with might of loyalty!

And when his world seems dark, through grief and care,

Let friendship spread for him her wide, strong wings

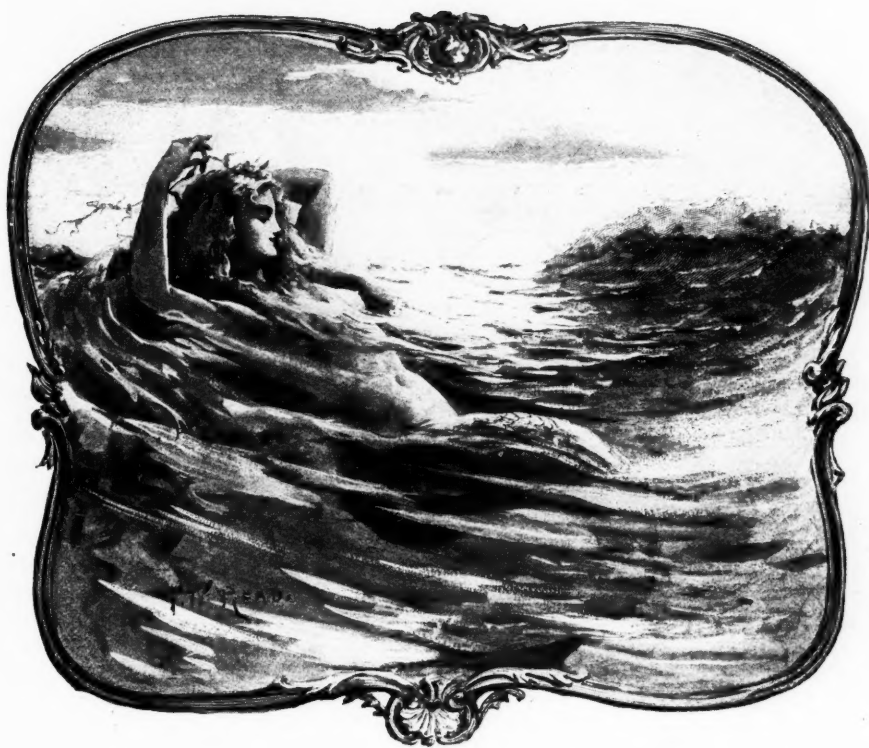
And bear him up so swift and far and high

That every breath of clear, life giving air

Brings rest and courage, hopes of better things,

A healing calm, a great serenity.

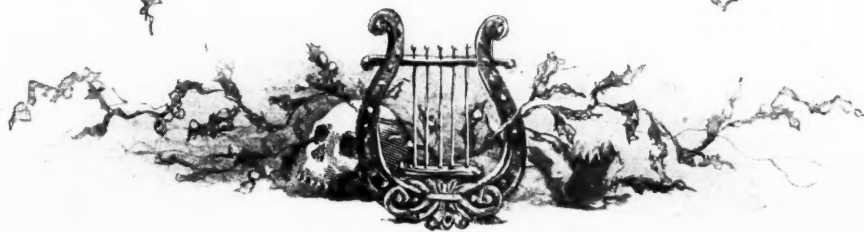
Grace H. Boutelle.



Sunset.

A siren in the sea unrolled
The glory of her hair;
And on the waves, a mass of gold,
The sunlight rested there.

Frederic Fairchild Sherman.



THE PRIZES OF VICTORY.

THE MAGNIFICENT ISLANDS THAT ARE LOST TO SPAIN—SHALL WE RAISE OUR FLAG IN THE INDIES OF THE EAST AND OF THE WEST?—A GREAT PROBLEM AND A GREAT OPPORTUNITY.

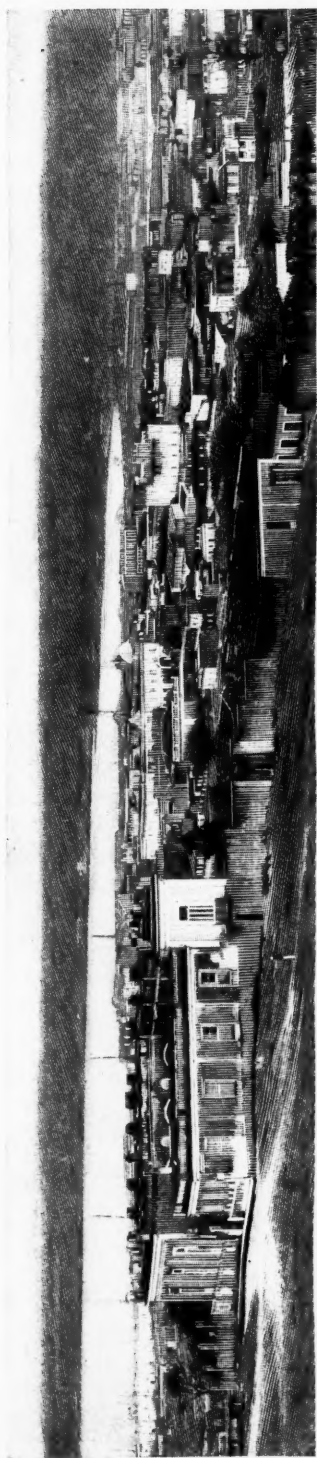
IT is tolerably clear, and is daily becoming clearer, that the United States is at a turning point in its history. The great question that is setting itself before us is not that of war or peace with Spain, or with any other foreign nation. It is something much more important, because the issues it involves are not temporary, but for all time. No one can precisely estimate its importance to the future of ourselves and of the civilized world, but there is no doubt that its influence upon history will be tremendous.

We are accustomed to hear of the vast extent of the British Empire, and to marvel at the way in which, within little more than a century, the people of a small group of northern islands have carried

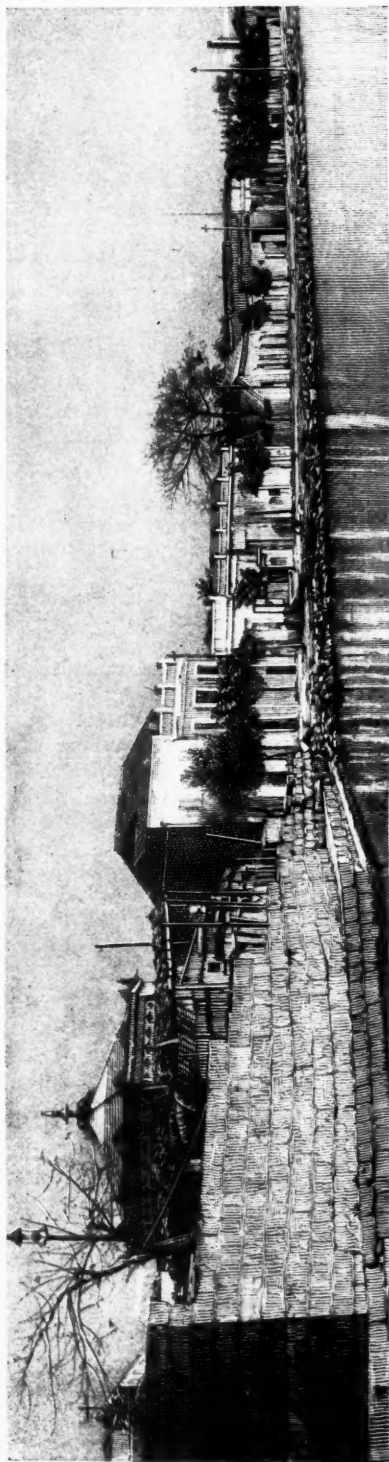
their flag over something like one sixth of the land surface of the globe. We are apt to forget that our own territorial expansion has been scarcely less remarkable, and that our own history has been one of periodical and immense annexations. A hundred and twenty years ago, when the successful revolt of our forefathers left England practically stripped of her colonial possessions, we were a mere fringe of settlers scattered along the eastern coast of North America. The vast territory to the west of us was partly unknown, but wholly covered by the self asserted sovereignty of European powers. Britain held Florida, to the south, and Canada, conquered from France, to the north; France was estab-



CUBA—A SCENE IN MATANZAS, ON THE SAN JUAN RIVER.



CUBA—GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY AND BAY OF MATANZAS.



CUBA—A SCENE ON THE YUMURI RIVER, MATANZAS. MATANZAS, FIFTY MILES EAST OF HAVANA ON THE NORTHERN COAST, IS THE SECOND COMMERCIAL CITY OF CUBA, WITH A POPULATION OF 56,000. IT LIES AT THE MOUTH OF TWO RIVERS, THE YUMURI AND THE SAN JUAN.



CUBA—THE DRIVE TO THE BELLAMAR CAVES, MATANZAS.

lished in our rear, along the whole line of the Mississippi; Spain had a sweeping and indefinite claim to the region beyond. It might well have been thought that of the four flags that flew upon the almost virgin continent, ours was the weakest competitor for dominion. Yet

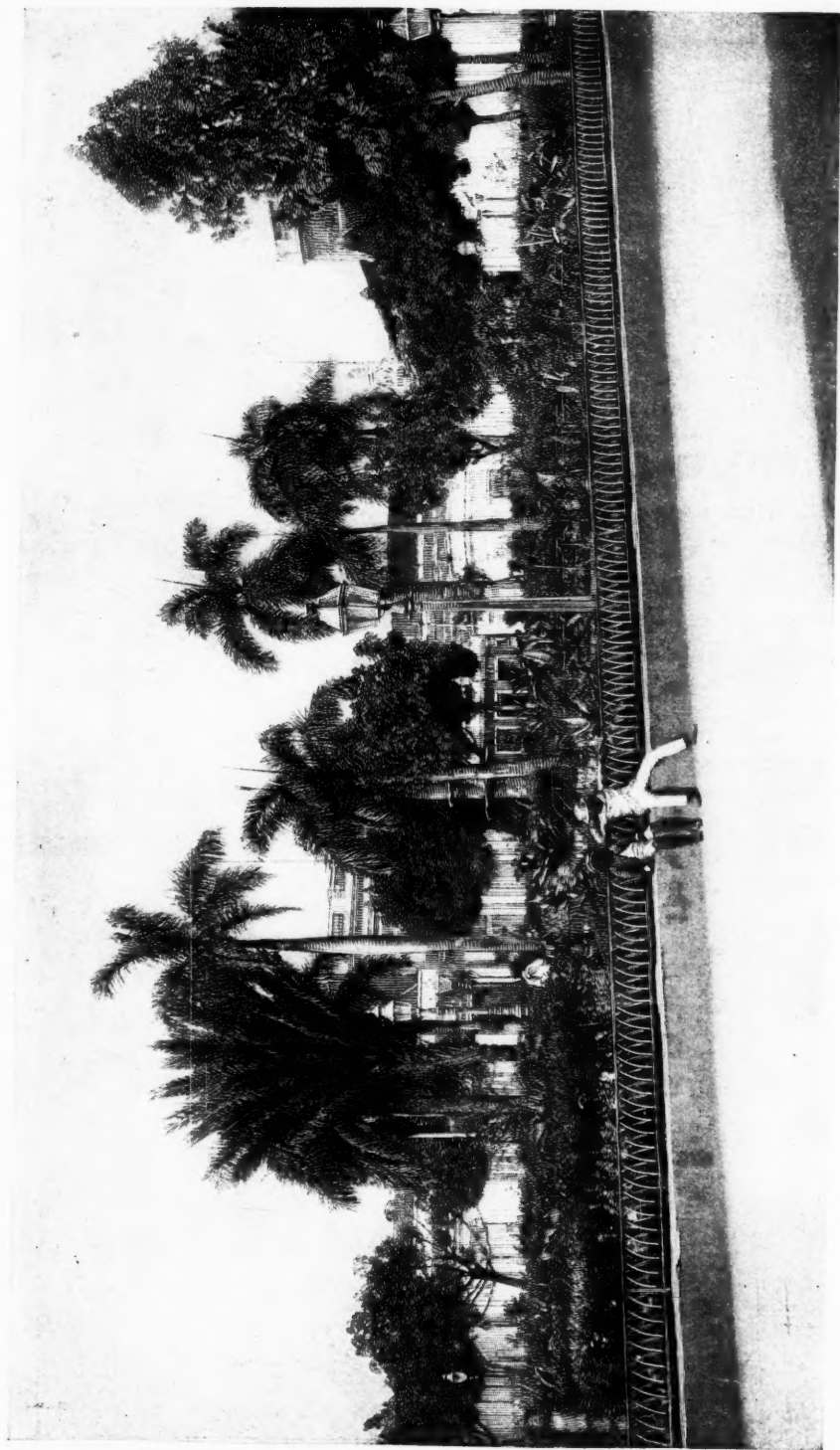
here is a brief summary of the great drama of empire that began then:

THE MARCH OF OUR FLAG.

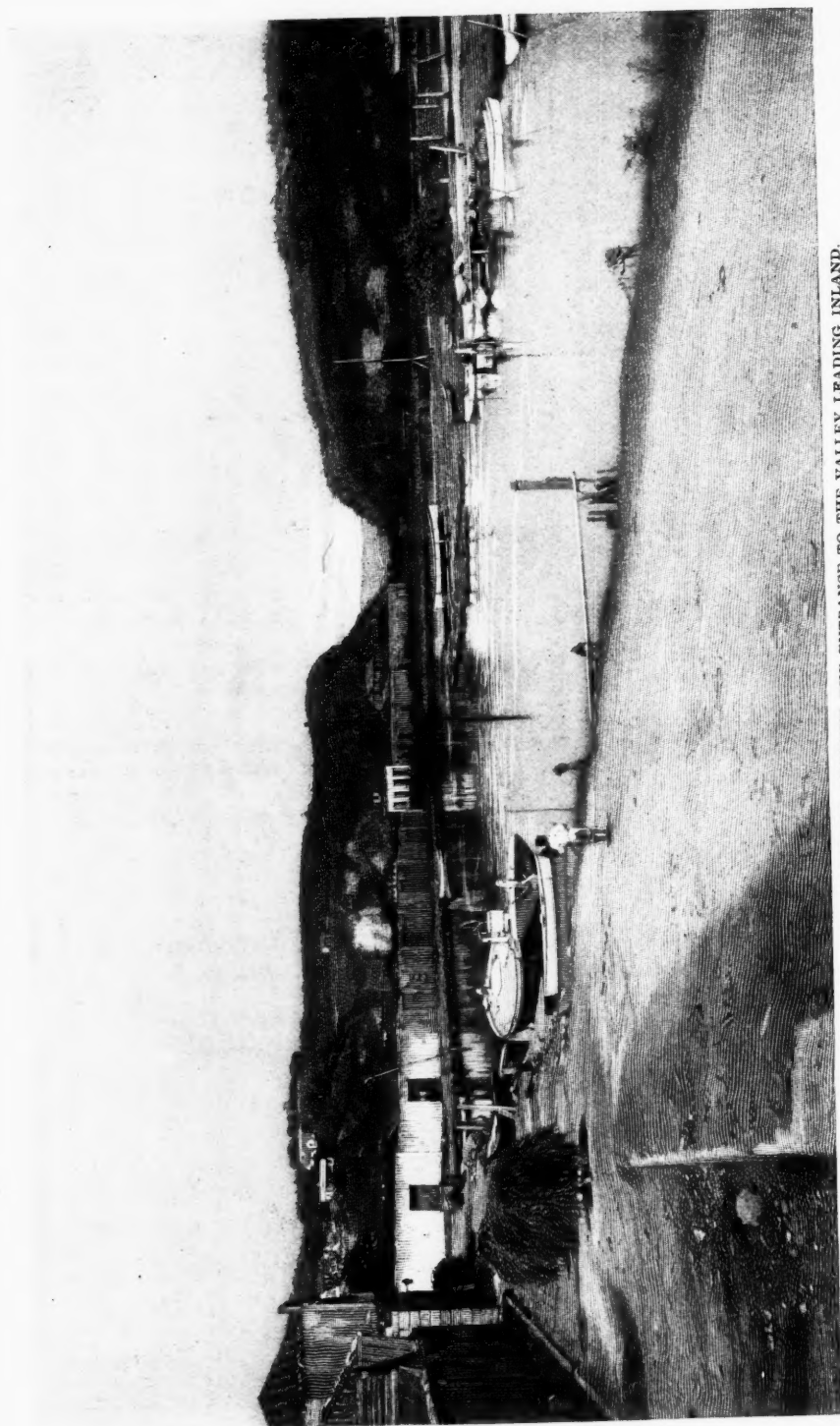
In 1803 Napoleon, despairing of his ability to retain his splendid province of Louisiana, is glad to sell it to Jefferson



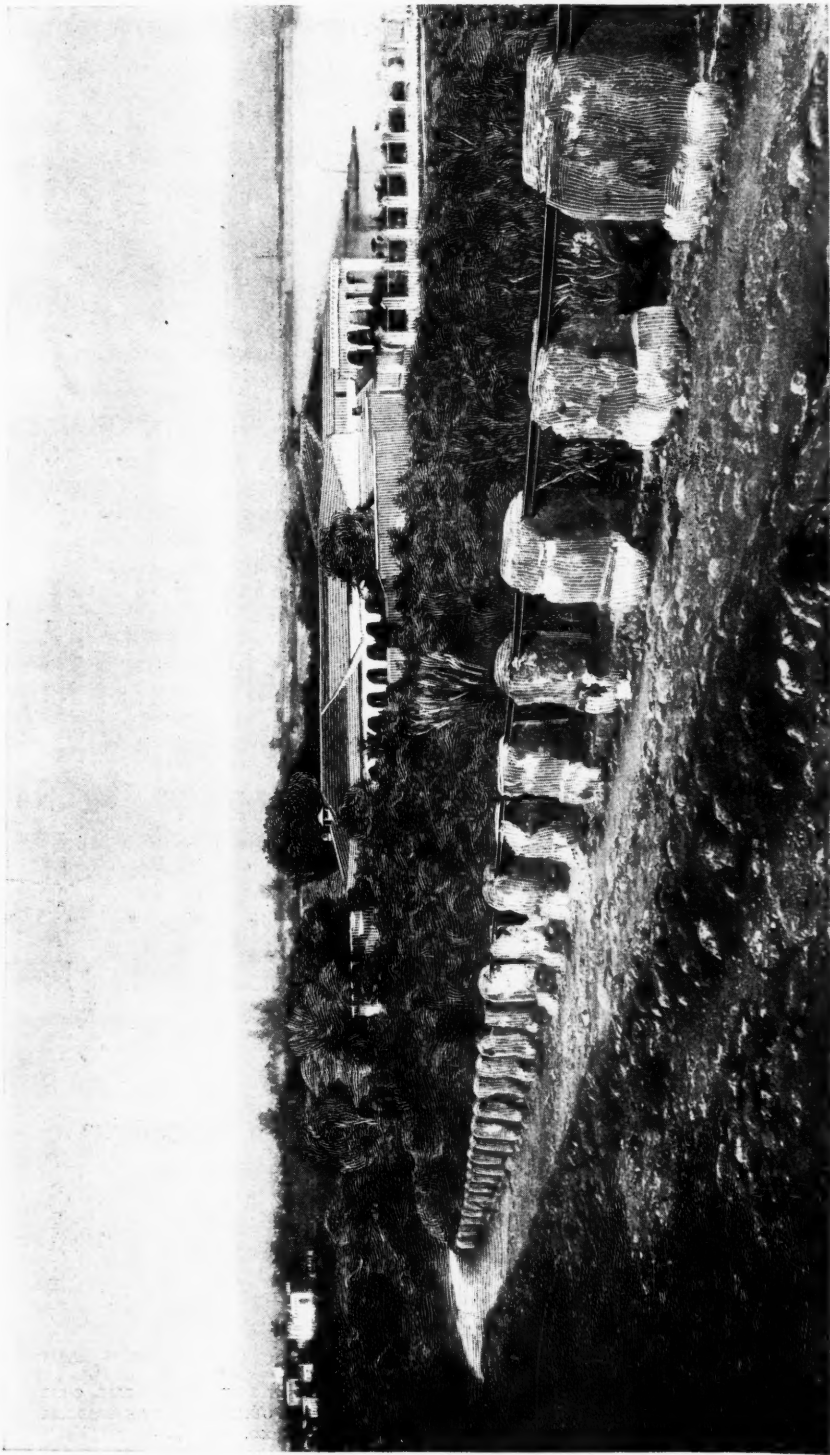
CUBA—THE CHURCH OF MONSERRATE, MATANZAS.



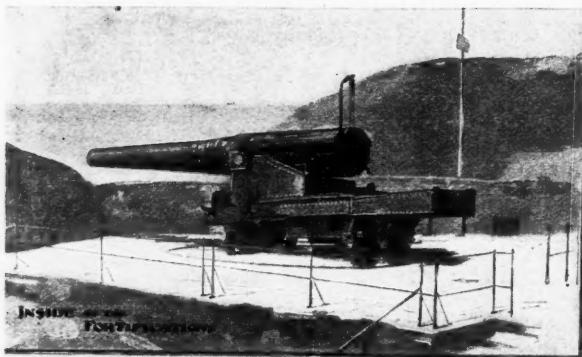
CUBA—THE TROPICAL GARDEN IN THE PLAZA, MATANZAS.



CUBA—THE YUMURI RIVER AT MATANZAS, SHOWING THE ENTRANCE TO THE VALLEY LEADING INLAND.



CUBA—THE ROAD FROM MATANZAS TO THE BELLAMAR CAVES. IT MAY BE INFERRED FROM THIS PICTURE THAT AN ARMY OF INVASION IN CUBA WOULD HAVE LITTLE USE FOR BICYCLES.



THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS—SCENES IN MANILA, THE CAPITAL CITY AND COMMERCIAL CENTER OF THE GROUP. MANILA IS ON THE ISLAND OF LUZON, WAS FOUNDED BY THE SPANISH IN 1571, AND HAS A POPULATION OF 270,000.



PORTO RICO—VIEW OF SAN JUAN FROM THE DECK OF A VESSEL LYING IN THE HARBOR.

for a sum that now seems a ridiculously small payment. Sixteen years later Florida, ceded by England to Spain, is again transferred to us. At the same historical hour the Spaniards' other great mainland possession—Mexico—becomes an independent state, with a territory almost as vast as ours, divided from us by a thousand miles of a vague and debatable frontier. The irresistible logic of events clashes the two republics together in war, and the stronger takes from the weaker a princely empire stretching from Texas to Wyoming and to California.

Thus far our acquisitions are wholly of adjoining territory, and they make a state that is huge, indeed, yet thoroughly compact—"four square to all the winds that blow," with a frontier which, on three sides, is marked by the hand of nature. Yet it is an easy step to the purchase of Alaska, where Russia, at the beginning of this century, had been first in the field of colonization. Seven millions of dollars was the price of the sovereignty of that northern land, with its fisheries, its furs, and its rich stores of minerals; and even without its natural wealth, who would not vote thrice that sum today to prevent it from passing into the hands of any other power?

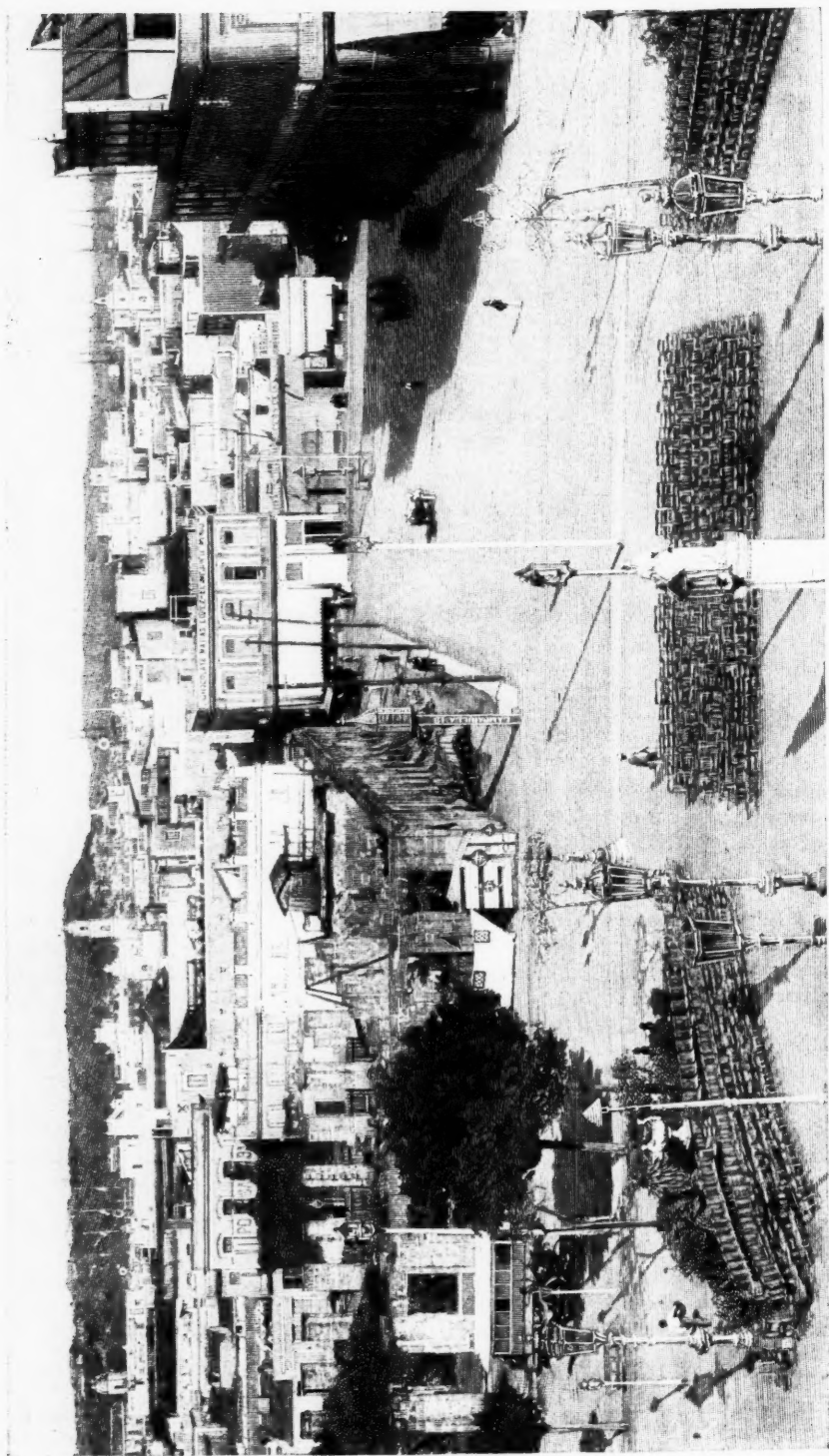
Since 1867 our career of national expansion has been halted; but is it over forever? This is the great question that the war with Spain has forced upon us.

If the Spaniard is to be expelled from Cuba, from Porto Rico, and from the Philippines—almost the last fragments of his squandered heritage—what is to become of those tropical islands of east and west? The decision rests with us. It is not likely that we shall allow any foreign power or combination of powers to decide the question for us. A great problem and a magnificent opportunity seem to lie before us.

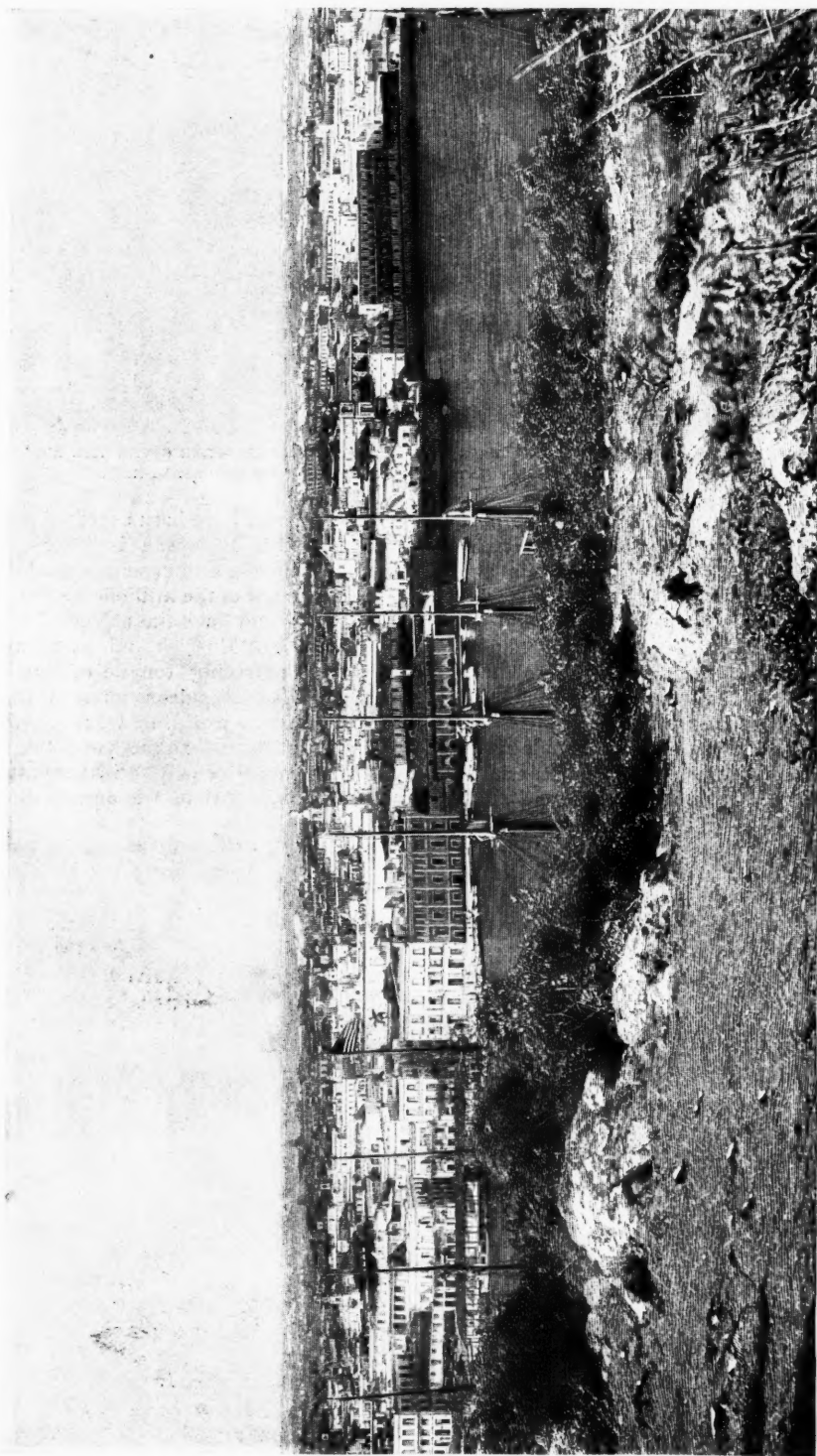
No doubt there will be many to oppose a proposition for the annexation of all or any of these Spanish islands. It has been so with every forward step of our flag; yet who would retrace a single one of those steps today? Jefferson was criticised for the Louisiana purchase. The war with Mexico was stoutly opposed, and the admission of Texas, when debated by the Senate, failed to secure the two thirds majority necessary for the approval of a treaty. Secretary Seward was told that he had wasted the money he paid for Alaska. Danger has been scented in every acquisition of territory, yet today we have not a foot of ground that we would give up.

HOW COLONIAL EMPIRES GROW.

In his famous book on "The Expansion of England," Professor Seeley points out that his country's colonial empire has not been built up by any settled and deliberate policy on the part of her rulers,



CUBA—VIEW OF HAVANA FROM THE INGLATERRA HOTEL, THE PRINCIPAL HOTEL IN THE CITY.



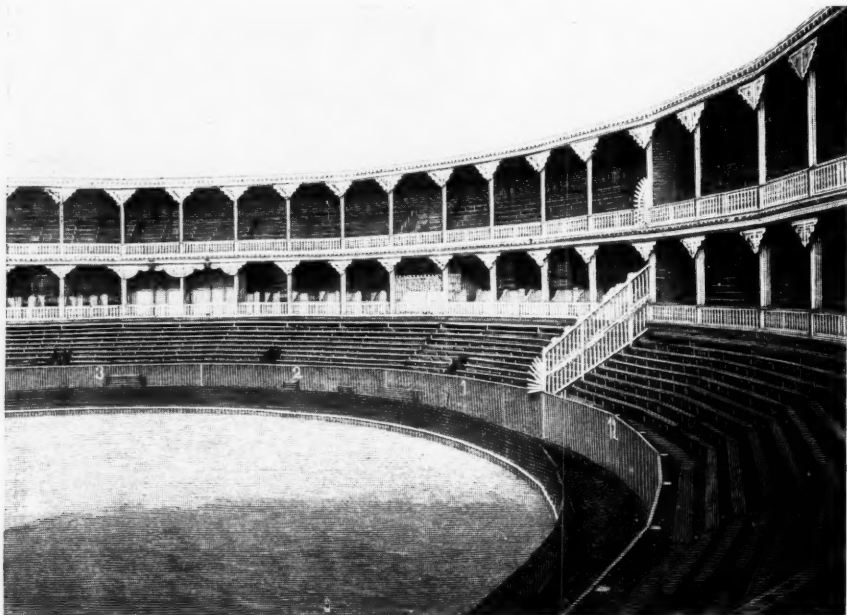
CUBA—GENERAL VIEW OF HAVANA, FROM THE HEIGHTS ACROSS THE HARBOR. HAVANA WAS FOUNDED IN 1519, AND IS BY FAR THE LARGEST CITY IN THE WEST INDIES, CONTAINING ABOUT TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND INHABITANTS.



CUBA—THE PLAZA DE TOROS, OR BULL RING, IN HAVANA, IN WHICH WERE GIVEN THE BULL FIGHTS THAT ARE THE GREAT NATIONAL AMUSEMENT OF THE SPANIARDS.

but has grown up in spite of their indifference and neglect. Until very recent times the European governments have apparently cared little for the wide world beyond their own borders; and the threatened result is that a hundred years hence most of the "great powers" must inevitably find themselves dwarfed by the vaster states now establishing themselves upon such a scale of magnitude as the world never saw before—by Russia, by the United States, and by Greater Britain.

We in America have been benefited not a little by this European indifference. Had the Grand Monarque spent in defending Canada a few of the millions he flung into his baths and fountains at Versailles, French, and not English, might today have been the ruling tongue of North America. Had Napoleon foreseen the future of the new world, he would never have sold Louisiana for a mess of pottage while he dreamed of empire in the east. And at the same time we ourselves—



CUBA—THE INTERIOR OF THE PLAZA DE TOROS.



CUBA—THE PRADO, HAVANA, LOOKING DOWN TOWARD THE SEA. THE PRADO, WITH ITS DOUBLE ROW OF TREES, IS ONE OF THE SHOW STREETS OF HAVANA. MOST OF ITS BUILDINGS PROJECT ON ARCHES OVER THE SIDEWALK.

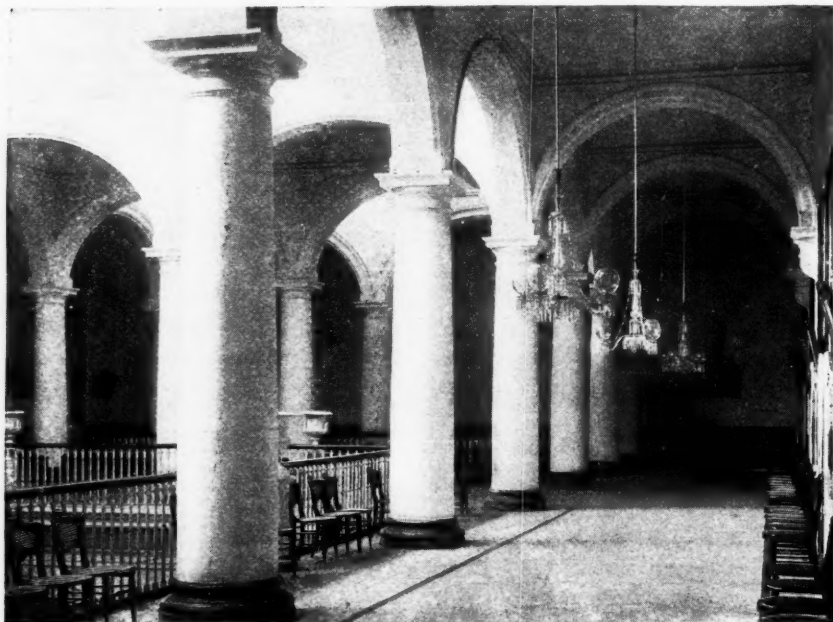


CUBA—THE CASINO ESPAÑOL, OR SPANISH CLUBHOUSE, HAVANA.

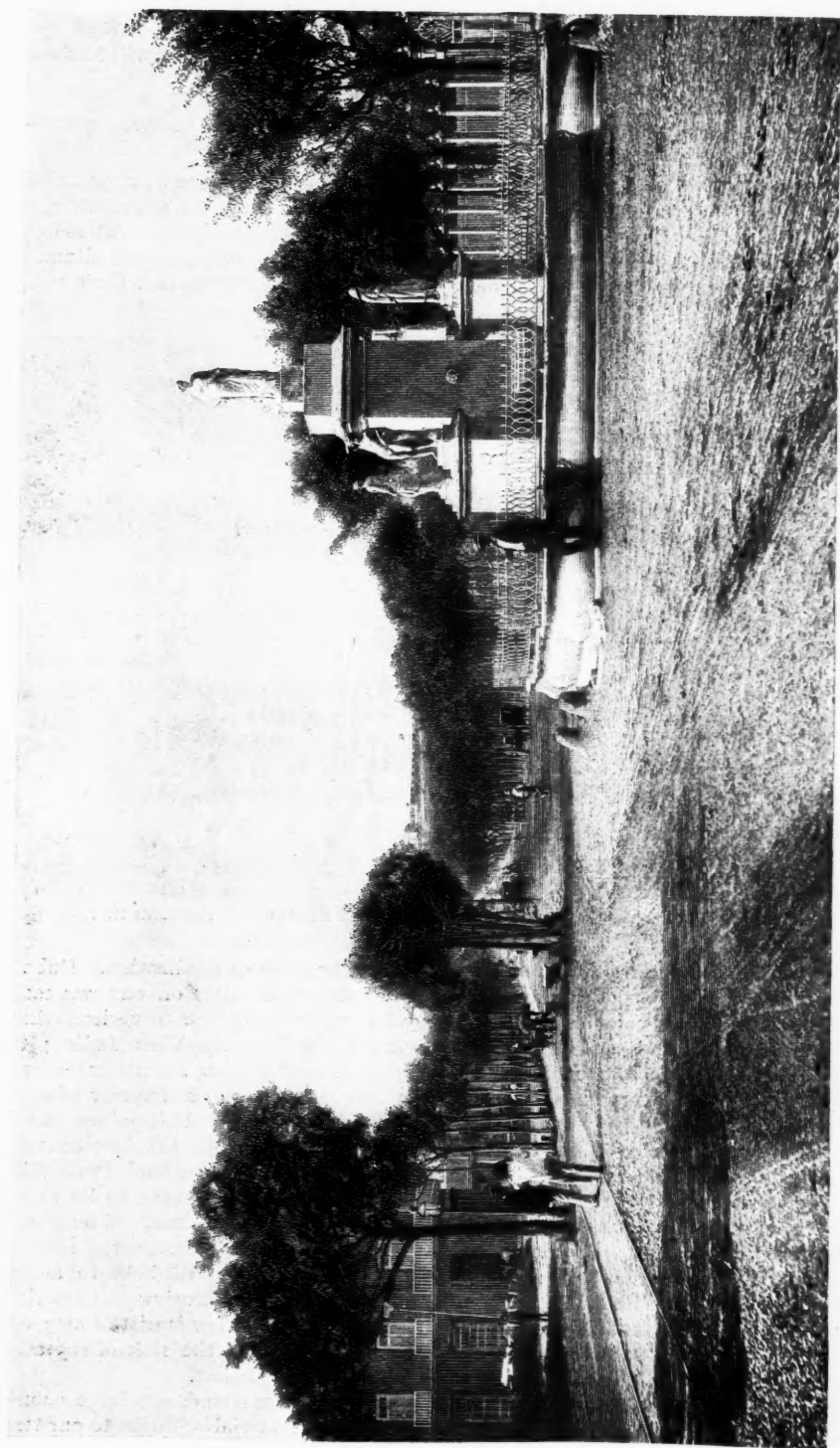
though with more justification, our unoccupied domain being far ampler than any European state—have shown a like reluctance for the path of expansion. We have hesitated where we might have stepped forward.

It may be recalled that in 1867 Mr. Seward, fresh from his notable achieve-

ment of the Alaska purchase, opened negotiations with Denmark for the sale of her West Indian islands of St. John and St. Thomas ; but the Senate declined to ratify the bargain he made. A few years later, when Grant was President, it was proposed to annex either the whole of Santo Domingo, or the harbor of



CUBA—A CORRIDOR IN THE CASINO ESPAÑOL, HAVANA.



CUBA—THE DRIVE OF CARLOS III, HAVANA.

Samana, a valuable point in that little negro republic; but after much debate the plan fell through. Then came the suggestion of the Mole St. Nicolas, a part of Hayti, as a desirable acquisition; but again no active step was taken.

THE RACE FOR EMPIRE.

Within the last dozen years there has been a marked change in the general

question arises whether it will be for our benefit to take them.

CUBA, PORTO RICO, AND THE PHILIPPINES.

Much depends, of course, upon the nature of these islands, on which so much of the world's attention is centered just now—upon their climate and situation, their natural resources, and their stand-

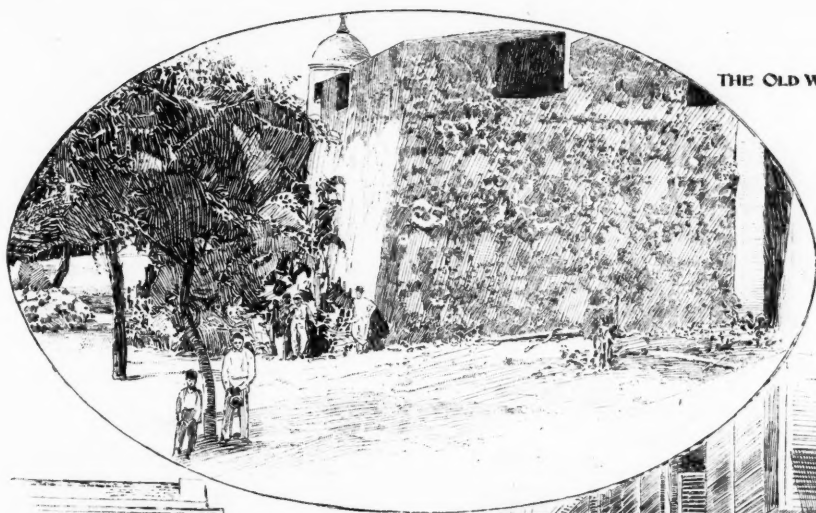


CUBA—LA FUERZA, ONE OF THE OLDEST BUILDINGS IN HAVANA, ERECTED IN 1573.

policy of the European powers. Several of them seem to have suddenly awakened to the importance of colonies and foreign stations for their flag, and there has ensued a desperate scramble for the remaining unappropriated corners of the earth. In this competition we have hitherto taken no part. We have seen the whole of Africa divided between the rival claimants; we now see the remnant of Asia threatened with a like partition. Is there anything left for us? Provinces once absorbed by France, England, Russia, or Germany are never likely to be in the market, as it were, again. But Spain, which has already lost a score of dependencies, is inevitably doomed to lose the three or four that remain to her. The change will be for their benefit, and very possibly for hers as well. The great

ing in the scale of civilization. Cuba is but a hundred miles off our own coast, yet comparatively few Americans have visited the Spanish West Indies; the Spanish East Indies are almost wholly unknown to us. What manner of countries are they—the Philippines, where Admiral Dewey made the first conquest of the war, and Cuba and Porto Rico, which, as we write, seem to lie at the mercy of our squadrons? The accompanying illustrations, engraved from recent photographs, will help to answer the question by picturing characteristic island scenes. A few statistics may also be of interest, at the risk of repeating facts already familiar.

In size, these islands are large enough to form a material addition to our territory, without being so unmanageable as



THE OLD WALL



STREET
OF THE
CROSS



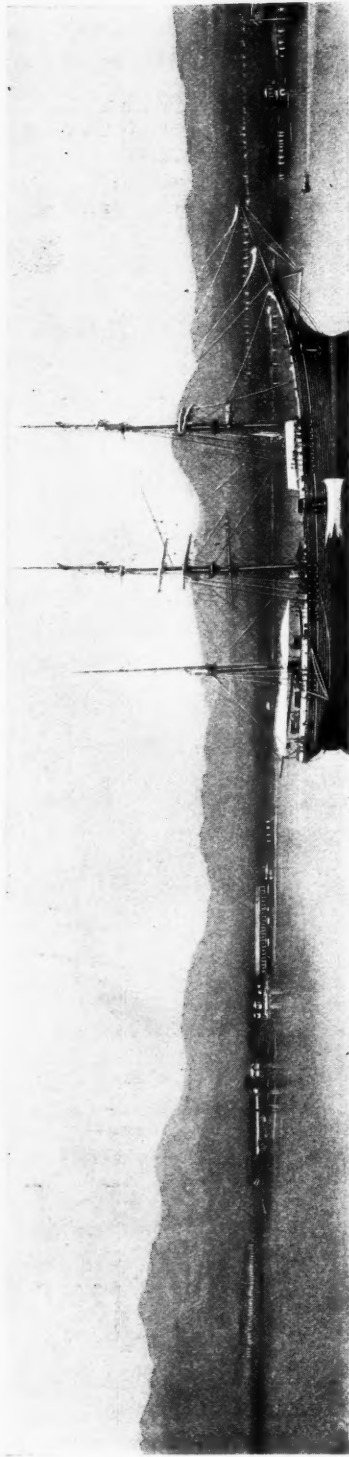
NATIVE
ARCHITECTURE

PORTO RICO—CHARACTERISTIC SCENES IN THE STREETS OF SAN JUAN.

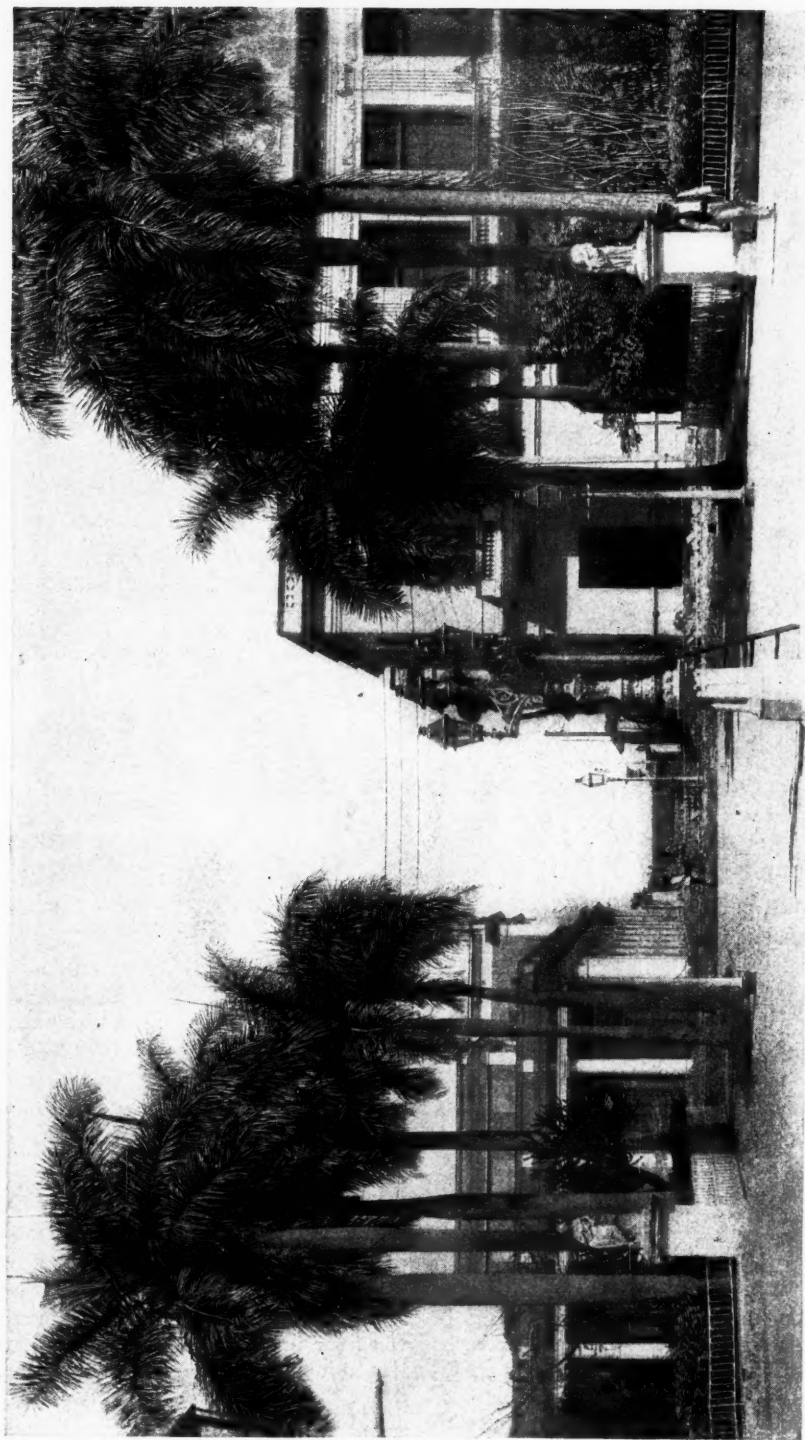
Drawn from photographs.



CUBA—GENERAL VIEW OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA, FROM THE HARBOR.



CUBA—THE HARBOR OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA, FROM THE TOWN. SANTIAGO IS THE SECOND CITY IN CUBA, WITH A POPULATION OF 71,000. IT WAS FOUNDED IN 1514, AND WAS FOR A TIME THE CAPITAL OF THE ISLAND. IT IS STILL THE CAPITAL OF THE EASTERN DEPARTMENT. THE EXECUTION OF THE VIRGINIUS PRISONERS TOOK PLACE HERE IN 1873.



CUBA—THE PLAZA, SANTIAGO DE CUBA. THE LARGE BUILDING ON THE RIGHT IS THE SANTIAGO THEATER.

the vast tracts France and England have recently annexed in Africa. Cuba contains a few more square miles than Ohio, a few less than Virginia. Porto Rico is smaller than any State in the Union, except Delaware and Rhode Island. The total area of the Philippines, with their

tional reports of men slain in battle, of women and children starved to death, and of families driven into exile, there can be very few survivors left there now; but it would be safer to wait for another census before making an estimate. It is certain, however, that with a stable government so



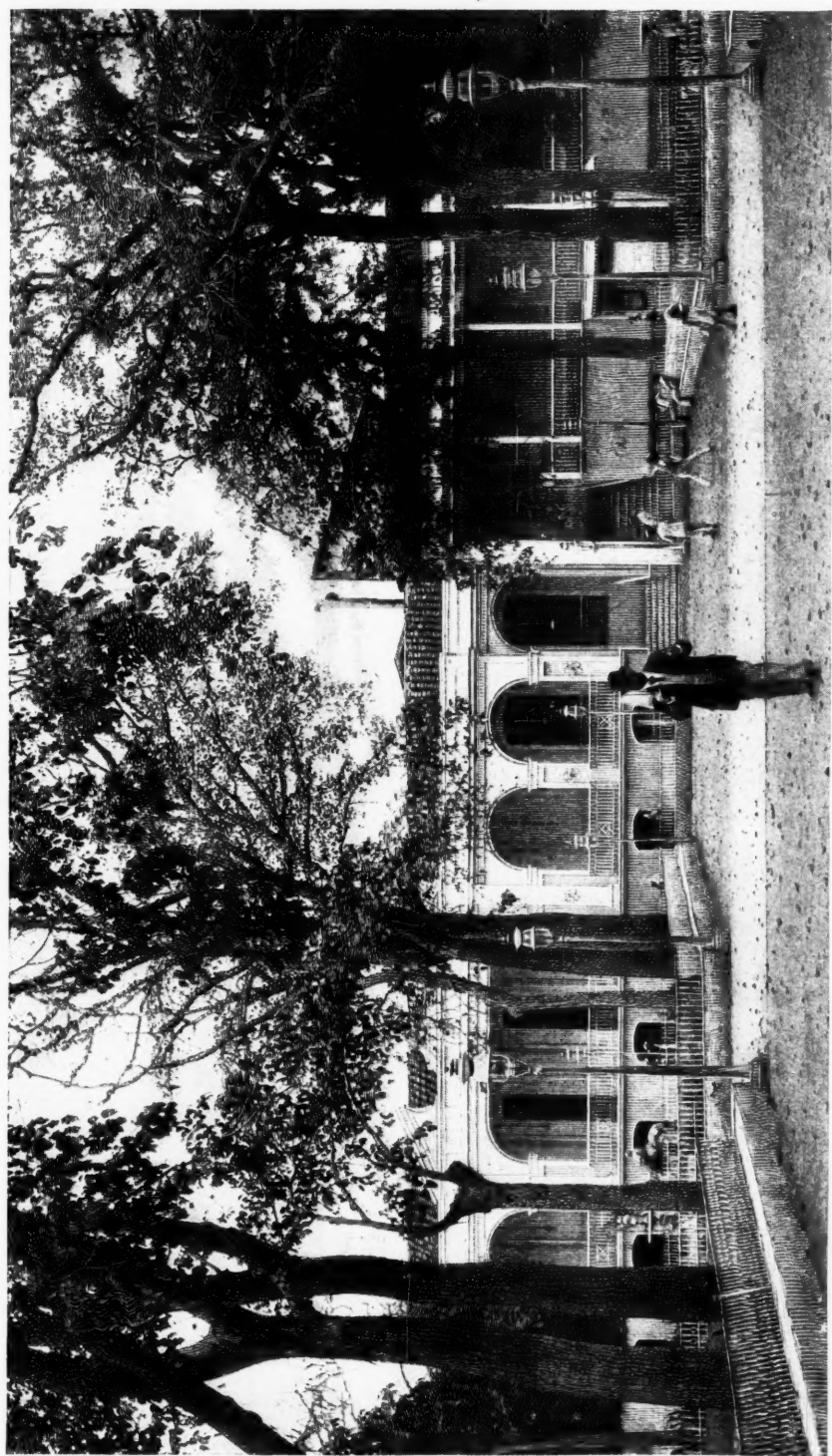
CUBA—ROYAL PALM TREES IN THE SUBURBS OF MATANZAS. THE ROYAL PALM (*OREODOXA REGIA*) IS ONE OF THE HANDSOMEST SPECIES OF THE PALM FAMILY, GROWING IN FLORIDA AND THE WEST INDIES.

dozen large islands and more than a thousand small ones, is a little more than that of Nevada or Colorado.

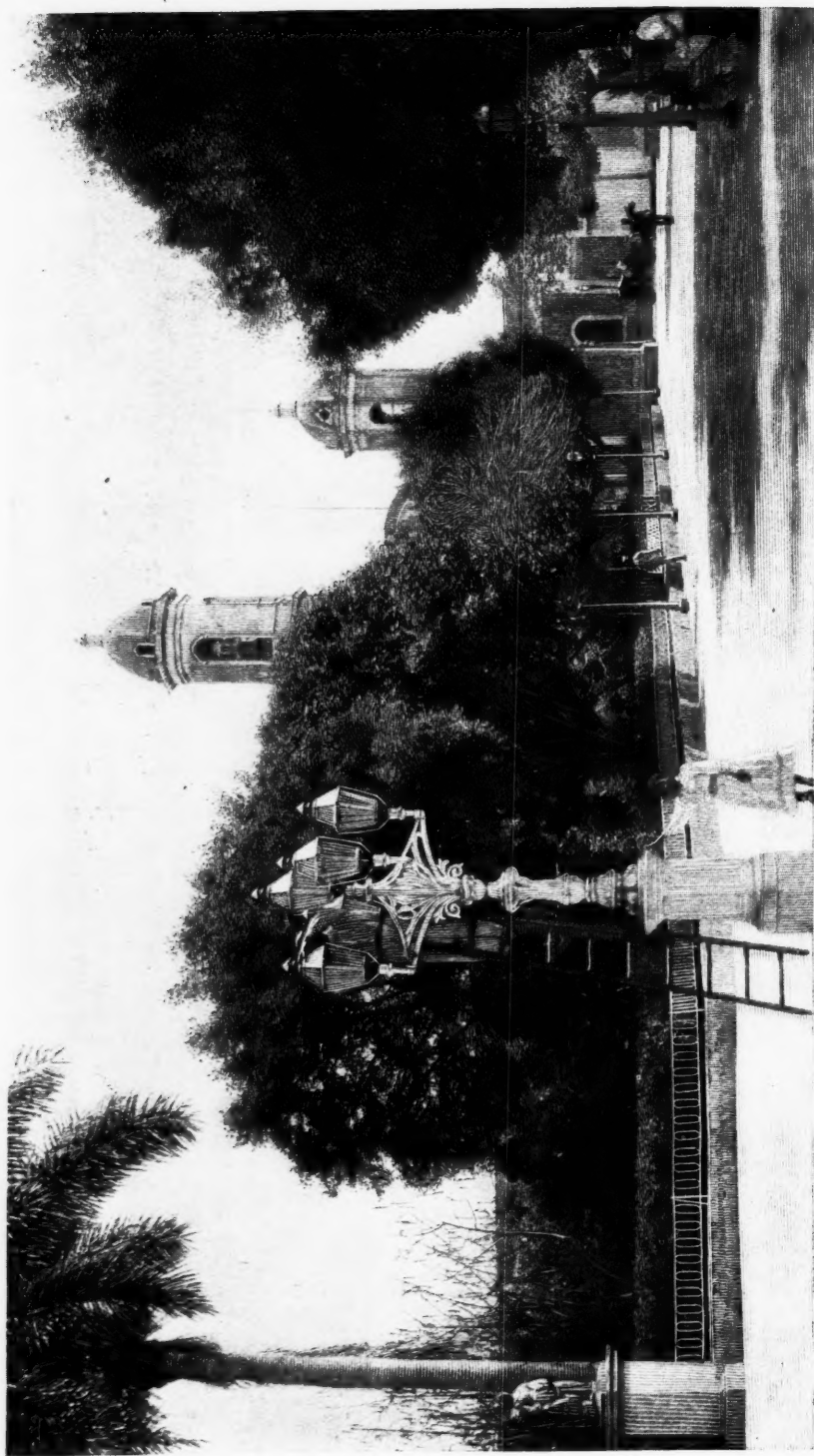
As to their population, they are neither very thickly nor very thinly settled, the total for Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines being something less than ten million people. About half of this total belongs to Luzon, the island of which Manila is the capital. The present population of Cuba is a matter for speculation. The last census, taken in 1890, reported 1,631,687 people in the Queen of the Antilles. According to the sensa-

rich an island could support many more inhabitants than she possesses. Porto Rico, which has been less harassed by civil disorder, is quite densely populated, having as many people as Connecticut.

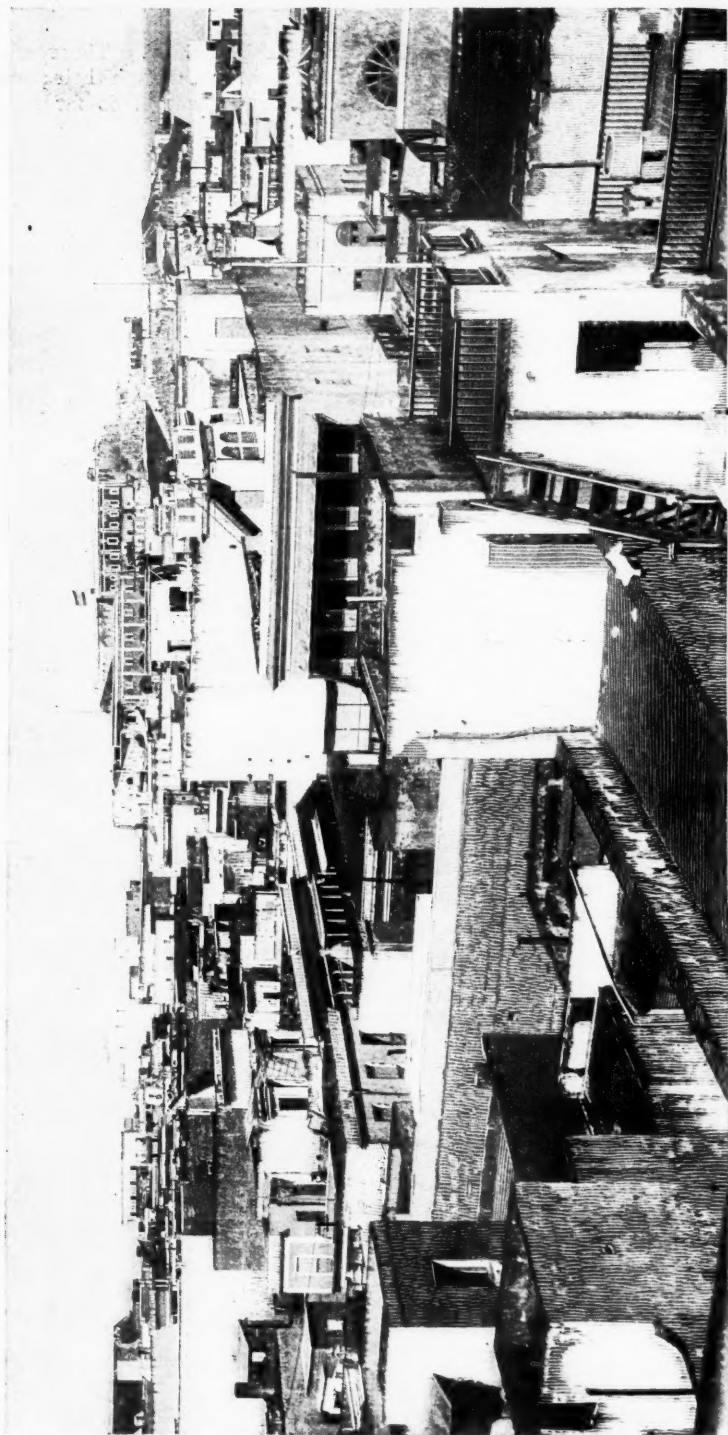
Of course it cannot be claimed that the ten million people of these Spanish dependencies are homogeneous with ourselves, or that we should find no difficulty whatever in extending our political system to include them. But what problem could they present in any way comparable to those that England has met and solved in India, where she rules three



CUBA—THE CASINO ESPAÑOL (SPANISH CASINO) AND CIRCULO DON CARLOS (DON CARLOS CLUB) AT SANTIAGO DE CUBA.



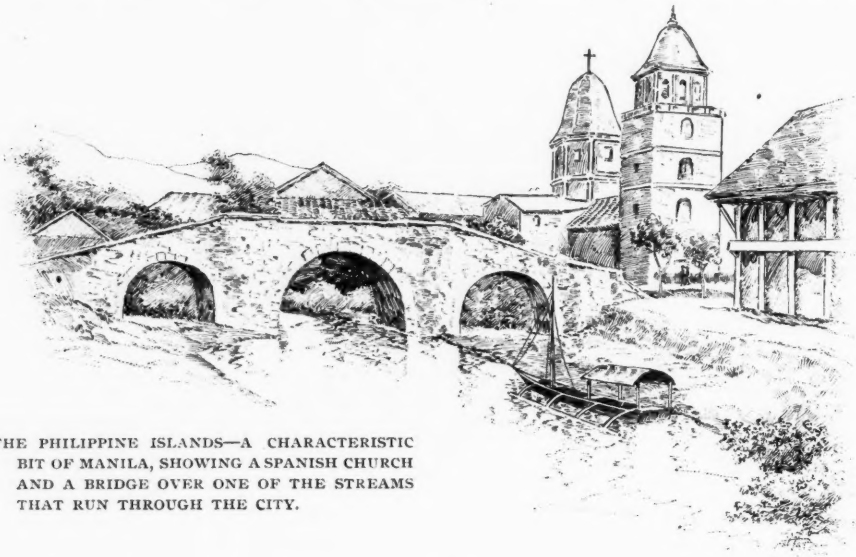
CUBA—THE PLAZA, CIENFUEGOS. AFTER SANTIAGO DE CUBA, CIENFUEGOS, WITH A POPULATION OF 41,000, IS THE PRINCIPAL SEAPORT ON THE SOUTHERN COAST OF CUBA, BEING, IN TIME OF PEACE, A CENTER FOR THE EXPORT OF SUGAR AND MOLASSES.



PORTO RICO—GENERAL VIEW OF SAN JUAN, THE CAPITAL OF THE ISLAND. SAN JUAN IS A CITY OF NEARLY THIRTY THOUSAND PEOPLE, AND WAS FOUNDED BY THE SPANIARDS UNDER PONCE DE LEON IN 1511.

hundred million Asiatics of widely different races, languages, and religions, civilized and uncivilized, and united only in

numerical majority. These are by no means savages, though their place in the scale of civilization is far from high.



THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS—A CHARACTERISTIC BIT OF MANILA, SHOWING A SPANISH CHURCH AND A BRIDGE OVER ONE OF THE STREAMS THAT RUN THROUGH THE CITY.

being absolutely alien to the power that governs them?

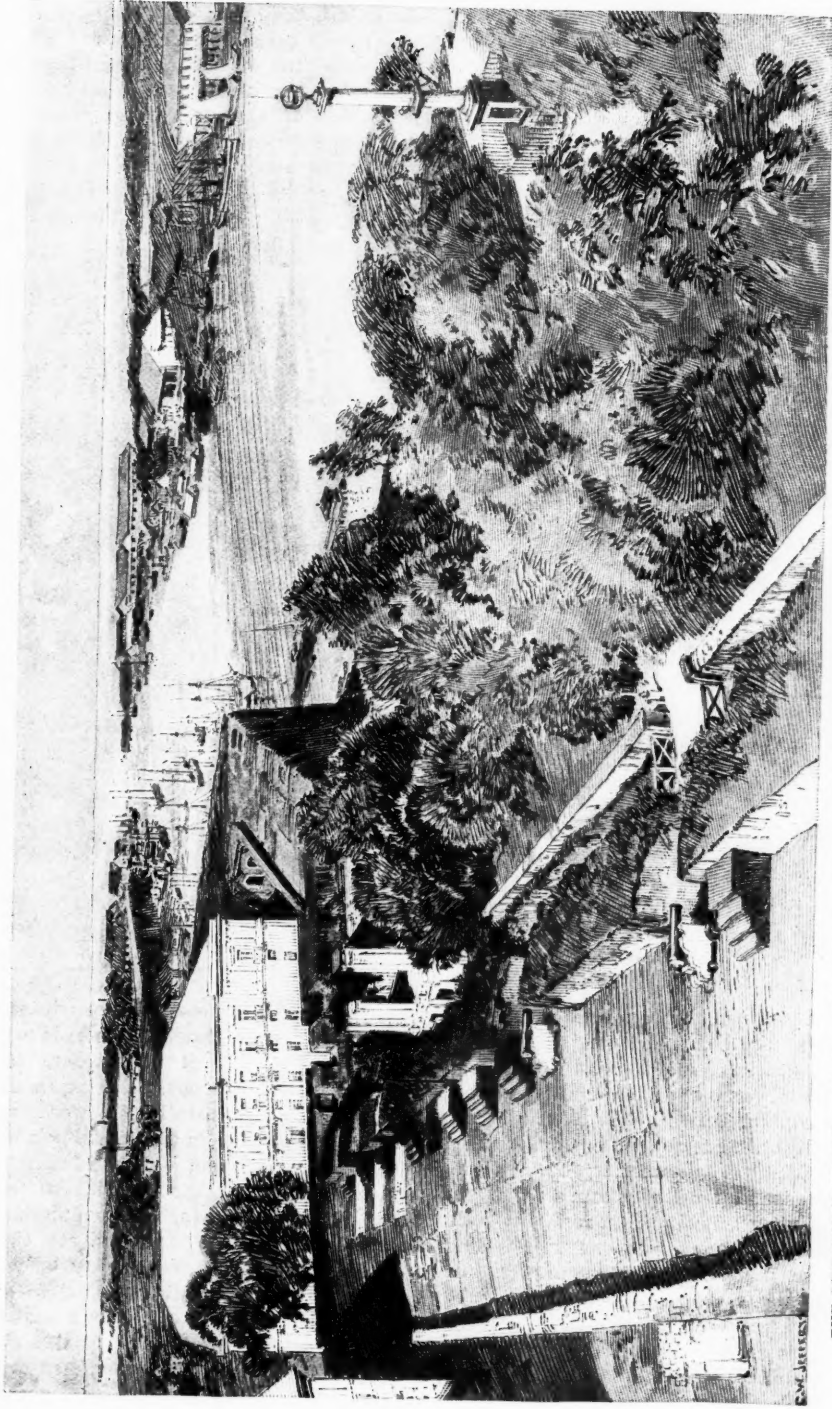
THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDERS.

Of the seven or eight million people in the Philippines, Malay tribes form the

Those who have lived among them—as very few Americans have—say that they are as industrious as the tropical climate permits, and as orderly as could be expected under Spanish misrule. It is worth noting that there is a considerable



THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS—A STREET IN THE SUBURBS OF MANILA, SHOWING THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE NATIVE HOUSES.



THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS—MANILA BAY AND THE MOUTH OF THE PASIG RIVER, SHOWING A LINE OF THE OLD SPANISH FORTIFICATIONS.

colony of them in southern Louisiana, the origin of which is not quite clear. They are known there as "Manila men," and their ways of life are said to be precisely those of their kinsmen in the far east.

Besides the Malays, there is in the Philippines a race called the negritos, and believed to be the aboriginal people

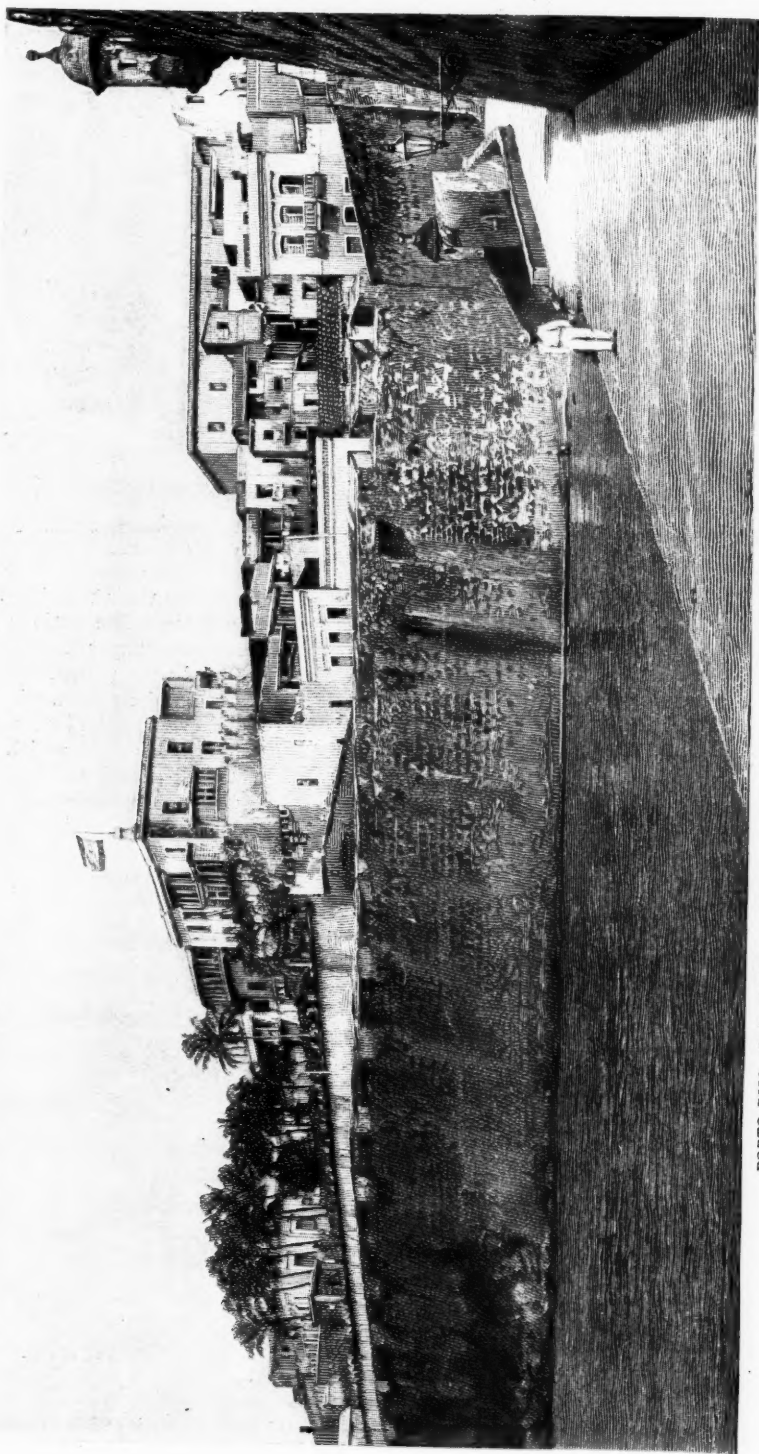
The Philippine climate is summed up in a Spanish proverb which describes it as "six months of dust, six months of mud, six months of all sorts of things." An account that is less epigrammatic, but whose arithmetic seems better, states that there are six months of dry weather and six months of rainy weather in the year. Stretching southward almost to



PORTO RICO—THE PRINCESS PROMENADE, A FASHIONABLE PARKWAY IN SAN JUAN.

of the islands, corresponding to such tribes as the Bhils in India. Driven in past centuries from the best lands, they are found among the mountains, and their contact with civilization has been very slight. The Spanish population is inconsiderable, numbering only about five thousand, most of whom are not settlers, but merely transient residents. In the cities there is also a sprinkling of Chinese, Japanese, and other immigrants from Asia, and of miscellaneous half breeds. Rather a mixed list, perhaps; but it may be remembered that we have a rather mixed population here at home, and yet we seem to get along very well with it.

the equator, the islands have no winter. From November to March, the heat is not excessive. From April to October, the climate is tropical indeed. During those seven months, practically no work is done between eight in the morning and four in the afternoon. "In Manila," says an American who lived there for several years, "the whole population rises between four and five, and gets the work of the day out of the way before eight. Then they go into their houses—which are of stone and wood, with heavy roofs of tile and asphaltum—and stay there until sundown. At sundown the merchants open their heavy store doors and the streets suddenly start to life.



PORTO RICO—SAN JUAN, LOOKING UP TO THE CITY FROM THE OLD SEA WALL OF THE HARBOR.



PORTO RICO—GENERAL VIEW OF MAYAGUEZ. MAYAGUEZ IS A SEAPORT ON THE WEST COAST OF THE ISLAND, WITH A POPULATION OF TWELVE THOUSAND.

The principal meal of the day is served at six, and after it the whole population goes out for a walk."

TROPICAL ARCHITECTURE.

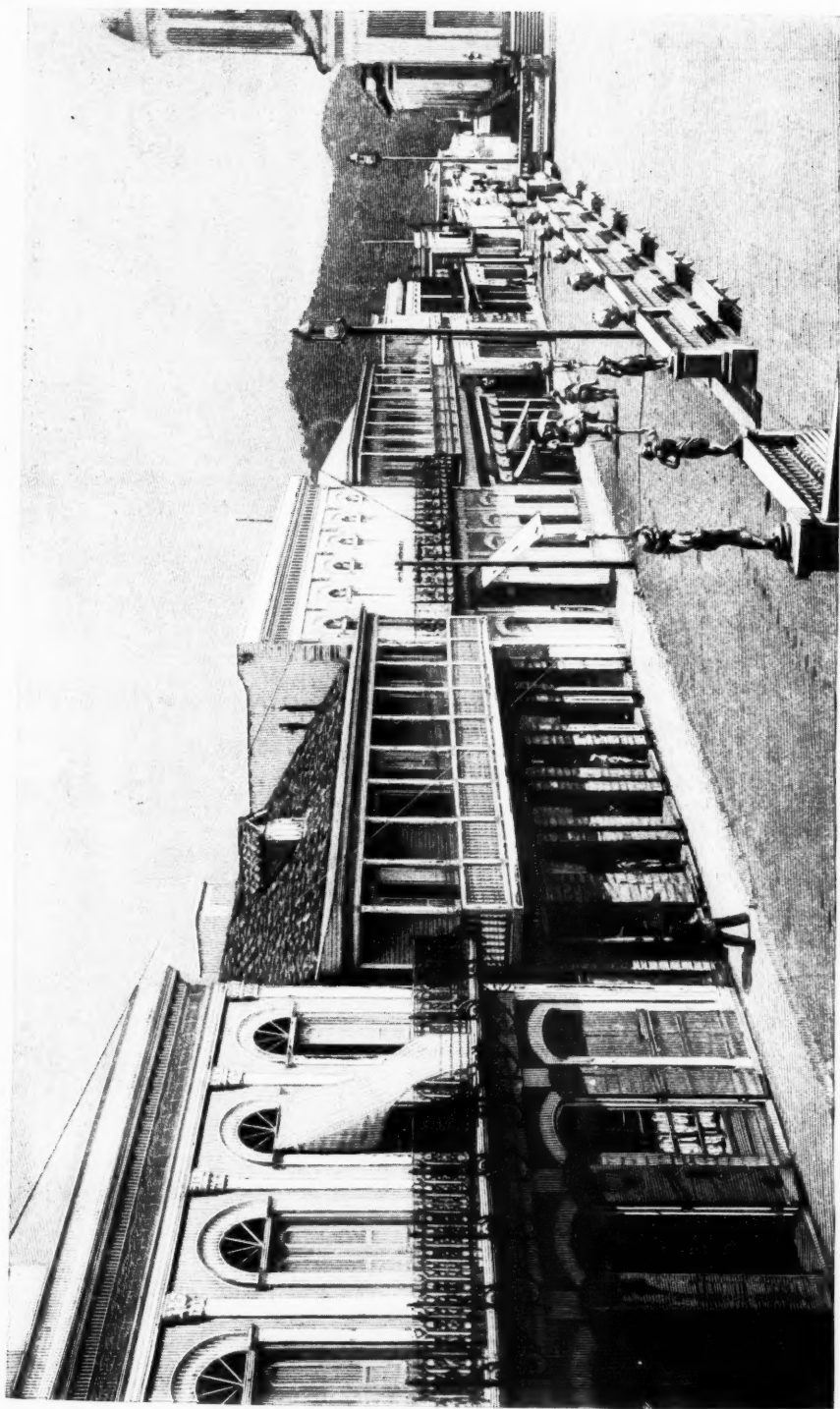
The engravings in these pages will show that there is a general similarity in the architecture of Manila and of the Cuban and Porto Rican cities. In all of them houses are built after the old Spanish fashion, with solid, square, and forbidding walls, painted white for cool-

ness, and presenting their best face to an inner court or patio. The patio is generally the most pleasant spot in the home; it will be decorated with palms, vines, or colored curtains, and here the family will gather for meals or for social intercourse.

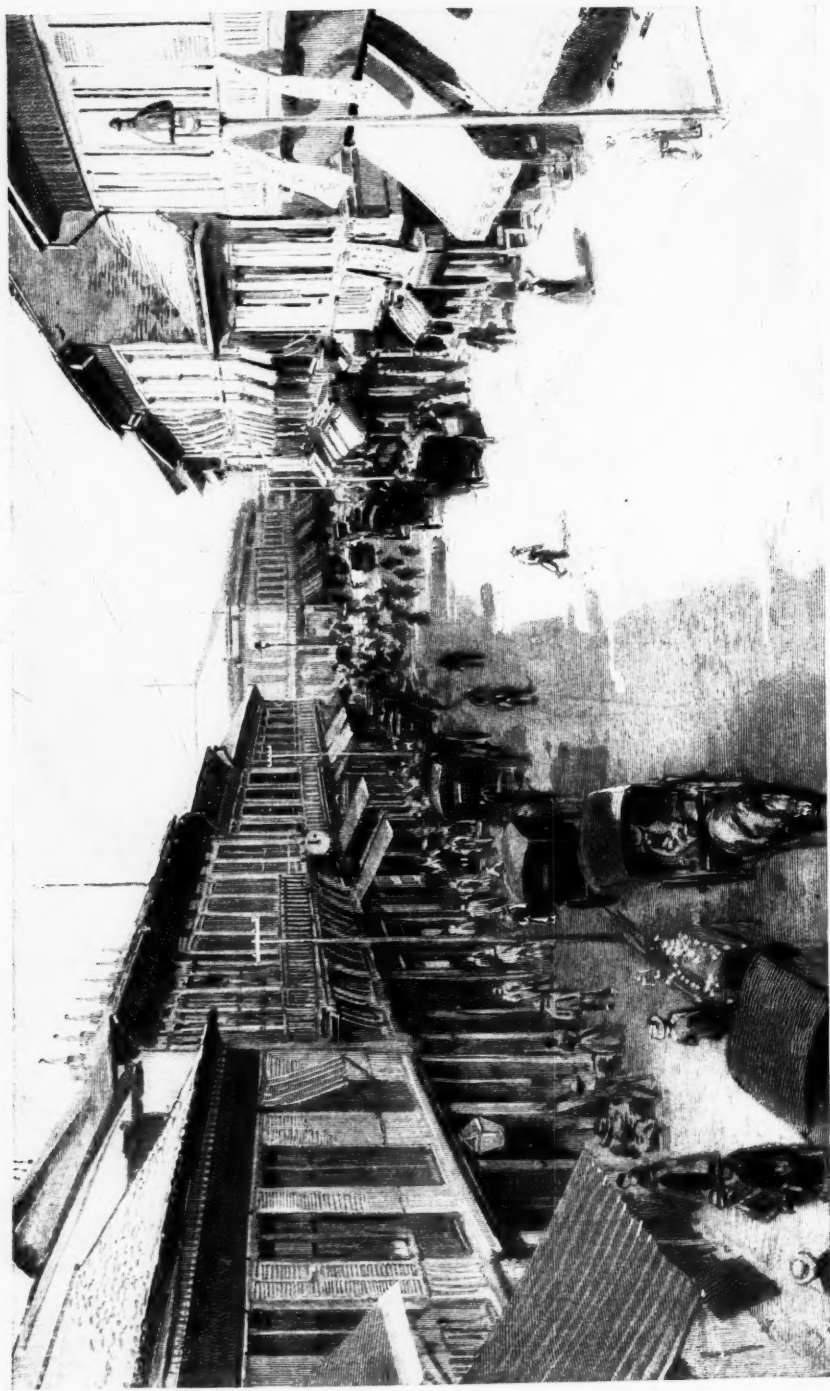
A Philippine peculiarity, which may possibly commend itself to American house decorators, is the use of oyster shells for window glass. The shells, which are translucent and iridescent, are cut into tiny squares, and temper the glaring



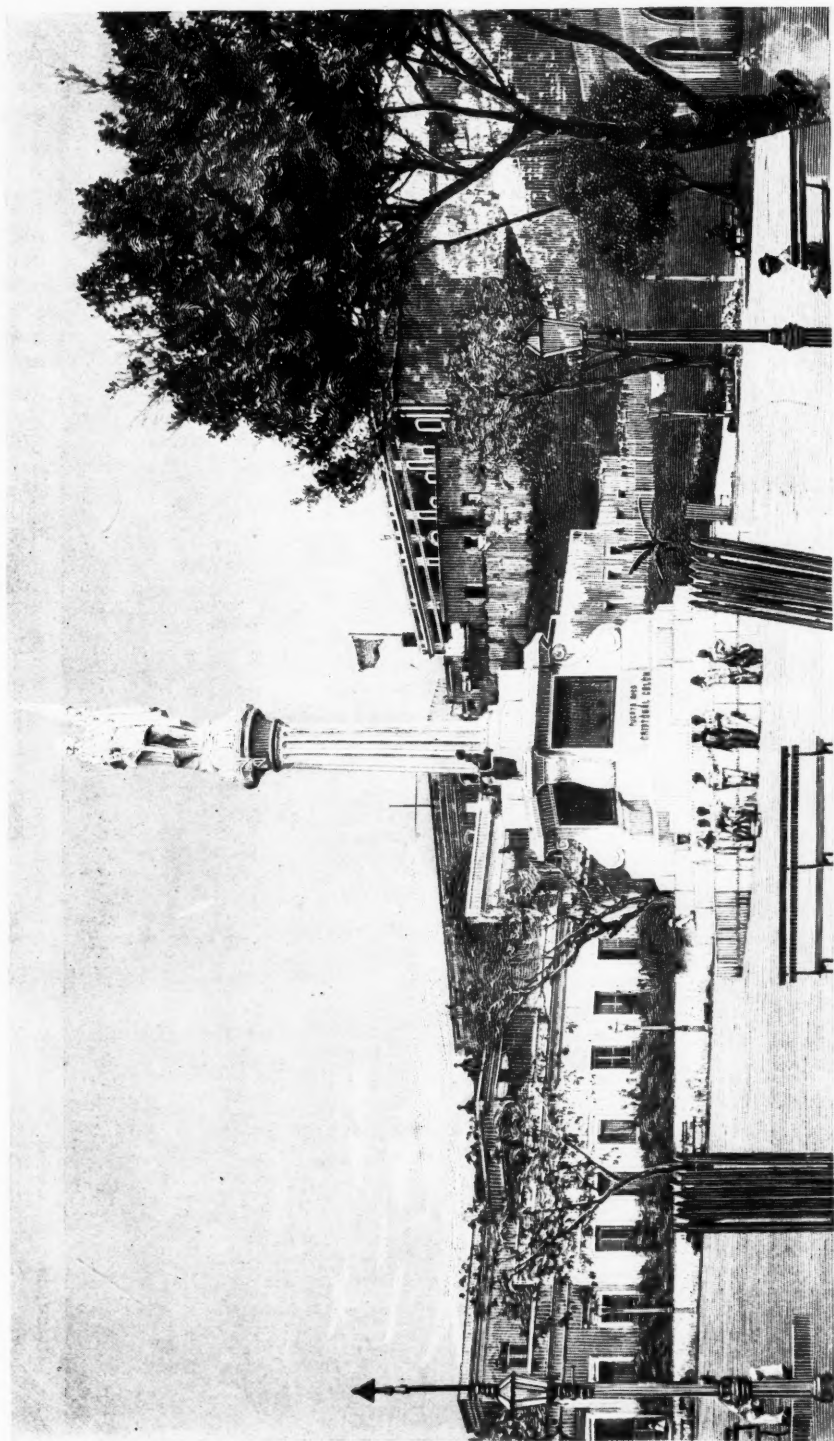
PORTO RICO—THE ADUANA OR CUSTOM HOUSE AT MAYAGUEZ. THE CUSTOM HOUSE, AN IMPORTANT SOURCE OF GOVERNMENT REVENUE, IS USUALLY A PROMINENT BUILDING IN A SPANISH COLONIAL PORT.



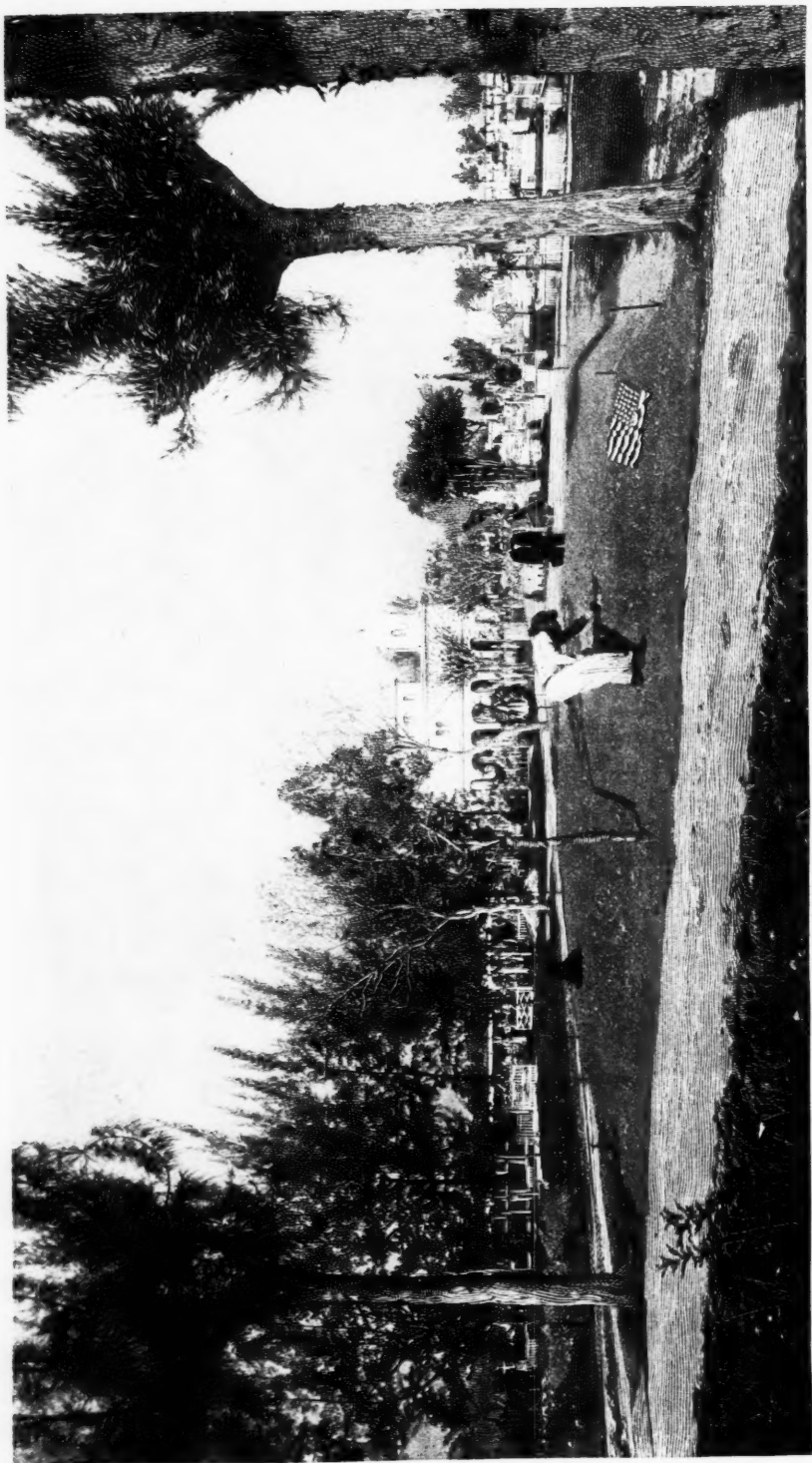
PORTO RICO—THE CALLE DE CANDELARIA, MAYAGUEZ, A FAVORABLE SPECIMEN OF THE STREETS IN THE SMALLER TOWNS OF THE SPANISH WEST INDIES.



THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS—A SCENE IN ONE OF THE CHIEF BUSINESS STREETS OF MANILA.



PORTO RICO—THE PLAZA, SAN JUAN, AND THE COLUMBUS MONUMENT. THE INSCRIPTION ON THE MONUMENT IS "PUERTO RICO A CRISTOBAL COLON"
—"PORTO RICO TO CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS."



CUBA—"REMEMBER THE MAINE!"—GRAVES OF THE UNIDENTIFIED DEAD FROM THE MAINE, IN THE CRISTOBAL COLON (CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS) CEMETERY, HAVANA.

tropical sunshine into a soft and beautiful light. One enthusiastic traveler declares that "a great window filled with these sprays of pearl shows the colors of ten thousand rainbows."

Those who oppose any extension of our national domain may dwell upon the terrors of West Indian hurricanes and fevers, and of Philippine earthquakes. They may quote such tales as this of the perils of the volcanic fires of Luzon and Mindanao: "Lakes have been thrown into the sky, hurling floods of water into the valleys below. Fish, crocodiles, sharks, serpents, to the extent of millions of tons, have been belched over the country, and ravines have been filled to the level with living flesh, scalded by hot water and steam from the volcanoes." Such a description is undoubtedly the wildest sort

of exaggeration. Slight earthquakes are common in the Philippines, and severe ones have occurred, notably in 1860 and 1884; but it is safe to say that in none of these islands does nature wield any more destructive scourge than the dreaded tornado of our Western plains.

If we are threatened with exclusion from eastern Asia and its commerce by the usurpations of Russia, France, and Germany, the annexation of the Philippines, with a midway station at Hawaii, would be a most emphatic answer to the European challenge. The acquisition of the Spanish West Indies would be a momentous and magnificent step toward the fulfilment of what scores of our ablest statesmen, from Thomas Jefferson downward, have foreshadowed as the manifest destiny of the United States of America.



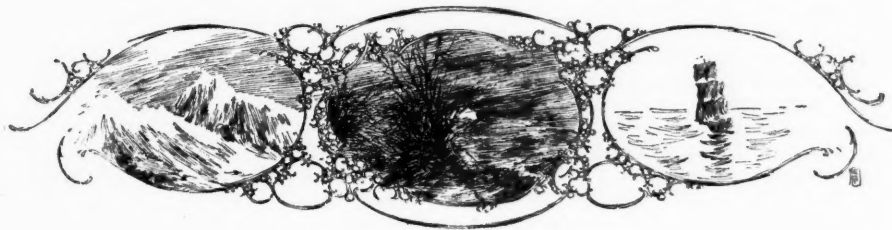
THE CHAMPION OF LIBERTY.

I BEHOLD, as in a vision, stern Columbia, sword in hand,
And I hear the tramp of legions marshaling at her command;
Listen to the ringing challenge that she sends across the sea:
"They that wield the rod oppression must account for it to me!"

I behold her, the avenger, mighty in her righteous wrath,
Menacing the base pretender who impedes fair freedom's path;
In the lists her name is entered, champion of liberty,
There is none that may withstand her in the tilt with tyranny.

I behold her, God commissioned, striking ancient error down,
Wresting from the cruel despot sword and scepter, throne and crown;
All the watching world applauds her when she cuts the captive's thongs,
And, full fortified by justice, rights a martyred nation's wrongs.

Susie M. Best.



SWALLOW.*

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

"Swallow" is a story of South Africa, where Anglo Saxon, Boer, and Kaffir still struggle for supremacy, and the reader is like to forget his environment and imagine that real life is being enacted before him; that he, too, lives and loves and suffers with Ralph Kenzie and Suzanne, the Boer maiden—This is one of the best stories from Mr. Haggard's pen since "King Solomon's Mines," "She," and "Allan Quatermain."

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

SWALLOW is the name given by the Kaffirs to Suzanne, daughter of a Boer, Jan Botmar, whose wife is the teller of the story. Long years before, the worthy couple adopted Ralph Kenzie, an English lad, a castaway, whom Suzanne had found when they were both children, and who, when he reaches his nineteenth year, is discovered to be the son of a Scotch lord and the heir to vast estates. Two Englishmen have come out to the Cape to look for him, whereupon Jan and his wife, though heartbroken at the thought of losing him, for they have come to look upon him as their own son, decide that they must give him up. Ralph, however, stoutly refuses to leave them, and tells them if they force him to go he will take Suzanne with him.

VI.

NOW, on hearing this Suzanne said, "Oh!" and sank back in her chair as though she were going to faint; but I burst out laughing, half because Ralph's impertinence tickled me and half at the sight of my husband's face. Presently he turned upon me in a fine rage.

"Be silent, you silly woman!" he said. "Do you hear what that mad boy says? He says that he wants my daughter."

"Well, what of it?" I answered. "Is there anything wonderful in that? Suzanne is of an age to be married, and pretty enough for any young man to want her."

"Yes, yes; that is true, now I come to think of it," said Jan, pulling his beard. "But, woman, he says that he wants to take her away with him."

"Ah!" I replied, "that is another matter. That he shall never do with my consent."

"No, indeed, he shall never do that," echoed Jan.

"Suzanne," said I in the pause that followed, "you have heard all this talk. Tell us, then, openly, what is your mind."

"My mind is, mother," she answered very quietly, "that I wish to obey you and my father in all things, as is my duty, but that I have a higher duty towards him I love and whom God gave me out of the sea. Therefore, if you send away Ralph without a

cause, if he desires it I shall follow him as soon as I am of age, and marry him, or if you keep me from him by force then I shall die. That is all I have to say."

"And quite enough, too," I answered, though in my heart I liked the girl's spirit and guessed that she was playing a part to prevent her father from sending away Ralph against his will.

"All this is pretty hearing," said Jan, starting from one to the other. "Why, now that I think of it, I never heard that you two were more than brother and sister to each other. Say, you shameless girl, when did all this come about, and why do you dare to promise yourself in marriage without my consent?"

"Because there was no time to ask it, father," said Suzanne, looking down, "for Ralph and I only spoke together this morning."

"He spoke to you this morning, and now it seems that you are ready to forsake your father and your mother and to follow him across the world, you wicked and ungrateful child."

"I am not wicked and I am not ungrateful," answered Suzanne; "it is you who are wicked, who want to send Ralph away and break all our hearts."

"It is false, miss," shouted her father in answer, "for you know well that I do not want to send him away."

"Then, why did you tell him that he must go and take your best horse and new hat?"

"For his own good, girl."

"Is it for his good that he should go away from all of us who love him, and be lost across the sea?" and choking, she burst into tears, while her father muttered:

"Why, the girl has become like a tiger, she who was milder than a sheep!"

"Hush, Suzanne," broke in Ralph; "and you, who have been father and mother to me, listen, I pray you. It is true that Suzanne and I love each other very dearly, as we have always loved each other, though how much we did not know till this morning. Now, I am a waif and a castaway whom you have nurtured, and have neither lands nor goods of my own, therefore you may well think that I am no match for your daughter, who is so beautiful, and who, if she outlives you, will inherit all that you have. If you decide thus, it is just, however hard it may be. But you tell me, though I have heard nothing of it till now, and I think that it may be but idle talk, that I have both lands and goods far away in England, and you bid me begone to them. Well, if you turn me out I must go, for I cannot stay alone in the veldt without a house, or a friend, or a hoof of cattle. But then, I tell you that when Suzanne is of age I shall return and marry her, and take her away with me, as I have a right to if she desires it, for I will not lose everything that I love in the world at one stroke. Indeed, nothing but death shall part me from Suzanne. Therefore, it comes to this: either you must let me stay here and, poor as I am, be married to Suzanne when it shall please you, or, if you dismiss me, you must be ready to see me come back and take away Suzanne."

"Suzanne, Suzanne!" I broke in angrily, for I grew jealous of the girl; "have you no thought or word for any save Suzanne?"

"I have thoughts for all," he answered, "but Suzanne alone has thought for me, since it seems that your husband would send me away, and you, mother, sit still and say not a word to stop him."

"Learn to judge speech and not silence, lad," I answered. "Look you, all have been talking, and I have shammed dead like a stink cat when dogs are about; now I am going to begin. First of all, you, Jan, are a fool, for in your thick head you think that rank and wealth are everything to a man, and therefore you would send Ralph away to seek rank and wealth that may or may not belong to him, although he does not wish to go. As for you, Ralph, you are a bigger fool, for you think that Jan Botmar, your foster father here, desires to be rid of you, when in truth he only seeks your good

to his own sore loss. As for you, Suzanne, you are the biggest fool of all, for you wish to fly in everybody's face, like a cat with her first litter of kittens; but there, what is the use of arguing with a girl in love? Now, listen, and I will ask you some questions, all of you. Jan, do you wish to send Ralph away with these strangers?"

"Almighty! *Vrouw*," he answered, "you know well that I would as soon send away my right hand. I wish him to stop here forever, and whatever I have is his; yes, even my daughter. But I seek what is best for him, and I would not have it said in after years that Jan Botmar kept an English lad, not old enough to judge for himself, from his rank and wealth because he took pleasure in his company and wished to marry him to his girl."

"Good," I said. "And now for you, Suzanne; what have you to say?"

"I have nothing to add to my words," she replied; "you know all my heart."

"Good again. And you, Ralph?"

"I say, mother, that I will not budge from this place unless I am ordered to go, and if I do go, I will come back for Suzanne. I love you all, and with you I wish to live, and nowhere else."

"Nay, Ralph," I answered sighing; "if once you go you will never come back, for out yonder you will find a new home, new interests, and, perchance, new loves. Well, though nobody has thought of me in this matter, I have a voice in it, and I will speak for myself. That lad yonder has been a son to me for many years, and I who have none love him as such. He is a man as we reckon in this country, and he does not wish to leave us any more than we wish him to go. Moreover, he loves Suzanne, and Suzanne loves him, and I believe that the God who brought them together at first means them to be husband and wife, and that such love as they bear to each other will give them more together than any wealth or rank can bring to them apart. Therefore I say, husband, let our son Ralph stay here with us and marry our daughter Suzanne decently and in due season, and let their children be our children, and their love our love."

"And how about the Scotchmen who are coming with power to take him away?"

"Do you and Ralph go to the bush veldt with the cattle tomorrow," I answered, "and leave me to deal with the Scotchmen."

"Well," said Jan, "I consent, for who can stand up against so many words, and the Lord knows that to lose Ralph would have broken my heart as it would have broken that girl's, perhaps more so, since girls change their fancies, but I am too old to change. Come here, my children."

They came, and he laid one of his big hands upon the head of each of them, saying:

"May the God in Heaven bless you both, who to me are one as dear as the other, making you happy in each other's love for many long years, and may He turn aside from you and from us the punishment that is due to all of us because, on account of our great love, we are holding you back, Ralph, from the home, the kin, and the fortune to which you were born." Then he kissed each of them on the forehead and let them go.

"If there be any punishment for that which is no sin, on my head be it," said Ralph, "since never would I have gone from here by my own will."

"Aye, aye," answered Jan, "but who can take account of the talk of a lad in love. Well, we have committed the sin and we must bear the sorrow. Now I go out to see to the kraaling of the cattle, which we will drive off to the bush veldt tomorrow at dawn, for I will have naught to do with these Scotchmen; your mother must settle with them as she wills, only I beg of her that she will tell me nothing of the bargain. Nay, do not come with me, Ralph; stop you with your dear, for tomorrow you will be parted for a while."

So he went, and did not return again till late, and we three sat together and made pretense to be very happy, but somehow were a little sad, for Jan's words about sin and sorrow stuck in our hearts, as the honest words of a stupid, upright man are apt to do.

Now, on the morrow at dawn, as had been arranged, Jan and Ralph rode away to the warm veldt with the cattle, leaving me and Suzanne to look after the farm. Three days later the Scotchmen came, and then it was that for love of Ralph and for the sake of the happiness of my daughter I sinned the greatest sin of all my life—the sin that was destined to shape the fates of others yet unborn.

I was seated on the *stoep* in the afternoon when I saw three white men and some Cape boys, their servants, riding up to the house.

"Here come those who would steal my boy from me," I thought to myself, and, like Pharaoh, I hardened my heart.

Now, in those days my sight was very good, and while the men were yet some way off I studied them all and made up my mind about them. First there was a large young man of five and twenty or thereabouts, and I noted with a sort of fear that he was not unlike to Ralph. The eyes were the same, and the shape of the forehead, only this gentleman had a weak, uncertain mouth, and I

judged that he was very good humored, but of an indolent mind. By his side rode another man of quite a different stamp, and middle aged. "The lawyer," I said to myself as I looked at his weasel-like face, bushy eyebrows, and red hair. Indeed, that was an easy guess, for who can mistake a lawyer, whatever his race may be. That trade is stronger than any blood, and leaves the same seal on all who follow it. Doubtless if those lawyers of whom the Lord speaks hard things in the Testament were set side by side with the lawyers who draw mortgage bonds and practise usury here in South Africa, they would prove to be as like to each other as the grains of corn upon one mealie cob.

"A fool and a knave," said I to myself. "Well, perhaps I can deal with the knave and then the fool will not trouble me."

As for the third man, I took no pains to study him, for I saw at once that he was nothing but an interpreter boy.

Well, up they rode to the *stoep*, the two Englishmen taking off their hats to me, after their foolish fashion, while the interpreter, who called me "Aunt," although I was younger than he was, asked for leave to off saddle, according to our custom. I nodded my head, and having given the horses to the Cape boys, they came up upon the *stoep* and shook hands with me as I sat, for I was not going to rise to greet two Englishmen whom I already hated in my heart, first because they were Englishmen, and secondly because they were going to tempt me into sin, for such sooner or later we always learn to hate.

"Sit," I said, pointing to the yellow wood bench which was seated with strips of *rimpi*, and the three of them squeezed themselves into the bench and sat there like white breasted crows on a bough; the young man staring at me with a silly smile, the lawyer peering this way and that, and turning up his sharp nose at the place and all in it, and the interpreter doing nothing at all, for he was a sensible man, who knew the habits of well bred people and how to behave in their presence. After five minutes or so the lawyer grew impatient, and said something in a sharp voice, to which the interpreter answered, "Wait."

So they waited till, just as the young man was beginning to go to sleep before my very eyes, Suzanne came upon the veranda, whereupon he woke up in a hurry, and, jumping off the bench, began to bow and scrape and to offer her his seat, for there was no other.

"Suzanne," I said, taking no notice of his bad manners, "get coffee," and she went, into the house again to prepare it,

looking less displeased at his grimaces than I would have had her do.

In time the coffee came, and they drank it, or pretended to, after which the lawyer began to grow impatient once more, and spoke to the interpreter, who said to me that they had come to visit us on a matter of business.

"Then, tell him that it can wait till after we have eaten," I answered. "It is not my habit to talk business in the afternoon. Why is the lawyer man so impatient, seeing that doubtless he is paid by the day?"

This was translated, and the lawyer asked how I knew his trade.

"In the same way that I know a weasel by its face and stink cat by its smell," I replied, for every minute I hated that advocate more.

At this answer the lawyer grew white with anger, and the young lord burst into a roar of laughter, for, as I have said, these people have no manners. However, they settled themselves down again on the yellow wood bench and looked at me; while I, folding my hands, sat opposite, and looked at them for somewhere about two hours, as the interpreter told them that if they moved I should be offended, and I was determined that I would not speak to them of their business until Suzanne had gone to bed. At last, when I saw that they would bear it no longer, for they were becoming very wrathful, and saying words that sounded like oaths, I called for supper and we went in and ate it. Here again I noticed the resemblance between the young man and Ralph, for he had the same tricks of eating and drinking, and I saw that when he had done his meat he turned himself a little sideways from the table, crossing his legs in a peculiar fashion, just as it had always been Ralph's habit to do. "The two had one grandfather, or one grandmother," I said to myself, and grew afraid at the thought.

VII.

WHEN the meat was cleared away I bade Suzanne go to bed, which she did most unwillingly, for, knowing the errand of these men, she wished to hear our talk. Then, when she was gone I took a seat so that the light of the candles left my face in shadow and fell full on those of the three men—a wise thing to do if one is wicked enough to intend to tell any lies—and said:

"Now, here I am at your service; be pleased to set out the business that you have in hand."

Then they began, the lawyer speaking through the interpreter, asking, "Are you the Vrouw Botmar?"

"That is my name."

"Where is your husband, Jan Botmar?"

"Somewhere on the veldt; I do not know where."

"Will he be back tomorrow?"

"No."

"When will he be back?"

"Perhaps in two months, perhaps in three, I cannot tell."

At this they consulted together, and then they went on:

"Have you living with you a young Englishman named Ralph Mackenzie?"

"One named Ralph Kenzie lives with us."

"Where is he?"

"With my husband on the veldt. I do not know where."

"Can you find him?"

"No, the veldt is very wide. If you wish to see him you must wait till he comes back?"

"When will that be?"

"I am not his nurse and cannot tell; perhaps in three months, perhaps in six."

Now again they consulted, and once more went on:

"Was the boy, Ralph Mackenzie, or Kenzie, shipwrecked in the India in the year 1824?"

"Dear Lord!" I cried, affecting to lose my patience, "am I an old Kafir wife up before the landdrost for stealing hens that I should be cross questioned in this fashion? Set out all your tale at once, man, and I will answer it."

Thereon, shrugging his shoulders, the lawyer produced a paper which the interpreter translated to me. In it were written down the names of the passengers who were upon the vessel India when she sailed from a place called Bombay, and among the names those of Lord and Lady Glenthirsk and their son, the Honorable Ralph Mackenzie, aged nine. Then followed the evidence of one or two survivors of the shipwreck, which stated that Lady Glenthirsk and her son were seen to reach the shore in safety in the boat that was launched from the sinking ship. After this came a paragraph from an English newspaper published in Cape Town, dated not two years before, and headed "Strange Tale of the Sea," which paragraph, with some few errors, told the story of the finding of Ralph—though how the writing man knew it I know not, unless it was through the tutor with the blue spectacles of whom I have spoken—and said that he was still living on the farm of Jan Botmar in the Transkei. This was all that was in the paper. I asked to look at it and kept it, saying in the morning that the Kafir girl, seeing it lying about the kitchen, had used it to light the fire; but

to this day it lies with the other things in the wagon chest under my bed.

When the paper was finished the lawyer took up the tale and told me that it was believed in England that Lord Glenthirsk was drowned in the sea, as indeed he was, and that Lady Glenthirsk and her son perished on the shore with the other women and children, for so those sent by the English government to investigate the facts had reported. Thus it came about that after a while Lord Glenthirsk's younger brother was admitted by law to his title and estates, which he enjoyed for some eight years—that is, until his death. About a year before he died, however, some one sent him the paragraph headed "Strange Tale of the Sea," and he was much disturbed by it, though to himself he argued that it was nothing but an idle story, such as it seems are often put into newspapers. The end of the matter was that he took no steps to discover whether the tale were true or false, and none knew of it save himself, and he was not minded to go fishing in that ugly water. So it came about that he kept silent as the grave, till at length, when the grave yawned open at his feet, and when the rank and the lands and the wealth were of no more use to him, he opened his mouth to his son and to his lawyer, the two men who sat before me, and to them only, bidding them seek out the beginnings of the tale, and, if it were true, to make restitution to his nephew.

Now—for all this, listening with my ears wide open, and sometimes filling in what was not told me in words, I gathered from the men before they left the house—as it chanced, the dying lord could not have chosen two worse people for such an errand, seeing that, though the son was honest, both of them were interested in proving the tale to be false. Since that time, however, often I have thought that he knew this himself, and trusted by this choice both to cheat his own conscience and to preserve the wealth and dignity for his son. God, to Whom he has gone, alone knows the truth of it, but with such a man it may very well have been as I think. I say that both were interested, for it seems, as he told me afterwards, that the lawyer was to receive a great sum—ten thousand pounds—under the will of the dead lord, for whom he had done much during his lifetime. But if Ralph were proved to be the heir, this sum would have been his and not the lawyer's, for the money was part of his father's inheritance; therefore it was worth just ten thousand pounds to that lawyer to convince himself and the false lord that Ralph was not the man, and therefore it was that I found him so easy to deal with.

Now, after his father was dead the lawyer

tried to persuade the son to take no notice of his dying words, and to let the matter rest where it was, seeing that he had nothing to gain and much to lose. But this he would not consent to, for, as I have said, he was honest, declaring that he could not be easy in his mind till he knew the truth, and that if he did not go to find it out himself he would send others to do so for him. As the lawyer desired this least of anything, he gave way, and they set out upon their journey—which in those days was a very great journey indeed—arriving at last in safety at our stead in the Transkei; for, whether he liked it or not, his companion—who now was called Lord Glenthirsk—would not be turned aside from the search or suffer him to prosecute it alone.

At length, when all the tale was told, the lawyer looked at me with his sharp eyes and said, through the interpreter:

"Vrouw Botmar, you have heard the story, tell us what you know. Is the young man who lives with you he whom we seek?"

Now I thought for a second, though that second seemed like a year. All doubt had left me, there was no room for it. Ralph and no other was the man, and on my answer might hang his future. But I had argued the thing out before and made up my mind to lie, though, so far as I know, it is the only lie I ever told, and I am not a woman who often changes her mind; therefore I lied.

"It is not he," I said, "though for his sake I might wish that it were, and this I can prove to you."

Now, when I had told this great falsehood, prompted to it by my love for the lad and my love for Suzanne, his affianced wife, my mind grew as it were empty for a moment, and I remember that in the emptiness I seemed to hear the sound of laughter echoing in the air somewhere above the roof of the house. Very swiftly I recovered myself, and looking at the men I saw that my words rejoiced them, except the interpreter, who, being a paid servant coming from far away, from the neighborhood of Cape Town, I believe, had no interest in the matter one way or the other beyond that of earning his money with as little trouble as possible. Indeed, they smiled at each other, looking as though a great weight had been lifted off their minds, till presently the lawyer checked himself and said:

"Be so good as to set out the proofs of which you speak, Vrouw Botmar."

"I will," I answered; "but tell me first, the ship *India* was wrecked in the year 1824, was she not?"

"Undoubtedly," answered the lawyer.

"Well, have you heard that another ship

called the *Flora*, traveling from the Cape, I know not whither, was lost on this coast in the same month of the following year, and that a few of her passengers escaped?"

"I have heard of it," he said.

"Good. Now, look here;" and going to a chest that stood beneath the window, I lifted from it the old Bible that belonged to my grandfather and father, on the white pages at the beginning of which was written the record of many births, marriages, deaths, and other notable events that had happened in the family. Opening it I searched and pointed to a certain entry inscribed in the big writing of my husband Jan, and in ink which was somewhat faint, for the ink that the traders sold us in those days had little virtue in it. Beneath this entry were others made in later years by Jan telling of things that had happened to us, such as the death of his great-aunt, who left him money, the outbreak of smallpox on the farm and the number of people who died from it, the attack of a band of the red Kaffirs upon our house, when by the mercy of God we beat them off, leaving twelve of their dead behind them, but taking as many of our best oxen, and so forth.

"Read," I said, and the interpreter read as follows:

"On the twelfth day of September in the year 1825 (the date being written in letters) our little daughter found a starving English boy in a kloof, who had been shipwrecked on the coast. We have taken him in as a gift of the Lord. He says that his name is Rolf Kenzie."

"You see the date," I said.

"Yes," answered the lawyer, "and it has not been altered."

"No," I added, "it has not been altered;" but I did not tell them that Jan had not written it down till afterwards, and then by mistake had recorded the year in which he wrote, refusing to change it, although I pointed out the error, because, he said, there was no room, and that it would make a mess in the book.

"There is one more thing," I went on; "you say the mother of him you seek was a great lady. Well, I saw the body of the mother of the boy who was found, and it was that of a common person, very roughly clad, with coarse underclothes and hands hard with labor, on which there was but one ring, and that of silver. Here it is," and going to a drawer I brought out a common silver ring which I once bought from a pedler because he worried me into it. "Lastly, gentlemen, the father of our lad was no lord, unless in your country it is the custom of lords to herd sheep, for the boy told me that in his own land his father was a shep-

herd, and that he was traveling to some distant English colony to follow his trade. That is all I have to say about it, though I am sorry that the boy is not here to tell it you himself."

When he had heard this statement of mine, which I made in a cold and indifferent voice, the young lord, Ralph's cousin, rose and stretched himself, smiling happily.

"Well," he said, "there is the end of a very bad nightmare, and I am glad enough that we came here and found out the truth, for had we not done so I should never have been happy in my mind."

"Yes," answered the lawyer, the interpreter rendering their words all the while, "the *Vrouw Botmar's* evidence is conclusive, though I shall put her statement in writing and ask her to sign it. There is only one thing, and that is the strange resemblance of the names;" and he glanced at him with his quick eyes.

"There are many Mackenzies in Scotland," he answered, "and I have no doubt that this poor fellow was a shepherd emigrating with his wife and child to Australia or somewhere." Then he yawned and added, "I am going outside to get some air before I sleep. Perhaps you will draw up the paper for the good lady to sign."

"Certainly, my lord," answered the lawyer, and the young man went away quite convinced.

After he had gone the lawyer produced pen and ink and wrote out the statement, putting in it all the lies that I had told, and copying the extract from the fly leaf of the Bible. When it was done it was translated to me, and then it was that the man told me about the last wishes of the dying lord, the father of the young Scotchman, and how it would have cost him ten thousand pounds and much business also had the tale proved true. Now at last he gave me the paper to sign. Besides the candles on the table, which being of mutton fat had burned out, there was a little lamp fed with whale's oil, but this also was dying, the oil being exhausted, so that its flame, which had sunk low, jumped from time to time with a little noise, giving out a blue light. In that unholy blue light, which turned our faces ghastly pale, the lawyer and I looked at each other as I sat before him, the pen in my hand, and in his eyes I read that he was certain that I was about to sign to a wicked lie, and in mine he read that I knew it to be a lie.

For a while we stared at each other, thus discovering each other's souls. "Sign," he said, shrugging his shoulders; "the light dies."

Then I signed, and as I did so the lamp went out, leaving us in darkness, and

through the darkness once more I heard that sound of laughter echoing in the air above the house.

VIII.

Now, although Suzanne heard not a word of our talk, still she guessed its purport well enough, for she knew that I proposed to throw dust into the eyes of the Englishmen. This troubled her conscience sorely, for the more she thought of it the more did it seem to her to be wicked that, just because we loved him and did not wish to part with him, Ralph should be cheated of his birthright. All night long she lay awake brooding, and before ever the dawn broke she had settled in her mind that she herself would speak to the Englishmen, telling them the truth, come what might of her words, for Suzanne was a determined girl with an upright heart. Now feeling happier because of her decision, at length she fell asleep and slept late, and as it happened this accident or fate was the cause of the miscarriage of her scheme.

It came about in this way. Quite early in the morning—at sun up, indeed—the Englishmen rose, and, coming out of the little guest chamber, drank the coffee that I had made ready for them, and talked together for a while. Then the young lord—Ralph's cousin—said that as they journeyed yesterday at a distance of about an hour on horseback from the farm he had noticed a large vlei, or pan, where were many ducks and also some antelope. To this vlei he proposed to ride forward with one servant only, and to stay there till the others overtook him, shooting the wild things which lived in the place, for to be happy these Englishmen must always be killing something. So he bade me farewell, making me a present of the gold chain which he took off his watch, which chain I still have. Then he rode away smiling after his fashion; and as I watched him go I was glad to think that he was no knave, but only an easy tool in the hands of others. We never met again, but I believe that death finished his story many years ago; indeed, all those of whom I tell are dead; only Jan and I survive, and our course is well nigh run.

When Suzanne awoke at length, having heard from a Kaffir girl that the strangers had ordered their horses, but not that the young lord had ridden forward, she slipped from the house silently, fearing lest I should stay her, and hid herself in a little patch of bush at the corner of the big mealie field, by which she knew the Englishmen must pass on their return journey. Presently she heard them coming, and when she saw that the young lord was not with them, she went

to the lawyer, who pulled up his horse and waited for her, the rest of the party riding on, and asked where he was, saying that she wished to talk with him. And here I must say, if I have not said it before, that Suzanne could speak English, though not well, for the Hollander tutor had instructed her in that tongue, in which Ralph also would converse with her at times when he did not wish others to understand what they were saying, for he never forgot his mother language, though he mixed many Dutch words with it.

"He has ridden forward an hour or more ago. Can I take any message to him for you?" said the lawyer. "Or if you wish to talk of business, to speak to me is to speak to him."

"That may be so," answered Suzanne; "still, I like to draw my water at the fountain itself. Yet, as he has gone, I beg you to listen to me, for when you have heard what I have to say I think that you will bring him back. You came here about Ralph Kenzie, did you not, and my mother told you that he is not he whom you seek, did she not?"

The lawyer nodded.

"Well, I tell you that all this tale is false, for he is the very man;" and she poured out the true story of Ralph and of the plot that had been made to deceive them about him.

Now, as I have said, Suzanne's English was none of the best and it is possible that the lawyer did not understand. For my part, however, I think that he understood well enough, for she told me afterwards that his face grew heavy as he listened, and that at length he said:

"All this you tell me is very strange and weighty, so much so that I must bring my friend back to look more closely into the matter. Return now to the farm and say nothing of having met me, for by this evening, or tomorrow at the latest, we will come there again and sift out the truth of the question."

To this she agreed, being guileless, and the lawyer rode away after the other. All that day and all the next Suzanne scarcely spoke to me, but I saw that she was expecting something to happen, and that she glanced continually towards the path by which the Englishmen had journeyed, thinking to see them riding back to the farm. But they rode back no more, and I am sure that the cunning lawyer never breathed one word of his meeting with Suzanne and of what took place at it to the young lord. The book was shut and it did not please him to reopen it, since to do so might have cost him ten thousand pounds. On the third morning I found Suzanne still looking down the path,

and my patience being exhausted by her silence, I spoke to her sharply.

"What are you doing, girl?" I asked. "Have we not had enough visitors of late that you must stand here all day awaiting more?"

"I seek no new visitor," Suzanne said, "but those who have been here only, and I see now that I seek in vain."

"What do you mean, Suzanne?"

Now of a sudden she seemed to make up her mind to speak, for she turned and faced me boldly, saying:

"I mean, mother, that I told the Englishman with the red hair, the agent, that all the fine tale you spun to him about Ralph was false, and that he *was* the man they came to find."

"You dared do that, girl?" I said, then checked myself and added, "Well, what did the man say?"

"He said that he would ride on and bring the young lord back that I might talk with him, but they have not come."

"No, nor will they, Suzanne, for if they sought they did not wish to find, or at least the lawyer did not wish it, for he had too much at stake. Well, things have gone finely with you, seeing that your hands are clean from sin, and that Ralph still stays at your side."

"The sin of the parents is the sin of the child," she answered, and then of a sudden she took fire as it were, and fell upon me and beat me with her tongue; nor could I hold my own before this girl of eighteen, the truth being that she had right on her side, and I knew it. She told me that we were wicked plotters who, to pleasure ourselves, had stolen from Ralph everything except his life, and many other such hard sayings she threw at me till at last I could bear it no more, but gave her back word for word. Indeed, it would be difficult to say which had the best of that quarrel, for if Suzanne's tongue was the nimbler and her words were winged with truth, I had the weight of experience on my side and the custom of authority. At last as she paused breathless, I cried out:

"And for whose sake was all this done, you ungrateful chit, if it was not for your own?"

"If that was so, which is not altogether true," she answered, "it would have pleased me better if, rather than make me a partner in this crime, and set me as bait to snare Ralph, you had left me to look after my own welfare."

"What!" I exclaimed, "are you then so shallow hearted that you were ready to bid farewell to him who for many years has been as your brother, and is now your affianced

husband? For you know well that, if once he had gone across the sea to England, you would have seen him no more."

"No," she answered, growing calm of a sudden, "I was not so prepared, for sooner would I die than lose Ralph."

"How, then, do you square this with all your fine talk?" I asked, thinking that at length I had trapped her. "If he had gone, you must have lost him."

"Not so," she answered innocently, "for I should have married him before he went, and then I could have been certain that he would return here whenever I wished it."

Now when I heard this I gasped, partly because this girl's cleverness took the breath from me, and partly with mortification that I should have lived to learn wisdom from the mouth of a babe and a suckling. For there was no doubt of it, this plan, of which I had not even thought, was the answer to the riddle, since by means of it Ralph might have kept his own, and we, I doubt not, should have kept Ralph. Once married to Suzanne he would have returned to her, or if she had gone with him for a little while, which might have been better, she would certainly have brought him back, seeing that she loved us and her home too well to forsake them.

I gasped, and the only answer that I could make when I reflected how little need there had been for the sin which we had sinned, was to burst into weeping, whereon Suzanne ran to me and kissed me and we made friends again. But all the same, I do not think that she ever thought quite so well of me afterwards, and if I thought the more of her, still I made up my mind that the sooner she was married and had a husband of her own to preach to, the better it would be for all of us.

Thus ended the story of the coming of the Englishmen, and of how Ralph lost his wealth and rank, for we never heard or saw more of them, seeing that in those days before the great trek we did not write letters, and if we had we should not have known where to send them, nor did the post cart pass twice a week as in this overcrowded land.

Now I must go on to tell of the doings of that devil upon earth, Swart Piet, and of how the little Kaffir witch doctress, Sihamba Ngenyanga, which means "She who walks by the moonlight," became the slave and savior of Suzanne.

At this time the Heer van Vooren, Swart Piet's father, had been dead for two years, and there were strange stories as to the manner of his death, which I do not think it necessary to set out here. Whether or no Swart Piet did or did not murder his father

I cannot say, nor does it matter for, at the least, he worked other crimes as bad. After the death of the Heer van Vooren, however he may have chanced to die, this is certain, that Swart Piet inherited great riches, as we used to reckon riches in those days; that is, he had vast herds of cattle and goats and sheep, some of which were kept for him by native chiefs far away, as much land as he wanted, and, it was said, a good sum in English gold. But he was a strange man, not like to other men, for he married no wife and courted no misses, that is, until he took to courting Suzanne, and his only pleasure was to keep the company of Kaffir chiefs and women, and to mix himself up with the devilments of the witch doctors. Still, as every man has his fate, at last he fell in love with Suzanne, and in love with her he remained during all his wicked life, if that can be love which seeks to persecute and bring misery upon its object. It was just before the coming of the Englishmen that this passion of his manifested itself, for whenever he met the girl—outside the house for the most part, since Jan did not like to have him in it—he made sweet speeches and passed foolish pleasantries, which, to be just, I am sure Suzanne never encouraged, since all her heart was elsewhere.

Now, Swart Piet had information of everything, for his Kaffir spies brought it to him, therefore he very soon learned that Jan and Ralph had gone away with the cattle to the warm veldt, and that we two women were alone in the house. This was his opportunity, and one of which he availed himself, for now two or three times a week he would ride over from his place, take supper, and ask leave to sleep, which it was difficult to refuse, all this time wearying the poor girl with his attentions. At last I spoke my mind to him about it, though not without hesitation, for to tell truth Swart Piet, was one of the few men of whom I have ever been afraid. He listened to me politely and answered:

"All this is very true, aunt, but if you desire a fruit and it will not fall, then you must shake the tree."

"What if it sticks to the bough?" I asked.

"Then, aunt, you must climb the tree and pluck it."

"And what if by that time it is in another man's pouch?"

"Then, aunt," he answered, with one of those dark smiles that turned my blood cold, "then, aunt, the best thing that you can do is to kill the other man and take it out, for after that the fruit will taste all the sweeter."

"Get you gone, Swart Piet," I said in anger, "for no man who talks thus shall

stay in my house, and it is very well for you that neither my husband nor Ralph Kenzie is here to put you out of it."

"Well," he answered, "they are not here, are they, and as for your house, it is a pretty place; but I only seek one thing in it, and that is not built into the walls. I thank you for your hospitality, aunt, and now, good day to you."

"Suzanne!" I called. "Suzanne!" for I thought that she was in her chamber; but the girl, knowing that Piet van Vooren was here, had slipped out, and of this he was aware. He knew, moreover, where she had gone, for I think that one of his Kaffir servants was watching outside and told him, and thither he followed her and made love to her.

In the end—for he would not be put off—he asked her for a kiss, whereat she grew angry. Then, for he was no shy wooer, he tried to take it by force; but she was strong and active and slipped from him. Instead of being ashamed, he only laughed after his uncanny fashion and said:

"Well, missy, you have the best of me now, but I shall win that kiss yet. Oh, I know all about it; you love the English castaway, don't you? But there, a woman can love many men in her life, and when one is dead another will serve her turn."

"What do you mean, Mynheer van Vooren?" asked Suzanne, afraid.

"Mean? Nothing; but that I shall win that kiss yet; yes, and before very long."

IX.

Now, in the valley of the hills, something over an hour's ride from the farm, and not far from the road that ran to Swart Piet's place, lived the little Kaffir witch doctress, Sihamba Ngenyanga. This woman did not belong to any of the Transkei or neighboring tribes, but had drifted down from the north; indeed, she was of Swazi or some such blood, though why she left her own people we did not know at that time. In appearance Sihamba was very strange, for, although perfectly shaped and copper colored, rather than black, she was no taller than a child of twelve years old—a thing that made many people believe that she was a bush woman, which she most certainly was not. For a Kaffir, also, she was pretty, having fine small features, beautiful white teeth, and a fringe of wavy black hair that stood out round her head something after the fashion of the gold plates which the saints wear in the pictures in our old Bible. This woman, who might have been a little over thirty years of age, had been living in our neighborhood for some three or

four years and practising as a doctress. Not that she was a "black" doctress, for she never took part in the "smelling out" of human beings for witchcraft, or in the more evil sort of rites. Her trade was to sell charms and medicines to the sick, and also to cure animals of their ailments, at which, indeed, she was very clever, though there were some who said that when she chose she could "throw the bones" and tell the future better than most, and this without dressing herself up in bladders and snake skins, or falling into fits, or trances, and such mummery. Lastly, among the natives about, and some of the Boers, too, I am sorry to say, she had the reputation of being the best of rainmakers, and many were the head of cattle that she earned by prophesying the break up of a drought, or the end of continual rains. Indeed, it is certain that no one whom I ever knew had so great a gift of insight into the omens of the weather at all seasons of the year as this strange Sihamba Ngenyanga, a name that she got, by the way, because of her habit of wandering about in the moonlight to gather the herbs and the medicines which she used in her trade.

On several occasions Jan had sent animals to be doctored by this Sihamba, for she would not come out to attend to them, whatever fee was offered to her. At first I did not approve of this, but as she always cured the animals, whatever their ailments might be, I gave in on the matter.

Now, it happened that, a few months before, some traveler, who had guested at our house, gave Suzanne a little rough haired English dog bred of parents which had been brought from England. Of this dog Suzanne grew very fond, and when it fell sick of the distemper she was much distressed. So it came about that one afternoon Suzanne put the dog in a basket, and taking with her an old Hottentot to carry it, set out upon her gray mare for the valley where Sihamba lived. Now, Sihamba had her hut and those of the few people in her service in a recess at the end of the valley, so placed that until you were quite on to them you would never have guessed that they were there. Down this valley Suzanne rode, the Hottentot with the basket on his head trotting by her side, till, turning the corner, she came upon a scene which she had very little expected. In one part of the open space beyond, herded by some Kaffirs, were a number of cattle, sheep, and goats. Opposite to them in the shadow under the hillside were the huts of Sihamba, and in front of these grew a large tree. Beneath this tree was Sihamba herself with scarcely anything on, for she had been stripped, her tiny wrists bound to-

gether behind her back and a rope about her neck, one end of which was thrown over a bough of the tree. In front of her, laughing brutally, stood none other than Swart Piet, and with him a small crowd of men, mostly half breed wanderers of the sort that trek from place to place claiming hospitality on the grounds of cousinship or poverty, until they are turned off as nuisances. Also there were present a few Kaffirs, either headmen in Swart Piet's pay, or some of his dark associates in witchcraft.

At first Suzanne was inclined to turn her horse and fly, but she was a brave girl, and the perilous state of the little doctress moved her to pity, for where Swart Piet was there she suspected cruelty and wicked motive. She rode on, yes, straight up to Swart Piet himself.

"In the name of Heaven, what passes here, mynheer?" she asked.

"Ah, Miss Suzanne, is it you?" he answered. "Well, you have not chosen a nice time for your visit, for we are about to hang this thief and witch, who has been duly convicted after a fair trial."

"A fair trial?" said Suzanne, glancing scornfully at the rabble about her. "And were these friends of yours the jury? What is her offense?"

"Her offense is that she who lives here on my land has stolen my cattle and hid them away in a secret kloof. It has been proved against her by ample evidence. There are the cattle yonder mixed up with her own. I, as Veld Cornet of the district, have tried the case according to law, and the woman, having been found guilty, must die according to law."

"Indeed, mynheer," said Suzanne, "then, if I understand you right, you are both accuser and judge, and the law which permits this is one that I never heard of. Oh!" she went on angrily, "no wonder that the English sing a loud song about us Boers and our cruelty to the natives, when such a thing as this can happen. It is not justice, mynheer; it is a crime for which, if you escape the hand of man, God will bring you to account."

Then for the first time Sihamba spoke in a very quiet voice, which showed no sign of fear.

"You are right, lady," she said; "it is not justice, it is a crime born of revenge, and my life must pay forfeit for his wickedness. I am a free woman, and I have harmed none and have bewitched none. I have cured sick people and sick creatures, that is all. The heer says that I live upon this land, but I am not his slave; I pay him rent to live here. I never stole his cattle; they were mixed up with mine by his servants in a far off kloof

in order to trump up a charge against me, and he knows it, for he gave orders that the thing should be done, so that afterwards he might have the joy of hanging me to this tree, because he wishes to be avenged upon me for other matters—private matters between me and him. But, lady, do not trouble yourself about the fate of such a poor creature as I am. Go away and tell the story if you will, but go quickly, for these sights are not fit for young eyes to see."

"I will not go," exclaimed Suzanne, "or if I go, it shall be to bring down upon you, Swart Piet, the weight of the law which you have broken. Ah, would that my father were at home. He does not love Kaffirs, but he does love justice."

Now, when they heard her speaking such bold words and saw the fire in her eyes, Swart Piet and those with him began to grow afraid. The hanging of a witch doctress after a formal trial upon a charge of theft of cattle was no great matter, for such thefts were common, and a cause of much trouble to outlying farmers, nor would any one in those half settled regions be likely to look too closely into the rights and wrongs of an execution on account of them. But if a white person who was present went away to proclaim to the authorities, perhaps even to the governor of the Cape, whose ear could always be won through the missionaries of the London society, that this pretended execution was nothing but a murder, then the affair was serious. From the moment that Suzanne began to speak on behalf of Sihamba, Swart Piet had seen that it would be impossible to hang her unless he wished to risk his own neck. But he guessed also that the girl could not know this, and therefore he determined to make terms by working on her pity, such terms as should put her to shame before all those gathered there; yes, and leave something of a stain upon her heart for so long as she should live.

"I do not argue law with young ladies," he said, with a little laugh, "but I am always ready to oblige young ladies, especially this young lady. Now, yonder witch and cattle thief has richly earned her doom, yet, because you ask it, Suzanne Botmar, I am ready to withdraw the prosecution against her, and to destroy the written record of it in my hand, on two conditions, of which the first is that she pays over to me, by way of compensation for what she has stolen, all her cattle and other belongings. Do you consent to that, witch?"

"How can I refuse?" said Sihamba, with a bitter laugh—"seeing that if I do you will take both life and goods. But what is the second condition?"

"I am coming to that, witch, but it has nothing to do with you. Suzanne, it is this: that here, before all these people, as the price of this thief's life, you give me the kiss which you refused to me the other day."

Now, before Suzanne could answer, Sihamba broke in eagerly, "Nay, lady, let not your lips be stained and your heart be shamed for the sake of such as I. Better that I should die than that you should suffer defilement at the hands of Swart Piet, who, born of white blood and black, is false to both and a shame to both."

"I cannot do it," gasped Suzanne, turning pale and not heeding her outburst, "and, Heer van Vooren, you are a coward to ask it of me."

"Can't you?" he sneered. "Well, you need not, unless you please, and it is true that young women like best to be kissed alone. Here, you Kaffirs, pull that little devil up; slowly now, that she may learn what a tight string feels like about her throat before it chokes her."

In obedience to his command three of the evil fellows with him caught hold of the end of the rope which hung over the bough, and began to pull, dragging the light form of Sihamba upwards till only the tips of her big toes touched the ground.

"Doesn't she dance prettily?" said Swart Piet with a brutal laugh, at the same time motioning to the men to keep her thus a while.

Now, Suzanne looked at the blackening lips and the little form convulsed in its death struggle, and could bear the sight no more.

"Let her down!" she cried, and, springing from the saddle, for all this while she had been seated upon her horse, she walked up to Piet, saying, "Take what you seek, but oh, for your sake I wish to God that my lips were poison!"

"No, no!" gasped Sihamba, who now was lying half choked upon the ground.

"That is not our bargain, dear," said Piet; "it is that you should kiss me, not I you."

Again Suzanne shrank back, and again at his signal the men began to pull upon the rope. Then, seeing it, with her face as pale as death, she leaned forward and touched his lips with hers, whereon he seized her round the middle, and, drawing her to him, covered her with kisses till even the brutes with him called to him not to push his jest too far, and to let the girl go. This he did, uttering words which I will not repeat, and so weak was she with shame that when his arms were taken from round her she fell to the ground, and lay there till the old Hottentot, her servant, ran to her, cursing

and weeping with rage, and helped her to her feet. For a while she stood saying nothing, only wiping her face with the sun *kapje*, which had fallen from her head, as though filth had bespattered it, and her face was whiter than her white cap. At last she spoke in a hoarse voice:

"Loose that woman," she said, "who has cost me my honor!"

They obeyed her, and Sihamba, snatching up her skin rug, turned and fled swiftly down the valley. Then Suzanne went to her horse, but before she mounted it she looked Swart Piet straight in the eyes. At the time he was following her, begging her not to be angry at a joke, for his madness was satisfied for a while and had left him. But she only looked in answer, and there was something so terrible to him in the dark eyes of this young, unfriended girl that he shrank back, seeing in them, perhaps, the shadow of death to come. Then Suzanne went away, and Swart Piet, having commanded his ruffians to fire the huts of Sihamba, and to collect her people, goods, and cattle, went away also.

Just at the mouth of the valley something stirred in a bush, causing the horse to start, so that Suzanne, who was thinking of other things, slipped from it to the ground. Next moment she saw that it was Sihamba, who knelt before her, kissing her feet and the hem of her robe.

"Rise," she said kindly; "what has been cannot be helped, and at least it was no fault of yours."

"Nay, Swallow," said Sihamba, for I think I have said that was the name which the natives had given to Suzanne from childhood, I believe, because of the grace of her movements and her habit of running swiftly hither and thither—"nay, Swallow, in a way it was my fault."

"What do you mean, Sihamba?"

"I mean, Swallow, that although I am so small some have thought me pretty, and the real reason of Black Piet's hate for me is—but why should I defile your ears with the tale?"

"They would only match my face if you did," answered Suzanne grimly, "but there is no need; I can guess well enough."

"You can guess, Swallow, then you will see why it was my fault. Yes, yes; you will see that what I, a black woman, who am less than dirt in the eyes of your people, would not do to save my own life, you, a white chieftainess, and the fairest whom we know, have done of your own will to keep it in me."

"If the act was good," answered Suzanne, "may it go to my credit in the Book of the Great One Who made us."

"It will go to your credit, Swallow," answered Sihamba with passion, "both in that Book and in the hearts of all that hear this story, but most of all in this heart of mine. Oh, listen, lady; sometimes a cloud comes over me, and in that cloud I see visions of things that are to happen—true visions. Among them I see this: that many moons hence and far away I shall live to save you as you have saved me, but between that day and this the cloud of the future is black to my eyes, black but living."

"It may be so," answered Suzanne, "for I know you have the Sight. And now, farewell; you had best seek out some friends among your people and hide yourself."

"My people?" said Sihamba. "Then, I must seek long, for they are very, very far away, nor do they desire to see me."

"Why not?"

"Because, as it chances, I am by blood their ruler, for I am the only child of my father's head wife. But they would not have me set over them as chieftainess unless I married a man, and towards marriage I have no wish, for I am different from other women, both in body and heart. So, having quarreled with them on this and other matters, I set out to seek my fortune."

"Your fortune was not a good one, Sihamba, for it led you to Swart Piet and the rope."

"Nay, lady, it led me to the Swallow and freedom; no, not to freedom, but to slavery, for I am your slave, whose life you have bought. Now I have nothing left in the world; Swart Piet has taken my cattle, which I have earned cow by cow and bred up heifer by heifer, and save for the skill within my brain and this kaross upon my shoulders I have nothing."

"What, then, will you do, Sihamba?"

"What you do, Swallow, that I shall do, for am I not your slave, bought at a great price? I will go home with you and serve you, yes, to my life's end."

"That would please me well enough, Sihamba, but I do not know how it would please my father."

"What pleases you pleases him, Swallow; moreover, I can save my food twice over by curing his cattle and horses in sickness, for in such needs I have skill."

"Well," she said, "come, and when my father returns we will settle how it shall be."

X.

SUZANNE came home and told me her story, and when I heard it I was as a mad woman; indeed, it would have gone ill with Swart Piet's eyes and hair if I could have fallen in with him that night.

"Wait till your father returns, girl," I said.

"Yes, mother," she answered; "I wait for him—and Ralph."

"What is to be done with the little doctress, Sihamba?" I asked, adding, "I do not like such people about the place."

"Let her bide also till the men come back, mother," she answered, "and then they will see to it. Meanwhile there is an empty hut down by the cattle kraal where she can live."

So Sihamba stopped on and became a body servant to Suzanne, the best I ever saw, though she would do no other work save attending to sick animals.

Ten days afterwards Jan and Ralph returned safe and sound, leaving some Kaffirs in charge of the cattle in the bush veldt, and very glad we were to see them, since putting everything else aside, it was lonely work for two women upon the place with no neighbor at hand, and in those days to be lonely meant to be in danger.

When we were together Jan's first question to me was:

"Have those Englishmen been here?"

"They have been here," I answered, "and they have gone away."

He asked me nothing more of the matter, for he did not wish to know what had passed between us. Only he looked at me queerly, and, as I think, thought the worse of me afterwards, for he found out that Suzanne and I had quarreled about the song I sang in the ears of those Englishmen, and what that song was he could guess very well. Yes, yes; although he had been a party to the fraud, in his heart he put all the blame of it upon me, for that is the way of men, who are mean and always love to say, "The woman tempted me," a vile habit that has come down to them with their blood.

Meanwhile another talk was passing between Ralph and Suzanne. They had rushed to greet each other like two separated colts bred in the same meadow, but when they came together it was different. Ralph put out his arms to embrace her, but she pushed him back and said, "No, not until we have spoken together."

"This is a cold greeting," said Ralph, amazed and trembling, for he feared lest Suzanne should have changed her mind as to their marriage. "What is it that you have to tell me? Speak on, quickly."

"Two things, Ralph," she answered, and taking the least of them first, she plunged straightway into a full account of the coming of the Englishmen, of all that had passed then, and of her quarrel with me upon the matter.

"And now, Ralph," she ended, "you will understand that you have been cheated of

your birthright, and this I think it just that you should know, so that, if you will, you may change your mind about staying here, for there is yet time, and follow these Englishmen to wherever it is they have gone, to claim from them your heritage."

Ralph laughed and answered, "Why, sweet, I thought that we had settled all this long ago. That your mother did not tell the men quite the truth is possible, but if she played with it, it was for the sake of all of us and with my leave. Let them go and the fortune with them, for even if I could come to England and find it, there I should be but as a wild buck in a sheep kraal, out of place and unhappy. Moreover, we should be separated, dear, for even if you would all consent, I could never take you from your own people and the land where you were born. So now that there is an end to this, once and forever, let me kiss you in greeting, Suzanne."

But she shook her head and refused him, saying, "No, for I have another tale to tell you, and an uglier—so ugly, indeed, that after the hearing of it I doubt much whether you will wish to kiss me any more."

"Be swift with it, then," he answered, "for you torment me;" and she began her story.

She told how, after he had gone away, Swart Piet began to persecute her; how he had wished to kiss her and she had refused him, so that he left her with threats. Then she paused suddenly and said:

"And now, before I finish the story, you shall swear an oath to me. You shall swear that you will not attempt to kill Swart Piet because of it."

At first he would swear nothing, for already he was mad with anger against the man, whereupon she answered that she would tell him nothing.

At last, when they had wrangled for a while, he asked her in a hoarse voice, "Say now, Suzanne, have you come to any harm at the hands of this fellow?"

"No," she answered, turning her head away, "God be thanked! I have come to no harm of my body, but of my mind I have come to great harm."

Now he breathed more freely and said:

"Very well, then, go on with your story, for I swear to you that I will not try to kill Swart Piet because of this offense, whatever it may be."

So she went on setting out everything exactly as it had happened, and before she had finished Ralph was as one who is mad, for he ground his teeth and stamped upon the earth like an angry bull. At last, when she had told him all, she said:

"Now, Ralph, you will understand why

I would not let you kiss me before you had heard my story. It was because I feared that after hearing it you would not wish to kiss me any more."

"You talk like a foolish girl," he answered, taking her into his arms and embracing her; "and though the insult can only be washed away in blood, I think no more of it than if some beast had splashed mud into your face, which you had washed away at the next stream."

"Ah!" she cried, "you swore that you would not try to kill him for this offense."

"Yes, sweet, I swore, and I will keep my oath. I will not try to kill Swart Piet."

Then they went into the house, and Ralph spoke to Jan about this matter, of which, indeed, I had already told him something. Jan also was very angry, and said that if he could meet Piet van Vooren it would go hard with him. Afterwards he added, however, that this Piet was a very dangerous man, and one whom it might be well to leave alone, especially as Suzanne had taken no real hurt from him. Nowadays such a villain could be made to answer to the law, either for attempting the life of the Kaffir, or for the assault upon the girl, or for both, but in those times it was different. Then the Transkei had but few white people in it, living far apart, nor was there any law to speak of; indeed, each man did what was right in his own eyes, according to the good or evil that was in his heart. Therefore it was not well to make a deadly enemy of one who was restrained by the fear of neither God nor man, and who had great wealth and power, since it might come about that he would work murder in revenge or raise the Kaffirs on us, as he who had authority among them could well do. Indeed, as will be seen, he did both these things, or tried to do them. When his anger had cooled a little Jan spoke to us in this sense and we women agreed with him, but Ralph, who was young, fearless, and full of rage, set his mouth and said nothing.

As for Sihamba, Jan wished to send her away, but Suzanne, who had grown fond of her, begged him that he would not do so, at least until he had spoken with her. So he ordered one of the slaves to fetch her and presently the little woman came, and, having saluted him, sat herself down on the floor of the sitting room after the Kaffir fashion. She was a strange little creature to see in her fur kaross and bead broided girdle, but for a native she was very clean and pretty, with her wise woman's face set upon a body that had it been less rounded might almost have been that of a child. Also she had adorned herself with great care, not in the cast off clothes of white people, but after

her own manner, for her wavy hair, which stood out from her head, was powdered over with that sparkling blue dust which the Kaffir women use, and round her neck she wore a single string of large blue beads.

At first Jan spoke to her crossly, saying: "You have brought trouble and disgrace upon my house, Sihamba, and I wish you to be gone from it."

"It is true," she answered, "but not of my own will did I bring the trouble, O Father of Swallow," for so she always called Jan. Indeed, for Sihamba, Suzanne was the center of all things, and thus in her mouth the three of us had no other names than "Father" or "Mother" or "Lover" of Swallow.

"That may be so," answered Jan, "but doubtless Black Piet, who hates you, will follow you here, and then we shall be called upon to defend you, and there will be more trouble."

"It is not I whom Black Piet will follow," she replied, "for he has stolen all I have, and as my life is safe there is nothing more to get from me;" and she looked at Suzanne.

"What do you mean, Sihamba? Speak plain words," said Jan.

"I mean," she answered, "that it is not I who am now in danger, but my mistress, the Swallow, for he who has kissed her once will wish to kiss her again."

Now, at this Ralph cursed the name of Swart Piet aloud, and Jan answered:

"It is a bullet from my roer that he shall kiss if he tries it; that I swear."

"I hope it may be so," said Sihamba; "yet, Father of Swallow, I pray you send me not away from her who bought me at a great price, and to whom my life belongs. Look; I cost you but little to keep, and that little I can earn by doctoring your horses and cattle, in which art I have some skill, as you know well. Moreover, I have many eyes and ears that can see and hear things to which yours are deaf and blind, and I tell you that I think a time will come when I shall be able to do service to all of you who are of the nest of the Swallow. Now, if she bids me to go I will go, for am I not her servant to obey? Yet I beseech you do not so command her."

Sihamba had risen as she spoke, and now she stood before Jan, her head thrown back, looking up into his eyes with such strange power that, though he was great and strong and had no will to it, yet he found himself forced to look back into hers. More, as he told me afterwards, he saw many things in the eyes of Sihamba, or it may be that he thought that he saw them, for Jan was always somewhat superstitious. At least, this

is true that more than once during the terrible after years, when some great event had happened to us, he would cry out, "I have seen this place or thing before, I know not where." Then if I bade him think he would answer, "Now I remember; it was in the eyes of Sihamba that I saw it, yonder in the Transkei, before Ralph and Suzanne were married."

Presently she freed his eyes and turned her head, whereon he grew pale and swayed as though he were about to fall. Recovering himself, however, he said shortly:

"Stay if you will, Sihamba; you are welcome for so long as it shall please you."

She lifted her little hand and saluted him, and I noticed that it was after another fashion to that of the Kaffirs who lived thereabouts—after the Zulu fashion, indeed.

"I hear your words, chief," she said, "and I stay. Though I be but as a lizard in the thatch, yet the nest of the Swallow shall be my nest, and in the fangs of this lizard there is poison, and woe to the hawk of the air or the snake of the grass that would rob this nest wherein you dwell. Cold shall this heart be and stiff this hand, empty shall this head be of thought and these eyes of sight, before shame or death shall touch the swift wings of yonder Swallow who stained her breast for me. Remember this always, you whom she loves, that while I live, I, Sihamba

Ngenyanga, Sihamba the walker by moonlight, she shall live, and if she dies I will die also." Then once more she saluted and went, leaving us wondering, for we saw that this woman was not altogether as other Kaffirs are, and it came into our minds that in the time of need she would be as a spear in the hand of one who is beset with foes.

That night as we lay abed I talked with Jan, saying:

"Husband, I think there are clouds upon our sky, which for many years has been so blue. Trouble gathers round us because of the beauty of Suzanne, and I fear Swart Piet, for he is not a man to be stopped by a trifle. Now, Ralph loves Suzanne and Suzanne loves Ralph, and, though they are young, they are man and woman full grown, able to keep a house and bear its burdens. Why, then, should they not marry with as little delay 'as may be, for when once they are wed Van Vooren will cease from troubling them, knowing his suit to be hopeless."

"As you will, wife, as you will," Jan answered somewhat sharply, "but I doubt if we shall get rid of our dangers thus, for I think that the tide of our lives has turned, and that it sets toward sorrow. Aye," he went on, sitting up in the bed, "and I will tell you when it turned: it turned upon the day that you lied to the Englishmen."

(To be continued.)



THE RED WING BLACKBIRD.

"The blackbird flutes his *o-ka-lee*."—EMERSON.

IN swampy swales where alders grow
The red wing blackbird loves to go;
And on his coat of burnished jet,
Behold! two epaulets are set.

Or, should you call them drops of blood—
Not less may war be understood
To claim the badge upon his wings
As he for joyous freedom sings.

Above the marsh sedge, near the low,
Faint ripple of the runnel's flow,
Voiced by his clear cut *o-ka-lee*,
I hear the echo, "Cuba free!"

Joel Benton.

FAMOUS WAR PICTURES.

Stirring scenes of war from the brushes of six great military painters—Realistic incidents of battle and campaign as pictured by Détaillé, de Neuville, Meissonier, Aimé Morot, Caton Woodville, and Lady Butler.



"THE RETURN OF THE SCOUTS."—A SCOUTING PARTY OF FRENCH CAVALRY RETURNS TO CAMP BRINGING IN FOUR GERMAN PRISONERS, TWO OF WHOM ARE UHLANS. DE NEUVILLE REPRESENTS ONE OF THE FRENCH TROOPERS AS CARRYING THE LANCES OF THE CAPTURED HORSEMEN.



"THE DEFENSE OF THE GATE OF LONGBAULT."—ONE OF DE NEUVILLE'S MOST REALISTIC WAR PAINTINGS, SHOWING HOW A HANDFUL OF FRENCH SOLDIERS, ON ONE OF THE BATTLEFIELDS OF 1870, HELD A GATEWAY AGAINST AN OVERWHELMING FORCE OF GERMANS, TO COVER THE RETREAT OF THEIR GUNS.

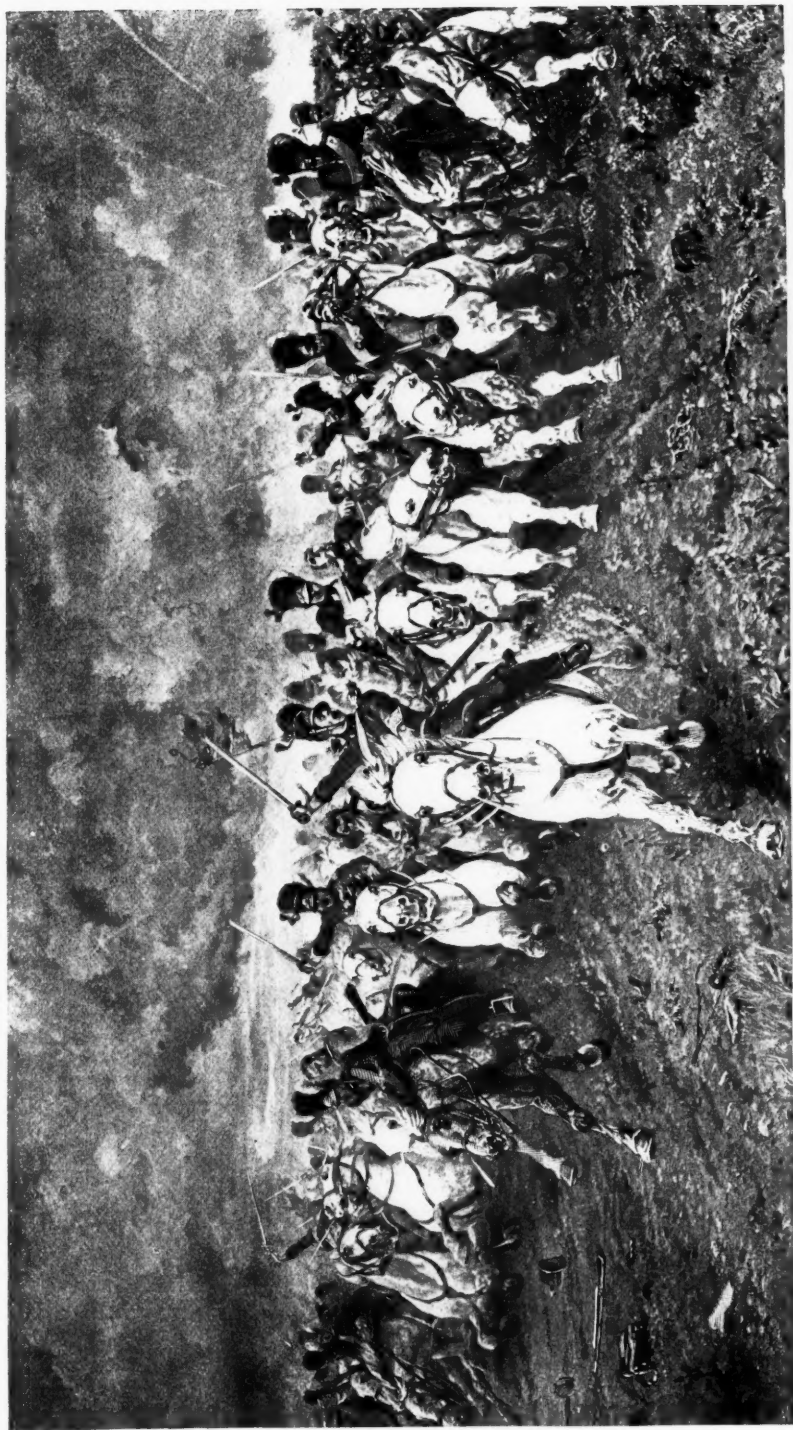


"A CHARGE OF FRENCH DRAGOONS AT GRAVELOTTE."—THE BATTLE OF GRAVELOTTE (AUGUST 18, 1870) WAS THE FIERCEST STRUGGLE OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR, NEARLY THIRTY FIVE THOUSAND SOLDIERS FALLING IN A LONG SERIES OF HAND TO HAND FIGHTS LIKE THAT PICTURED HERE BY ALPHONSE DE NEUVILLE.



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"NOBLE SIX HUNDRED," OF THE 670 BRITISH HORSEMEN WHO CHARGED INTO THE "VALLEY OF DEATH" AT BALAKLAVA
(OCTOBER 25, 1854) ONLY 198 RETURNED.



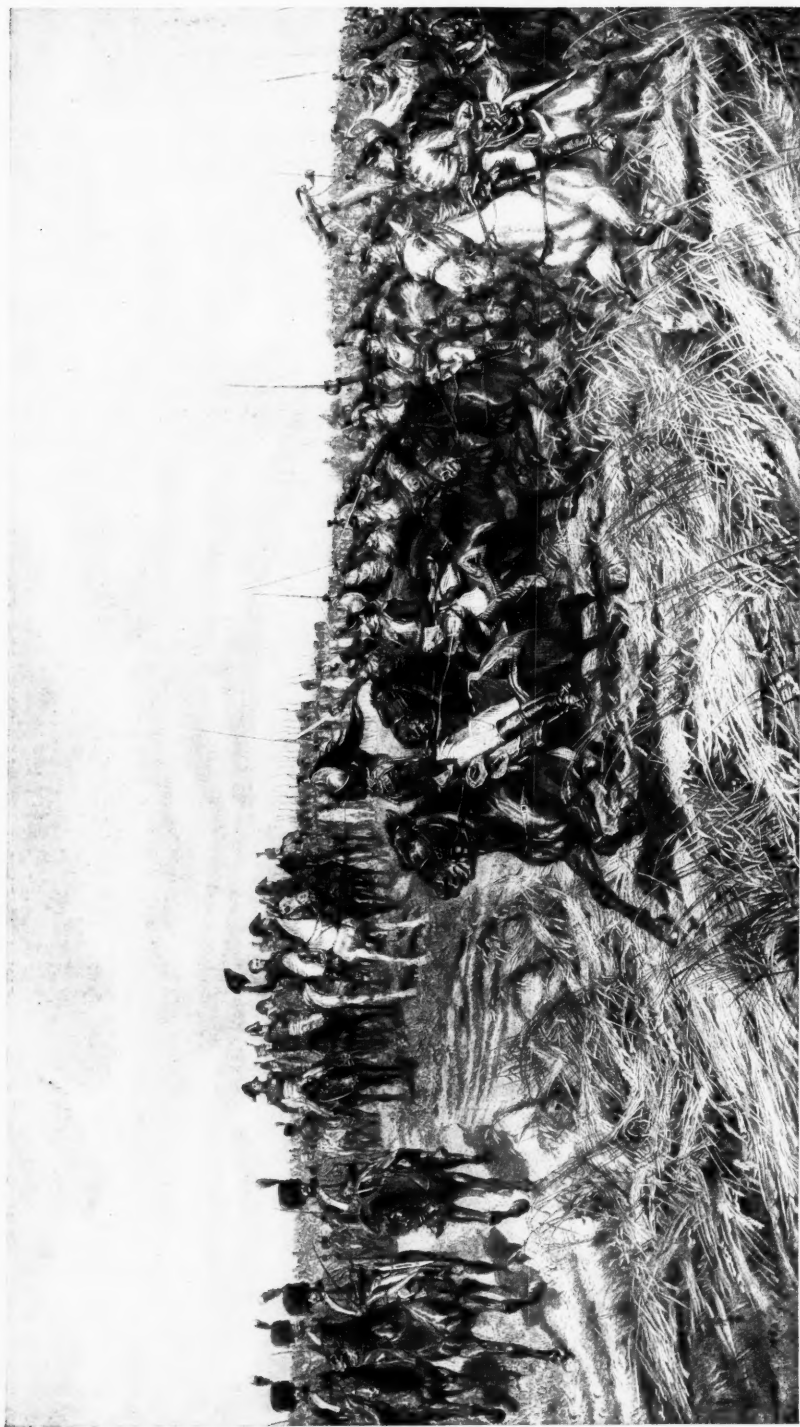
"SCOTLAND FOREVER!"—WHILE THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE WAS THE SENSATIONAL INCIDENT OF BALAKLAVA, THE BATTLE WAS WON FOR THE BRITISH BY THE CHARGE OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE, IN WHICH THE SCOTS GREYS, PICTURED HERE BY LADY BUTLER, TOOK AN IMPORTANT PART.



"AN ATTACK ON A CONVOY."—A CHARACTERISTIC WAR PAINTING BY DÉTAILLE, SHOWING AN ATTACK OF GERMAN CAVALRY UPON A FRENCH PROVISION TRAIN. THE WAGONS ARE DEFENDED BY A SLENDER GUARD OF INFANTRY DRAWN UP ALONG THE ROAD, WHICH IS MARKED BY THE LINE OF TREES.



"PRISONER!"—ONE OF AIMÉ MOROT'S DASHING CANVASES, RECORDING AN INCIDENT OF ONE OF THE BATTLES OF 1870, AND PICTURING THE GALLANTRY OF A FRENCH CUIRASSIER, WHO, WOUNDED IN A BRUSH WITH THE ENEMY'S CAVALRY, CAPTURES A GERMAN HORSEMAN.



"FRIEDLAND, 1807."—THIS FAMOUS PAINTING, MEISSONIER'S MASTERPIECE, THE ORIGINAL OF WHICH IS IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK, REPRESENTS NAPOLEON AT THE HEIGHT OF HIS GLORY, SURROUNDED BY HIS VICTORIOUS ARMY ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF FRIEDLAND (JUNE 14, 1807).

A LACK IN A LIFE.

BY J. EDMUND V. COOKE.

The strange experience of a dissatisfied millionaire whose spirits were raised by an unexpected contact with the soil of the earth.

WHEN I was twenty nine years of age my father died, and if he had left me as many thousands as he did millions, I think I might have developed into a happy man. As it was, there was a lack in my life which I found it difficult to put into words, and which perhaps was all the more real for that very reason.

There had never been a time in my life when I was denied anything which money could buy or influence procure. My mother loved me intensely, as her first born, and did her best to spoil me from the day of my birth to the day of her death—or after, for she left me almost all of her personal possessions. I was sent to private schools for my early mental training, and my education was finished by private tutors. My teachers always accorded me much more than my due of praise when I knew my lessons, and made excuses for me when I was delinquent. They were as affable and deferential as the rest of the world, and I could see that their chief aim was “to keep on the right side of me.”

When my father died our attorneys politely condoled with me upon his death, and in the same breath congratulated me upon my accession to one of the world's great fortunes, hoping that they might have the honor of occupying the same trusted relation to the estate as in former years.

There was a lady to whom I was paying serious attentions, but she, too, received most of my speeches with a set smile, and never differed from me unless, gnawed by the restless feeling of lack, I said something impatient concerning myself.

I have wondered why, in writing of her, I have not called her a young lady; young in years she certainly was. Most of the girlishness had apparently been trained out of her. She was a martyr to “good form,” and a brilliant match—brilliant with the brilliancy of knightly decoration or of golden specie—was one of the important points of vantage in her game with the world.

Most of my immense wealth was in bonds, stocks, and real estate, and though my interests undoubtedly often conflicted with those

of my millionaire acquaintances—I hesitate to call them friends—they were always exceedingly cordial to me when we met.

I have found out since that I was occasionally attacked by “radical” newspapers and speakers, but they were generally too obscure to come to my notice. The general press lauded me for my occasional gifts and endowments, and sent reporters to interview me on questions of which I knew nothing whatever.

When I mingled with the public, I could not help but observe that I was whispered about and pointed out, and that people gazed at me with expressions of curiosity, envy, and even of a vague, impersonal dislike. I began to understand why men born with political power, instead of such dominion as mine, occasionally plunged nations into wars for their own personal relief and the distraction of their subjects, and without any real grievance.

One day when the lady to whom I have previously referred was out riding with me, our carriage passed a street car as it was slowing up at a crossing. Between the carriage and the car stood a rough looking man with a sallow face and a ragged beard, glossily black in some places, but blending to a rusty brown in others, so that when he raised his head in the sunlight one almost fancied that the pigment flowed to and fro. As the car approached him I noticed him grin broadly, and drawing back his hand he suddenly delivered a resounding whack to a man standing on the running board of the car. The receiver of the blow seemed to think it as good a joke as the other.

“Wouldn't I a let you have it if I had seen you first?” he shouted good naturedly, kicking heavily into the air to further indicate his meaning.

“Wouldn't you just?” roared the other as we passed on.

“How hopelessly vulgar the common mass of people are!” observed the lady at my side with supercilious disdain.

“Yes,” I said mechanically, for her remark surprised me into a discovery that I had found something interesting in this scene.

The roughness jarred on me, of course, as did its bawling publicity, but there was something in it opposite to these, some embryo of good which my life had missed.

When our ride was ended I ordered the coachman to drive to my attorney's offices, and upon arriving there I learned that important business awaited my attention, so I sent the carriage home in advance.

It was dark when the obsequious senior partner bade me "Good evening," and I walked up the street alone. I had not gone far when some one tapped my shoulder with a quick, cordial touch and exclaimed, "By George, old man, but I'm glad to see your homely face again!"

There was something in the tone and in the gesture which brought a gush of moisture to my eyes, a something which seemed to reach back into my boyhood, which brought memories of my mother and almost, it seemed, of some previous, half plebeian incarnation. All this in a flash, of course, for in the same instant that I recognized an old playfellow at one of the private schools I had attended and felt my heart leap out to him, he straightened back and stammered: "Oh, I—I beg your pardon, Mr. Van Dyke, but I thought—I took you for Lawrence Potter."

"Ah!" I answered, "and you find I am only George Van Dyke. I'm sorry to disappoint you, Osborne." There was a touch of sadness and bitterness in my tone which surprised myself and which he evidently misunderstood for sarcasm, for he cried:

"Oh, I say, Mr. Van Dyke! I assure you it was a mistake. I didn't mean to offend—"

"But you haven't offended," I interrupted, forcing a laugh. "Come, Osborne, we used to be good friends. We'll renew the intimacy. Can't you come to dinner with me?"

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" he gushed.

"So sorry I have an unbreakable engagement for tonight. Some other time, *any* other time, I shall be delighted, I'm sure."

"Well, come when you can," I responded carelessly and, I fear, coldly as I left him. His words of attempted cordiality to me were so different in tone from those in which he had addressed me as Lawrence Potter that the old heavy feeling of lack rolled back on my heart like a stone on a sepulcher.

I walked moodily on and turned into my own park, thinking of Walter Osborne and of the rough man with the black beard. I was like an eagle, in men's eyes, sitting on a lofty airy, and no one guessed that I was chained to the rock and could move but a little way. I am beating my wings against the air vainly.

"Keep quiet and hold up your hands!"

The command came in a low, determined

voice. A dark figure had stepped from behind a tree and obstructed my pathway.

I did not stop to think. My instincts thought for me. Quicker than lightning there shot through my harassed brain that here was something tangible at which to fling myself, here was an outlet for my vexation of spirit different from what had ever offered before.

In a second I was on him. My left hand grasped his right wrist and flung the pistol upwards and out of his hand. My right hand sought his throat, and my heel struck at the back of his. Oh, the savage joy of that physical combat! I could have cried aloud for ecstasy. He had not counted on my attacking him and was caught off his guard, but he was game. I felt his muscles roll into hard mounds, as if rushing together in little squads and companies to repel the enemy.

He struck fiercely at me with his free hand and I loosened my grip on his throat partially to ward the blow. We came together, body to body. As we did so, I ducked my head, which crashed full in his face. A curse of pain came from him and he seemed to let out an extra link of strength, broke the grasp of my left hand, and in a second had me around the neck, holding me like a vise. His free hand swung at me in short arm blows.

I flung my left arm up over his shoulder across his face. I bent him backwards, and struck with all the force I could muster at the pit of his stomach, which wasn't far from where my own head was held. My very first blow was lucky enough to reach the spot. He gave a grunt and a gasp, and his muscles relaxed. I released my head, followed up my advantage, and forced him backwards to the earth, but though gasping and panting, he still struggled desperately and dragged me down with him. His right arm hooked my neck this time, but, being on top, I should now have had a distinct advantage had not he fallen almost within reach of the pistol, which lay—from a gleam which I caught of its polished barrel—but a few feet from the reach of his left hand.

He was stronger than I, and evidently used to "rough and tumble," for he seemed a very Antæus on the ground. He held me fast to his right side, and wormed along towards the weapon. My left hand was under him. My right he gripped with his left. I struggled to hold him back, but could obtain no brace, and I am afraid I lost my head for a moment. He seemed to be growing fresher, while I was wearing out. My wits came back to me, after a while, and I only made a feint of struggling, blocking him a little bit with my feet and legs, but allowing him to do most of the work and to drag both our

weights towards his goal. I realized that I was taking desperate chances. A flash of his hand towards the weapon, and if he grasped it fairly its barrel would be at my head in a second and I should be done for.

I awaited his movement. Suddenly it came. His grasp shot out along the path, but at the same instant my released hand came down on his throat with a jolt and forced his head back and away. He missed the pistol by a hair. I put every bit of nerve I had left into my grasp. I could feel his throat quiver and his tongue writhe within it. His breath came slower and slower, heavier and heavier. At last he brought his hands together above his head. I understood him. It was a prayer for mercy.

I released him, sprang up, and secured the pistol. "Roll over!" I panted. He did so, and I tied his hands behind his back with my handkerchief.

"Get up!" I commanded. He staggered to his feet. I marched him to a wing of the house where I had a private entrance to a den of my own. I took out my keys.

"What are you goin' to do with me?" he asked sullenly.

"I don't know, my friend!" I cried, and I was surprised at my own voice; it was so elated, so jocular. Hatless, covered with clay, and scratched with gravel, bleeding with wounds on my head and face from his hard fists, stained with the sweat and blood of both of us, I yet was happy!

For the first time in my life I had been thrown back on myself, despoiled of every adventitious aid of birth, position, fortune, servitors, friends. I had been stripped of every help of civilization, and had been hurled down to the basic elements of physical existence. I had been turned back ages and ages to the time when a man was a man, as a wolf was a wolf, and the fittest survived. Another and I had met, animal to animal, and I had won. Fortunately, perhaps, but nevertheless I had won. My pulses tingled and my brain quickened. It was not that I rejoiced merely to have won a victory over a fellow being. No; it was because I had awakened my own personality. I was no longer the human embodiment of an estate. I was a man among men. Oh, I was so happy!

I opened the door and sent him in ahead of me. Then I felt for the electric buttons at the entrance, and pushed the white one. There was a gush of light.

"Take that chair in front of you, please," I sang out, with mock politeness, still in high spirits.

He obeyed sullenly, and the action brought his face toward me. It was the man with

the black and ragged beard, and the pigment seemed to flow to and fro as he moved his head to stare around.

"What!" I cried, though I was in such an elated mood that I was hardly surprised, "you again?"

"No," he snarled, "it ain't me again. It's just me."

"Oh, we'll waive that point!" I laughed.

"Do you know I owe you a debt of real gratitude?"

"I ain't kickin' on your payin' it, am I?" he retorted tersely.

"Yes," I continued; "I was in a very bad humor before our late unpleasantness, but since I have met you I feel quite jolly."

"Mighty good of you!" he grunted. "Mebbe you'd better keep me to liven you up a bit whenever you're off color."

There was more in his remark than he intended. "What if I *have* discovered that I possess a personality?" I thought. I really knew that before; but I felt a lack, nevertheless. It surely wasn't physical violence for which I was hungry.

"You can stop pulling at that handkerchief," I said, turning to him. "Remember I have the pistol, and even without it I whipped you once and can do it again."

How buoyant and boastful I was becoming!

"Well," he answered, "seem' as you 'got so much fun out of it before, I sh'd think you'd kind o' like to take me on again."

I had to laugh at the fellow. "No, thank you," I said; "though your disinterestedness does you credit. I have some other business with you. I want to ask you some questions, and I can assure you it will be to your interest to answer them truthfully."

He gave a grunt of assent and I went on.

"First, why did you hit that man on the street car such a whack today?"

He stared at me in surprise, and I now noticed that one of his eyes was so badly swollen that it was almost closed. My head must have struck him there.

"Ye're guyin' me," he said.

"Not at all. It was at the corner of Calumet Avenue and Forty First Street."

"Oh, you mean Bill Robinson!" he exclaimed, with a grin. Then he bit his lip and looked furious. "I know yer game," he growled. "You're tryin' to pump me."

"Don't be a fool," I said quietly. "If I had any particular designs against you I should have pressed down that police call on the wall long ago. Perhaps I may do it yet. Do you mind telling me why you whacked Bill Robinson?"

I could see he was puzzling to explain the truth of the matter involved by the novelty of the question.

"Course I don't mind tellin' you," he said; "but it's a fool question, an' that makes it hard to answer. I swatted him 'cause he's a good friend of mine, I s'pose."

"That's it, that's it!" I said eagerly. "But is it usually a mark of friendship to swat a man?"

"Why, o' course. You wouldn't swat a perlick stranger, would you? 'Cept," he added ruefully, twisting his features around to see if the movement would relieve the pain—"cept in some case like you swatted me tonight. If a feller's yer friend, he understands you. He knows you're jokin' an' he allows for the way you feel. What's the good of a friend if he ain't a real pal to you? Why, I know Bill Robinson as well as if I was inside of him. He wouldn't hurt nor harm me for nothin'—nor me him." He had begun slowly, but ended with something like enthusiasm. Rough as his words were, they contained a pearl of truth to me.

It was the lack of what the French call *camaraderie*, the lack of meeting and knowing friends on the level plane of equality, the lack of personal contact, which I had felt. I was an estate. What have stocks and bonds to do with comradeship?

Suddenly I said, "Do you suppose you could be a pal, as you call it, to me?"

"Why, no!" he answered; "I don't s'pose so. I don't know who you are, but you're too big a bug; I can see that. I couldn't swing around in your circle. I'd be afraid of you, half the time. I'd be thinkin' all the time of how nice I'd got to be to you, 'stead of actin' just as I cussed pleased."

Ah, I understood Osborne better now. He had not *dared* to be my familiar. Why, this footpad was a mine of knowledge! What a happy fellow he must be!

"Well," I said, "you have friends. You are strong and look healthy, and today when I saw you seemed as happy as if you didn't have a care in the world. Why did you waylay me?"

"Money, o' course."

"How much did you hope to get?"

"I didn't know. A hundred, if I was lucky. Any way, ten or twenty."

"Why don't you go to work?" I asked the hackneyed question gravely.

"Why don't *you* go to work?" This without any touch of flippancy.

"H'm! I hardly need to," I laughed.

"Yes, you do. Now, I ought to go to work and earn a livin'. You ought to, 'cause it would learn you a heap. I don't know what yer lay is, but a smart feller like you could learn more in a week about things you've asked me than I could tell him in a year. It stands to reason. No doubt you

got a good job here secretaryin' or somethin', but you ought to try workin' a while."

"Thank you," I rejoined amusedly.

"Really, I owe you more and more." I turned to my desk and filled out a check for a hundred dollars, and placed it before him where he could read it. "You can insert your name," I said. "I don't know it."

He glanced at the paper disdainfully.

"What's your game now?" he growled.

"Goin' to play with me? Goin' to pretend to gi' me somethin' and let me go, only to be nabbed again when I go fer the dough?"

"Oh, very well!" I said. "I'll cash it for you." I took out a hundred dollars and laid the bills by the side of the check. "Only, you will, of course, indorse it, before I can pay you. It's a mere matter of form."

He looked at the money and then at me.

"You—want—my—name?" he asked slowly.

"Yes, on the check," I said.

"Don't you see I can sign a false name?" he asked contemptuously.

"Certainly," I answered; "but why should you?" As I spoke, I went behind him and cut the handkerchief.

"You're the rummest feller I ever see!" he ejaculated. "Look a' here! Why don't you make me swear on the honor of a thief that I'll never steal no more? Why don't you make me promise somethin'? Course I'd do it. I'd be a fool not to."

I shook my head.

"Then what you want me to do?"

"I want you to indorse your check."

He seized the pen and signed in a cramped hand, "William Rooker," and there was no trace of hesitation, as if concocting a name. Then he turned the check over and seemed for the first time to see my signature. He thrust a heavy finger down upon it and looked up in utmost amazement.

"You?" he queried incredulously.

"Why, yes."

"An' you gi' me these plunkers for tryin' to rob you?"

"Oh, no! I give you those for value received."

My name had cast its spell over him. He was shamefaced now for the first time, and looked as if he were going to kneel at my feet, but I stopped him.

"There!" I said sharply. "So far you have been a man, even though a bad one. Don't let me lose a certain amount of respect I have for you. Good night."

He stiffened up. I saw a look of manliness mingle with his gratitude, and a conscientious determination shone in his face. He put out his hand, and I am not ashamed to say that I shook it heartily.

"Good night," he said simply.

THE CASTLE INN.*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

Mr. Weyman, whose "Gentleman of France" created a new school of historical romance, has found in the England of George III a field for a story that is no less strong in action, and much stronger in its treatment of the human drama of character and emotion, than his tales of French history.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

IN the spring of 1767, while detained at the Castle Inn, at Marlborough, by an attack of the gout, Lord Chatham, the great English statesman, sends for Sir George Soane, a young knight who has squandered his fortune at the gaming tables, to inform him that a claimant has appeared for the £50,000 which were left with him by his grandfather in trust for the heirs of his uncle Anthony Soane, and which, according to the terms of the will, would have become Soane's own in nine months more. The mysterious claimant is a young girl known as Julia Masterson, who has been reputed to be the daughter of a dead college servant at Oxford, and who is already at the Castle in company with her lawyer, one Fishwick. Here Sir George, quite ignorant as to her identity, falls in love with her and asks her to be his wife. She promises to give him his answer on the morrow, but before Soane has returned from a journey he has taken, she is abducted by hirelings of Mr. Dunborough, a man whom Sir George has recently worsted in a duel, and who is himself an unsuccessful suitor for Julia's hand. The Rev. Mr. Thomasson, a tutor at Oxford, who has discovered Julia's identity, attempts to interfere and is carried off for his pains. Sir George and Fishwick set out in pursuit, meeting on the road Mr. Dunborough, who has been delayed by an accident from joining his helpers, and who, thoroughly cowed by the dangerous situation in which he now finds himself, sullenly agrees to aid them in effecting the girl's release. When not far from Bastwick, on the road to Bristol, the abductors become alarmed at the nearness of the pursuers and set their captives free. Julia and Thomasson apply at the house of a man known as Bully Pomeroy for shelter for the night, and after the girl retires the tutor acquaints his host and Lord Almeric Doyley, a dissolute young nobleman who is a guest there, with the true state of affairs. The desirability of recouping their fortunes by an alliance with the heiress dawns on them simultaneously, and each signifies his intention of marrying her. The result is a heated argument until Lord Almeric, noticing the cards on the table, suggests playing for her.

XXIV.

IT was a suggestion so purely in the spirit of a day when men bet on every contingency in life, public or private, decorous or the reverse, from the fecundity of a sister to the longevity of a sire, that it sounded less indecent in the ears of Lord Almeric's companions than it does in ours. Mr. Thomasson, indeed, who was only so far a gamester as every man who had pretensions to be a gentleman was one at that time, and who had seldom, since the days of Lady Harrington's faro bank, staked more than he could afford on a card, hesitated and looked dubious; but Mr. Pomeroy, a reckless and hardened gambler, gave a boisterous assent, and in the face of that the tutor's objections went for nothing. In a trice all the cards

and half the glasses were swept pell meil to the floor, a new pack was torn open, the candles were snuffed, and Mr. Pomeroy, smacking him heartily on the back, was bidding him draw up.

"Sit down, man! Sit down!" cried that gentleman, who had regained his jovial humor as quickly as he had lost it, and whom the prospect of the stakes appeared to intoxicate. "May I burn if I ever played for a girl before! Hang it, man, look cheerful! We'll toast her first—and a daintier bit never swam in a bowl—and play for her afterwards. Come, no heel taps, my lord. Drink her! Drink her! Here's to the mistress of Bastwick!"

"Lady Almeric Doyley!" said my lord, rising and bowing with his hand to his heart,

while he ogled the door through which she had disappeared. "I drink you! Here's to your pretty face, my dear!"

"Mrs. Thomasson!" said the tutor, "I drink to you. But——"

"But what shall it be, you mean?" Pomeroy cried briskly. "Loo, quinze, faro, languement? Or cribbage, all fours, put, if you like, parson. It's all one to me. Name your game, and I am your man!"

"Then, let us shuffle and cut, and the highest takes," said the tutor.

"Sho! man, where is the sport in that?"

"It is what Lord Almeric proposed," Mr. Thomasson answered. The two glasses of wine he had taken had given him courage. "I am no player, and at games of skill I am no match for you."

A shadow crossed Mr. Pomeroy's face, but he recovered himself immediately. "As you please," he said, shrugging his shoulders with a show of carelessness. "I'll match any man at anything. Let's to it!"

But the tutor kept his hands on the cards, which lay in a heap face downwards on the table. "There is a thing to be settled before we draw," he said, hesitating somewhat. "If she will not take the winner—what then?"

"What then?"

"Yes, what then?"

Mr. Pomeroy grinned. "Why, then No. 2 will try; and if he fail, No. 3. There, my bully boy, that is settled. It seems simple enough, don't it?"

"But how long is each to have?" said the tutor, in a low voice. The three were bending over the cards, their faces near one another. Lord Almeric's eyes turned from one to the other of the speakers.

"How long?" Mr. Pomeroy answered, raising his eyebrows. "Ah! Well, let's say—what do you think? Two days?"

"And, failing him, two days for the second?"

"There will be no second if I am first," Pomeroy answered grimly.

"But otherwise," the tutor persisted, "two days for the second?"

Bully Pomeroy nodded.

"But then the question is, can we keep her here?"

"Four days?"

"Yes."

Mr. Pomeroy laughed harshly. "Aye," he said, "or six if needs be, and I lose. You may leave that to me. We'll shift her to the nursery tomorrow."

"The nursery?" said my lord, staring.

"Leave that to me."

The tutor turned a shade paler, and his eyes sunk slyly to the table. "There'll—there'll be no pressure, of course," he said, his voice a trifle unsteady.

"Pressure? Oh, no, there will be no pressure!" Mr. Pomeroy answered, with an unpleasant sneer; and they all laughed—Mr. Thomasson a little tremulously, Lord Almeric as if he scarcely followed the other's meaning and laughed that he might not seem outside of it. Then, "There is another thing that must not be," Pomeroy continued, tapping softly on the table with his forefinger, as much to command attention as to emphasize his words, "and that is peaching! Peaching! We'll have no Jeremy Twitchers here, if you please."

"No, no!" Mr. Thomasson stammered.

"Of course not."

"No, damme!" said my lord grandly.

"No peaching!"

"No," said Mr. Pomeroy, glancing keenly from one to the other. "And by token, I have a thought that will cure it! D'ye see here, my lord. What do you say to the losers taking five thousand each out of madam's money? That should bind all together if anything will—though I say it that will have to pay it," he continued boastfully.

My lord was full of admiration. "Uncommon handsome!" he said. "Pom, that does you credit. You have a head! I always said you had a head."

"You are agreeable to that, my lord?"

"Burn me, if I am not!"

"Then, shake hands upon it. And what say you, parson?"

Mr. Thomasson proffered an assent fully as enthusiastic as Lord Almeric's. The tutor's nerves, never strong, were none the better for the rough treatment he had undergone, his long drive, and his longer fast. He had taken enough wine to obscure remoter terrors, but not the image of Mr. Dunborough—*impiger iracundus, inexorabilis, acer*—Dunborough doubly and trebly offended! That recurred when the glass was not at his lips, and, behind it, sometimes the angry specter of Sir George, sometimes the face of the girl, blazing with rage, slaying him with the lightning of her contempt.

He thought it would not suit him ill, therefore—though it was a sacrifice—if Mr. Pomeroy took the fortune, the wife, and the risk; and five thousand only fell to him. True, the risk, apart from that of Mr. Dunborough's vengeance, might be small; no one of the three had had art or part in the abduction of the girl. True, too, in the atmosphere of this unfamiliar house—into which he had been transported as suddenly as *Bedreddin Hassam* to the palace in the fairy tale—with the fumes of wine in his head, and the glamour of lights and beauty before his eyes, he was in a mood to minimize even that risk. But under the jovial

good fellowship which Mr. Pomeroy affected, and which he strove to instil into the party, he discerned at odd moments a something sinister that turned his craven heart to water and loosened the joints of his knees.

The lights and cards and jests, the toasts and laughter—these were a mask that sometimes slipped and let him see the death's head that grinned behind it. They were three men alone with the girl in a country house, of which the reputation, Mr. Thomasson had a shrewd idea, was no better than its master's. No one outside knew that she was there; as far as her friends were concerned, she had vanished from the earth. She was a woman, and she was in their power. What was to prevent them bending her to their purpose?

It is probable that had she been of their rank from the beginning, bred and trained, as well as born, a Soane, it would not have occurred, even to a broken and desperate man, to frame so audacious a plan. But scruples grew weak, and virtue—the virtue of Vauxhall and the Masquerades—languished where it was a question of a woman who a month before had been fair game for undergraduate gallantry, and who now carried fifty thousand pounds in her hand!

Mr. Pomeroy's next words showed that this aspect of the case was in his mind. "Damme, she ought to be glad to marry any one of us!" he said, as he packed the cards and handed them to the others that each might shuffle them. "If she is not, the worse for her! We'll put her on bread and water until she sees reason!"

"D'you think Dunborough knew that she had the money, Tommy?" said Lord Almeric, grinning at the thought of his friend's disappointment.

Dunborough's name turned the tutor grave. He shook his head.

"He'll be monstrous mad—monstrous!" said Lord Almeric, with a chuckle; the wine he had drunk was beginning to affect him. "He has paid the postboys, and we ride. Ha! ha! Well, are you ready? Ready all? Hallo! who is to draw first?"

"Let's draw for first," said Mr. Pomeroy. "All together!"

"Altogether!"

For it's hey, derry down, and it's over the lea,
And it's out with the fox in the dawning!"

sang my lord in an uncertain voice; and then, "Lord, I've a cursed deuce! Tommy has it! Tommy's pam has it! No, by Gad, Pomeroy, you have got it! Your queen takes!"

"And I shall take the queen!" quoth Mr. Pomeroy; then ceremoniously: "My first draw, I think?"

"Yes," said Mr. Thomasson nervously.

"Yes," said Lord Almeric, his eyes gloating over the blind backs of the cards as they lay extended in a long row before him. "Draw away!"

"Then, here's for a wife, and five thousand a year!" cried Pomeroy. "One, two, three—ugh! Oh, hang and sink the cards!" he continued furiously, as he flung down the card he had drawn. "Seven's the main! I have no luck! Now, Mr. Parson, get on! Can you do better?"

Mr. Thomasson, a damp flush on his brow, chose his card gingerly, and turned it with trembling fingers. Mr. Pomeroy greeted it with a savage oath, Lord Almeric with a yell of tipsy laughter. It was an eight.

"It is bad to be crabbed, but to be crabbed by a smug like you!" Mr. Pomeroy cried churlishly. Then, "Go on, man!" he said to his lordship. "Don't keep us all night!"

Lord Almeric, thus adjured, turned a card with a flourish. It was a king!

"Fal lal lal, lal lal la!" he sang, rising with a sweep of the arm that brought down two candlesticks. Then seizing a glass and filling it from the punch bowl, "Here's your health once more, my lady! And drink her, you envious beggars! Drink her, both of you! You shall throw the stocking for us. Lord, we'll have a right royal wedding! And then——"

"Don't you forget the five thousand," said Pomeroy sulkily. He kept his seat, his hands thrust deep into his breeches pockets; he looked the picture of disappointment.

"Not I, dear lad, not I! Lord, it is as safe as if your banker had it! Just as safe!"

"Umph! She has not taken you yet!" Pomeroy muttered, watching him; and his face relaxed. "No, hang me, she has not!" he continued, in a tone but half audible. "And it is even betting she will not. She might take you drunk, but damn me, if she will take you sober!" And cheered by the reflection he pulled the bowl to him, and filling a glass, "Here's to her, my lord," he said, raising it to his lips. "But remember you have only two days."

"Two days?" my lord cried, reeling slightly—the last glass had been too much for him. "We'll be married in two days. See if we are not."

"The act notwithstanding?" Mr. Pomeroy said, with a sneer.

"Oh, sink the act!" his lordship retorted. "But where's—where's the door? I shall go," he continued, gazing vacantly about him—"go to her at once—and tell her—tell her I shall marry her! You—you fellows are hiding the door! You are—you are all

jealous! Oh, yes! Such a shape and such eyes! You are jealous, all of you!"

Mr. Pomeroy leaned forward and leered at the tutor. "Shall we let him go?" he whispered. "It will mend somebody's chance. What say you, parson? You stand next. Make it six thousand instead of five, and I'll see to it."

"Let me go to her!" my lord hiccuped fretfully. He was standing holding on to the back of a chair. "I tell you I—where is she? You are jealous! That's what you are! Jealous! She is fond of me—pretty, pretty charmer—and I shall go to her!"

But Mr. Thomasson shook his head, not so much because he shrank from the outrage which the other contemplated with a grin, as because he now wished Lord Almeric to succeed. He thought it possible, and even likely, that the girl, dazzled by his title, would be willing to take the young sprig of nobility; and the influence of the Doyley family was great.

He shook his head therefore, and Mr. Pomeroy, thus rebuffed, solaced himself with a couple of glasses of punch. After that Mr. Thomasson pleaded fatigue as his reason for declining to take a hand at any game whatever; and my lord continued to maunder and flourish and stagger. On this the host reluctantly suggested bed, and going to the door bawled for Jarvey and his lordship's man. They came, but were found to be incapable of standing separately. The tutor and Mr. Pomeroy therefore took my lord by the arms and partly shoved and partly supported him to his room.

There was a second bed in the chamber. "You had better tumble in there, parson," said Pomeroy. "What say you, will't do?"

"Finely," Tommy answered. "I am obliged to you." And when they had jointly loosened his lordship's cravat and removed his wig, and set the cool jug of small beer within his reach, Mr. Pomeroy bade the other a curt good night and took himself off.

Mr. Thomasson waited until his footsteps had ceased to echo in the gallery, and then, he scarcely knew why, he furtively opened the door and peeped out. All was dark, and save for the regular tick of the pendulum on the stairs the house was still. Mr. Thomasson, wondering which way Julia's room lay, stood listening until a stair creaked, and then, retiring precipitately, locked his door.

Lord Almeric, in the gloom of the green moreen curtains that draped his huge four poster, had fallen into a drunken slumber. The shadow of his wig, which Pomeroy had clapped on the wig stand by the bed, nodded on the wall as the draft moved the tails. Mr. Thomasson shivered and, removing the candle to the hearth—as was his prudent

habit of nights—muttered that a goose was walking over his grave, undressed quickly, and jumped into bed.

XXV.

WHEN Julia awoke in the morning, without start or shock, to the dreary consciousness of all she had lost, she was still under the influence of the despair which had settled on her spirits overnight, and had run like a dark stain all through her troubled dreams. Fatigue of body and lassitude of mind—the natural consequences of the passion and excitement of her adventures—combined to deaden her faculties. She rose aching in all her limbs—but most at heart—and wearily dressed herself; but neither saw nor heeded the objects round her. The room to which poor, puzzled Mrs. Olney had hastily consigned her looked over a sunny stretch of park, sprinkled with gnarled thorn trees that poorly filled the places of the oaks and chestnuts which the gaming table had consumed. Still the outlook pleased the eye; nor was the chamber itself, hung with a pleasant white dimity that lightened the faded panels on the walls—wherein needlework cockatoos and flamingos, worked under Queen Anne, strutted under care of needlework black boys—lacking in liveliness.

But Julia, wrapped in bitter thoughts and reminiscences, her bosom heaving from time to time with ill restrained grief, gave scarce a glance at the position, until Mrs. Olney appeared and informed her that breakfast awaited her in another room.

"Can I not take it here?" Julia asked, shrinking painfully from the prospect of meeting any one.

"Here?" Mrs. Olney repeated. The housekeeper never closed her mouth except when she spoke; for which reason, perhaps, her face faithfully mirrored the weakness of her mind.

"Yes," said Julia. "Can I not take it here, if you please? I suppose—we shall have to start by and by?" she continued, shivering.

"By and by, ma'am?" Mrs. Olney answered. "Oh, yes!"

"Then, I can have it here?"

"Oh, yes; if you will please to follow me, ma'am;" and she held the door open.

Julia shrugged her shoulders and, contesting the matter no farther, followed the good woman along a corridor and through a door which shut off a second and shorter passage. From this three doors opened, apparently into as many apartments. Mrs. Olney threw one of them wide and ushered

her into a room damp smelling and hung with drab, but of good size and otherwise comfortable. The windows looked over a neglected Dutch garden, so rankly overgrown that the box hedges scarce rose above the wilderness of parterres; beyond which, and divided from it by a deep sunk fence, a pool fringed with sedges and marsh weeds carried the eye to an alder thicket that closed the prospect.

Julia, in her relief at finding that the table was laid for one only, paid no heed to this, or to the bars that crossed the windows, but sank into a chair and mechanically ate and drank. Apprised after a while that Mrs. Olney had returned and was watching her with fatuous good nature, she asked her if she knew at what hour she was to leave.

"To leave?" said Mrs. Olney, whose almost invariable custom it was to repeat the last words addressed to her. "Oh, yes, to leave! Of course."

"But at what time?" said Julia, wondering whether the woman was as dull as she seemed.

"Yes, at what time?" Then, after a pause and with a phenomenal effort, "I will go and see—if you please."

She returned presently. "There are no horses," she said. "When they are ready the gentlemen will let you know."

"They have sent for some?"

"Sent for some," repeated Mrs. Olney, and nodded, but whether in assent or imbecility it was hard to say.

After that Julia troubled her no more, but, rising from her meal, had recourse to the window and her own thoughts. These were in sad unison with the neglected garden and the sullen pool, which even the sunshine failed to enliven. Her heart was torn between the sense of Sir George's treachery—which now benumbed her brain and now awoke it to a fury of resentment—and found memories of words and looks and gestures that shook her very frame and left her sick—love sick and trembling. She did not look forward, nor, in the dull lethargy in which she was for the most part sunk, was she aware of the passage of time until Mrs. Olney came in and, her mouth and eyes a little wider than usual, announced that the gentleman was coming up.

She supposed the woman to refer to Mr. Thomasson, and, recalled to the necessity of returning to Marlborough, gave a reluctant permission. Great was her astonishment when, instead of the tutor, Lord Almeric, fanning himself with a laced handkerchief and carrying his little French hat under his arm, appeared on the threshold and entered, simpering and bowing. He was extravagantly dressed in a mixed silk coat, pink

satin waistcoat and a mushroom stock, with breeches of silver net and white silk stockings, and had a large pearl pin thrust through his wig. But, alas! his splendor, designed to captivate the porter's daughter, only served to exhibit more plainly the nerveless hand and sickly cheeks which he owed to last night's debauch.

Apparently he was aware of this, for his first words were, "Oh, Lord, what a twitter I am in! I vow and protest, ma'am, I don't know where you get your roses of a morning, but I wish you would give me the secret."

"Sir!" she said, interrupting him, surprise in her face—"or," she continued, with a momentary flush of confusion, "I should say, my lord, surely there must be some mistake here."

"None, I swear!" Lord Almeric answered, bowing gallantly. "But I am in such a twitter"—he dropped his hat and picked it up again—"I hardly know what I am saying. To be sure, I was devilish cut last night! I hope nothing was said to—oh, Lord! I mean I hope you were not much incommoded by the night air, ma'am."

"The night air has not hurt me, I thank you," said Julia, who did not take the trouble to hide her impatience.

However, my lord, nothing daunted, expressed himself monstrous glad to hear it; and, after looking about him and humming and hawing, "Won't you sit?" he said, with a killing glance.

"I am leaving immediately," Julia answered, coldly declining the chair which he pushed forward. At another time his foppish dress might have moved her to smiles, or his feebleness and vapid oaths to pity. This morning she needed her pity for herself, and was in no smiling mood. Her world had crashed round her; she would sit and weep among the ruins, and this butterfly insect flitted between. "I will not detain your lordship," she continued, curtsying frigidly.

"Cruel beauty!" my lord answered, dropping his hat and clasping his hands; and then, "Look, ma'am," he cried—"look, I beseech you, on the least worthy of your admirers, and deign to listen to him. And—oh, I say, do not stare at me like that!" he continued hurriedly, plaintiveness suddenly taking the place of grandiloquence. "I vow and protest I am in earnest."

"Then you must be mad!" Julia cried, in great wrath. "You can have no other excuse, sir, for talking to me like that!"

"Excuse?" he cried rapturously. "Your eyes are my excuse, your lips, your shape! Whom would they not madden, madam? Whom would they not charm—insanitate—

intoxicate? What man of sensibility, seeing them, at an immeasurable distance, would not hasten to lay his homage at the feet of so divine, so perfect a creature, whom even to see is to taste of bliss! Deign, madam, to—oh! Oh, I say, you don't mean to say you are really of—offended?" Lord Almeric stuttered, again falling lamentably from the standard of address which he had conned while his man was shaving him. "You—you—look here——"

"You must be mad!" Julia cried, her eyes flashing lightning on the unhappy beau. "If you do not leave me, I will call for some one to put you out! How dare you insult me? If there were a bell I could reach——"

Lord Almeric stared in the utmost perplexity, and, suddenly fallen from his high horse, alighted on a kind of dignity. "Madam," he said, with a little bow and a strut, "'tis the first time an offer of marriage from one of my family has been called an insult! And I don't understand it. For hang me, if we have married fools, we have married high!"

It was Julia's turn to be overwhelmed with confusion. Having nothing less in her mind than marriage, and least of all an offer of marriage from such a person, she had set down all he had said to impudence and her unguarded situation. Apprised of his meaning, she felt in a moment a degree of shame and muttered that she had not understood; she craved his pardon.

"Beauty asks and beauty has!" Lord Almeric answered, bowing and kissing the tips of his fingers, his self esteem perfectly restored.

Julia frowned. "You cannot be in earnest," she said.

"Never more in earnest in my life!" he replied. "Say the word, say you'll have me," he continued, pressing his little hat to his breast and gazing over it with melting looks, "most adorable of your sex, and I'll call up Pomeroy, I'll call up Tommy, the old woman, too, if you choose, and tell 'em—tell 'em all!"

"I must be dreaming," Julia murmured, gazing at him in a kind of fascination.

"Then, if to dream is to assent, dream on, fair love!" his lordship spouted, with a grand air; and then, "Hang it, that's—that's rather clever of me," he continued. "And I mean it, too! Oh, depend upon it, there's nothing that a man won't think of when he's in love! And I am fallen confoundedly in love with—you, ma'am."

"But very suddenly," Julia replied, beginning to recover from her amazement.

"You don't think that I am sincere?" he cried plaintively. "You doubt me! Then," and he advanced a pace towards her, with

hat and arms extended, "let the eloquence of a—feeling heart plead for me, a heart too—yes, too sensible of your charms, and—and your many merits, ma'am! Yes, most adorable of your sex—but," he added, breaking off abruptly, "I said that before, didn't I? Yes, Lord, what a memory I have got! I am all of a twitter. I was so cut last night I don't know what I am saying."

"That I believe," Julia said, with chilling severity.

"Eh, but—but you do believe I am in earnest?" he cried anxiously. "Shall I kneel to you? Shall I call up the servants and tell them? Shall I swear that I mean honorably? Lord, I am no Mr. Thornhill! I'll make it as public as you like," he continued eagerly. "I'll send for a bishop——"

"Spare me the bishop," Julia rejoined, with a faint smile, "and any further appeals—which I am convinced, my lord, come rather from your head, than your heart."

"Oh, Lord, no!" he cried.

"Oh, Lord, yes!" she answered, with a spice of her old archness. "I may have a tolerable opinion of my own attractions—women commonly have, it is said—but I am not so foolish, my lord, as to suppose that on the three or four occasions on which I have seen you I can have gained your heart. To what I am to attribute your sudden—shall I call it whim or fancy?" Julia continued with a faint blush—"I do not know, my lord. I am willing to suppose that you do not mean to insult me——"

Lord Almeric denied it with a woful face.

"Or to deceive me. I am willing to suppose," she repeated, stopping him by a gesture as he tried to speak, "that you are in earnest for the time, my lord, in desiring to make me your wife, strange and sudden as the desire appears. But it is an honor which I must as earnestly and positively decline."

"Why?" he cried, gaping, and then, "Oh, swounds, ma'am, you don't mean it?" he continued piteously. "Not have me? Not have me? And why?"

"Because," she said modestly, "I do not love you, my lord."

"Hey? Oh, but—but when we are married," he answered eagerly, rallying his scattered forces, "when we are one, sweet maid——"

"That time will never come," she replied cruelly; and then, gloom overspreading her face, "I shall never marry, my lord. If it be any consolation to you, no one shall be preferred to you."

"Oh, but, damme, the desert air and all that!" cried Lord Almeric, fanning himself violently with his hat. "I—oh, you mustn't talk like that, you know. Lord, you might

be some queer old put of a dowager!" And then with a burst of sincere feeling, his little heart inflamed by her beauty, and his manhood—or such of it as had survived the lessons of Vauxhall and Mr. Thomasson—rising in arms at sight of her trouble, "See here, child," he said, in his natural voice, "say yes, and I'll swear I'll be kind to you! Sink me if I am not! And mind you, you'll be my lady, and go to Ranelagh and the Masquerades with the best. You shall have your box at the opera and the King's House; you shall have your frolic in the pit when you please, and your own money for loo and brag, and keep your own woman and have her as ugly as the bearded lady for what I care. I want nobody's lips but yours, sweet, if you'll be kind! And, so help me, I'll stop at one bottle, my lady, and play as small as the churchwarden's club! And, Lord, I don't see why we should not be as happy together as James and Betty!"

She shook her head, but kindly, with tears in her eyes and a trembling lip. She was thinking of another who might have given her all this, or as much as was to her taste; one with whom she had looked to be as happy as any James and Betty. "It is impossible, my lord," she said.

"Honest Abram?" he cried, very down-cast.

"Oh, yes, yes!"

"S'help me, you are melting!"

"No, no!" she cried; "it is not—it is not that! It is impossible, I tell you. You don't know what you ask," she continued hurriedly, struggling with the emotion that almost mastered her.

"But, curse me, I know what I want!" he answered gloomily. "You may go farther and fare worse! Swounds! I'd be kind to you, and it is not everybody would be that!"

She had turned from him so that he might not see her face, and she did not answer. He waited a moment, twiddling his hat; his face was overcast, his mood hung between spite and pity. At last, "Well, 't isn't my fault," he said; and, then relenting again, "But there, I know what women are! Vapors one day, kissing the next. I'll try again, my lady. I am not proud."

She flung him a gesture that meant assent, dissent, dismissal, as he pleased to interpret it. He took it to mean the first, and muttering, "Well, well, have it your own way. I'll go for this time. But hang all prudes, say!" he withdrew reluctantly, and closed the door on her.

As soon as he was gone, the tempest which Julia's pride had enabled her to stem for a time broke forth in a passion of tears and sobs, and throwing herself on the shabby window seat, she gave free vent to her grief.

The happy future which the little beau had dangled before her eyes, absurdly as he had fashioned and bedecked it, reminded her only too sharply of that which she had promised herself with one in whose affections she had fancied herself secure despite the attacks of the prettiest Abigail in the world! How fondly had she depicted life with him! With what happy blushes, what joyful tremors! And now? What wonder that at the thought a fresh burst of grief convulsed her frame, or that she presently passed from the extremity of grief to the extremity of rage, and, realizing anew Sir George's heartless desertion and more cruel perfidy, ground her tear-stained face in the dusty chintz of the window seat, that had known so many childish sorrows, and there choked the fierce, hysterical words that rose to her lips.

Or what wonder that her next thought was revenge? She sat up, her back to the window and the unkempt garden, whence the light stole through the disordered masses of her hair; her face to the empty room. Revenge? Yes, she could punish him, she could take his money from him, she could pursue him with a woman's unrelenting spite, she could hound him from the country, she could have all but his life! But none of these things would restore her maiden pride, would remove from her the stain of his false love, or rebut the insolent taunt of the eyes to which she had bowed herself captive. If she could so beat him with his own weapons that he would doubt his conquest, doubt her love—if she could effect that, there were no means she would not adopt, no way she would not take!

Pique in a woman's mind, even in the best, finds in a rival the tool readiest to hand. A wave of crimson swept across Julia's pale face, and she stood up on her feet. Lady Almeric! Lady Almeric Doyley! Here was a revenge, the fittest of revenges, ready to her hand, if she could bring herself to take it. What if in the same hour in which he heard that his plan had gone amiss he heard that she was to marry another?—and such another that marry almost whom he might she would take precedence of his wife! That last was a small thought, a petty thought, worthy of a smaller mind than Julia's; but she was a woman, and the charms of such a revenge in the general came home to her. It would show him that others valued what he had cast away; it would convince him—she hoped so, and yet, alas! she doubted—that she had taken his suit as lightly as he had meant it. It would give her a—a home, a place, a settled position in the world.

She followed it no farther, perhaps be-

cause she wished to act—and knew it—on impulse rather than reason, blindly rather than on foresight. In haste, with trembling fingers, she set a chair below the broken, frayed end of a bell rope that hung on the wall; and having reached it, as if she feared her resolution might fail before the event, pulled and pulled frantically, until hurrying footsteps came along the passage, and Mrs. Olney entered with a foolish face of alarm.

"Fetch—tell the gentleman to come back," Julia cried.

"To come back?"

"Yes! The gentleman who was here now."

"Oh, yes, the gentleman!" Mrs. Olney murmured. "Your ladyship wishes him?"

Julia's very brow turned crimson, but her resolution held. "Yes, I wish to see him," she said imperiously. "Tell him to come to me!"

She stood erect, panting and defiant, her eyes on the door, while the woman went to do her bidding—stood erect, refusing to think, her face set hard, until far down the outer passage—Mrs. Olney had left the door open—the sound of shuffling feet and a shrill prattle of words heralded Lord Almeric's return. Presently he came tripping in with a smirk and a bow, the inevitable little hat under his arm, and was in an attitude that made the best of his white silk stockings before he had recovered the breath the ascent of the stairs had cost him.

"See at your feet the most obedient of your slaves, ma'am!" he cried. "To hear was to obey, to obey was to fly! If it's Pitt's diamond you need, or Lady Mary's soap box, or a new conundrum, or—hang it all, I cannot think of anything else, but command me! I'll forth and get it, stap me if I won't!"

"My lord, it is nothing of that kind," Julia answered, her voice steady, though her cheeks burned.

"Eh? What? It's not?" he babbled. "Then, what is it? Command me, whatever it is!"

"I believe, my lord," she said, smiling faintly, "that a woman is always privileged to change her mind—once?"

My lord stared; then, gathering her meaning as much from her heightened color as from her words, "What?" he screamed. "Eh? Oh, Lord! Do you mean that you will have me? Eh? Have you sent for me for that? Do you really mean that?" And he fumbled for his spy glass that he might see her face more clearly.

"I mean," Julia began, and then more firmly—"yes, I do mean that," she said, "if you are of the same mind, my lord, as you were half an hour ago."

"Crickey, but I am!" cried Lord Almeric, fairly skipping in his joy. "By jingo, but I am! Here's to you, my lady! Here's to you, ducky! Oh, Lord, but I was fit to kill myself five minutes ago, and those fellows would have done naught but roast me. And now I am in the seventh heaven. Ho! ho!" he continued, with a comical pirouette of triumph, "he laughs best who laughs last. But—Lord! you are not afraid of me, pretty? You'll let me buss you?"

But Julia, with a face grown suddenly white, shrank back and held out her hand.

"Sakes! but to seal the bargain, child," he remonstrated, trying to get near her.

She forced a faint smile and, still retreating, gave him her hand to kiss. "Seal it on that," she said graciously. Then, "Your lordship will pardon me, I am sure. I am not very well, and—yesterday has shaken me. Will you be so good as to leave me now—until tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow?" he cried. "Tomorrow? Why, it is an age! An eternity!"

But she was determined to have until tomorrow—God knows why! And with a little firmness she persuaded him, and he went.

XXVI.

LORD ALMERIC flew down the stairs on the wings of triumph, rehearsing at each corner the words in which he would announce his conquest. He found his host and the tutor in the parlor, in the middle of a game of shilling hazard which they were playing, the former with as much enjoyment, and the latter with as much good humor, as consistent with the fact that Mr. Pomeroy was losing and Mr. Thomasson played against his will. The weather had changed for the worse since morning. The sky was leaden, the trees were dripping; the rain hung in rows of drops along the rails that flanked the avenue. Mr. Pomeroy cursed the damp hole he owned, and sighed for town and the Cocoa Tree. The tutor wished he were quit of the company—and his debts. And both were so far from suspecting what had happened up stairs—though the tutor had his hopes—that Mr. Pomeroy was offering three to one against his friend when Lord Almeric danced in upon them.

"Give me joy!" he cried breathless. "D'you hear, Pom? She'll take me, and I have bussed her! March could not have done it quicker! She's mine, and the—and the pool! She is mine! Give me joy!"

Mr. Thomasson lost not a minute in rising and shaking him by the hand. "My dear lord," he cried, in a voice rendered unusually rich and mellow by the prospect of

five thousand pounds, "you make me infinitely happy. You do, indeed! I give your lordship joy! I assure you that it will ever be a matter of the deepest satisfaction to me that I was the cause under Providence of her presence here. A fine woman, my lord, and a—a commensurate fortune."

"A fine woman? Gad, you'd say so if you had held her in your arms!" cried my lord, strutting and lying.

"I am sure," Mr. Thomasson hastened to say, "your lordship is every way to be congratulated."

"Gad, you'd say so, Tommy!" the other repeated, with a wink. He was in the seventh heaven of delight.

So far all went swimmingly, neither of them remarking that Mr. Pomeroy kept silence. But at this point the tutor, whose temper it was to be uneasy unless all were on his side, happened to turn, saw that he kept his seat, and was struck with the blackness of his look. Anxious to smooth over any unpleasantness, and to recall him to the requirements of the occasion, "Come, Mr. Pomeroy," he cried jestingly, "shall we drink her ladyship, or is it too early in the day?"

Bully Pomeroy thrust his hands deep into his breeches pockets and did not budge. "Twill be time to drink her when the ring is on!" he said, with an ugly sneer.

"Oh, I vow and protest that's ungentle," my lord complained. "I vow and protest it is!" he repeated querulously. "See here, Pom, if you had won her I'd not treat you like this."

"Your lordship has not won her yet!" was the churlish answer.

"But she has said it, I tell you! She said she'd have me."

"She won't be the first woman who's altered her mind—nor the last!" Mr. Pomeroy retorted, with an oath. "You may be amazingly sure of that, my lord!" And muttering something about a woman and a fool being akin, he spurned a dog out of his way, overset a chair, and strode cursing from the room.

Lord Almeric stared after him, his face a queer mixture of vanity and dismay. At last, "Strikes me, Tommy, he's uncommon hard hit!" he said, with a simper. "He must have made surprising sure of her. Ah!" he continued with a chuckle, as he passed his hand delicately over his well curled wig, and glanced at a narrow black framed mirror that stood between the windows, "he is a bit too old for the women, is Pom! They run to something lighter in hand. Besides, there's a—a way with the pretty creatures, if you take me, and Pom has not got it. Now, I—I flatter myself I

have, Tommy; and Julia—it is a sweet name, Julia, don't you think?—Julia is of that way of thinking. Lord, I know women!" his lordship continued, growing the happier the longer he talked. "It is not what a man has, or what he has done, or even his taste in a coat or wig—though, mind you, a French *friseur* does a lot to help men to *bonnes fortunes*—but it is a sort of way one has got! The silly creatures cannot stand against it."

Mr. Thomasson hastened to agree, and to vouch her future ladyship's flame as proof of my lord's prowess. But he was a timid man, and the more perfect the contentment with which he viewed the turn things had taken, and the more nearly within his grasp seemed his five thousand, the graver was the misgiving with which he regarded Mr. Pomeroy's attitude. He had no notion what shape that gentleman's hostility might take, or how far his truculence might aspire; but he guessed that Lord Almeric's victory had convinced the elder man that his task would have been easy had the cards favored him; and when, a little later in the day, he saw Pomeroy walking in the park in the drenching rain, his hands thrust deep into the pockets of his wrap rascal and his chin bent on his breast, he trembled. He knew that when men of Mr. Pomeroy's class take to thinking some one is likely to lose.

At dinner, however, the tutor's fears were temporarily lulled. Mr. Pomeroy put in a sulky appearance, but his gloom, it was presently manifest, was due to the burden of an apology, which being lamely offered and readily accepted he relapsed into his ordinary brusk and reckless mood, swearing that they would have the lady down and drink her; or, if that were not pleasing, "Damme, we'll drink her, any way!" he continued. "I was a toad this morning. No offense meant, my lord. Lover's license, you know. You can afford to be generous, having won the pool."

"And the maid," said my lord, with a simper. "Burn me, you are a good fellow, Pom! Give me your hand. You shall see her after dinner. She said tomorrow, but hang me, I'll to her!"

Mr. Pomeroy expressed himself properly gratified, adding demurely that he would play no tricks.

"No, hang me, no tricks!" my lord cried, somewhat alarmed. "Not that—"

"Not that I am likely to displace your lordship, her affections once gained," said Mr. Pomeroy.

He lowered his face to hide a smile of bitter derision, but he had only the tutor to fear; for Lord Almeric, fatuously happy, was

blinded by vanity. "No, I should think not!" he said, with a conceit which nearly deserved the other's contempt. "I should think not, Tommy! Give me twenty minutes of a start, as Wilkes says, and you may follow as you please! Didn't I bring down the bird at the first shot?"

"Certainly, my lord."

"Didn't I, eh? Didn't I?"

"Most certainly, your lordship did," repeated the obsequious tutor, who, basking in the smiles of his host's good humor, began to think that things would run smoothly after all. The lady was toasted, and toasted again. Nay, so great was Mr. Pomeroy's complaisance and so easy his mood, he must needs have up three or four bottles of Brook & Hellier that had lain in the cellar half a century—the last of a batch—and gave her a third time in bumpers and no heel taps.

But that opened Mr. Thomasson's eyes. He discerned that Pomeroy had reverted to his idea of the night before, and was bent on making the young fop drunk and exposing him in that state to his mistress; perhaps had even the notion of pushing him on to some rudeness that, unless she proved very compliant indeed, must ruin him forever with her. Three was their dinner hour; it was not yet four, yet the young lord was already flushed and a little flustered; talked fast, swore at Jarvey, and bragged of the girl lightly and without reserve. By six o'clock, if something were not done, he would be unmanageable.

The tutor stood in no little awe of his host. He had tremors down his back when he thought of his violence; nor was this dogged persistence in a design as cruel as it was cunning calculated to lessen the feeling. But he had five thousand pounds at stake, a fortune on which he had been pluming himself since noon; it was no time for hesitation. They were dining in the hall at the table at which they had played cards the night before, Jarvey and Lord Almeric's servant attending them. Between the table and the staircase was a screen. The next time Lord Almeric's glass was filled, the tutor, in reaching something, upset the glass and its contents over his own breeches, and amid the laughter of the other two retired behind the screen to be wiped. There he slipped a crown into the servant's hand, and whispered him to keep his master sober and he should have another.

Mr. Pomeroy saw nothing and heard nothing, and for a time suspected nothing. The servant was a crafty fellow, a London rascal, deft at whipping away full bottles. He was an age finding a clean glass, and slow in drawing the next cork. He filled the host's bumper and Mr. Thom-

asson's, and had but half a glass for his master. The next bottle he impudently pronounced corked, and when Pomeroy cursed him for a liar, brought him some in an unwashed glass that had been used for Bordeaux. The wine was condemned, and went out; and though Pomeroy with unflagging spirits roared to Jarvey to open the other bottles, the butler had got the office and was slow to bring it. The cheese came and went, and left Lord Almeric cooler than it found him. The tutor was overjoyed at the success of his tactics.

But when the board was cleared, and the bottles were set on, and the men withdrawn, Bully Pomeroy began to push what remained of the Brook & Hellier after a fashion that boded an early defeat to the tutor's precautions. It was in vain Thomasson clung to the bottle and sometimes returned it Hertfordshire fashion. The only result was that Mr. Pomeroy smelled a rat, gave Lord Almeric a backhander, and sent the bottle on again, with a grin that told the tutor he was understood.

After that Mr. Thomasson had the choice between sitting still or taking his own part. It was neck or nothing. Lord Almeric was already hiccuping and would soon be talking thickly; the next time the bottle came round the tutor retained it, and when Lord Almeric reached for it, "No, my lord," he said, laughing. "Venus first and Bacchus afterwards. Your lordship has to wait on the lady. When you come down, with Mr. Pomeroy's leave, we will crack another bottle."

My lord withdrew his hand more readily than the other had hoped. "Right, Tommy?" he said. "What's that song? 'Rich the treasure, sweet the pleasure, sweet is pleasure after pain!' Oh, no, damme, I don't mean that!" he continued. "No! How does it go?"

Mr. Pomeroy thrust the bottle almost rudely into his hands, looking daggers the while at the tutor. "Take another glass!" he cried boisterously. "Swounds, the girl will like you the better for it!"

"D'ye think so, Pom? Honest?"

"Sure of it! 'Twill give you spirit, my lord."

"So it will!"

"At her and kiss her! Are you going to be governed all your life by that whey faced old Methodist? Or be your own man? Tell me that."

"My lord, there's fifty thousand pounds upon it," said Thomasson, his face red; and he set back the bottle. The setting sun, peeping a moment through the rain clouds, flung an angry yellow light on the board and the three flushed faces round it. "Fifty

thousand pounds," repeated Mr. Thomasson firmly.

"Damme, so there is!" cried my lord, settling his chin in his cravat and dusting the crumbs from his breeches. "I'll take no more. So there!"

"I thought your lordship was a good humored man and no flincher," Mr. Pomeroy retorted, with a sneer.

"Oh, I vow and protest—if you put it that way," said the weakling, once more extending his hand, the fingers of which closed lovingly round the bottle, "I cannot refuse. Positively I cannot."

"Fifty thousand pounds," said the tutor, shrugging his shoulders. Lord Almeric slowly drew back his hand.

"Why, she'll like you the better!" Pomeroy cried fiercely, as he thrust the bottle back again. "D'you think a woman doesn't love an easy husband, and wouldn't rather have a good fellow than a thread paper?"

"Mr. Pomeroy! Mr. Pomeroy!" cried the tutor, shocked.

"A milksop! A thing of curds and whey!"

"After marriage, yes," muttered the tutor, pitching his voice cleverly in Lord Almeric's ear, and winking as he leaned towards him. "But your lordship has a great stake in't, and to abstain one night—why, sure, my lord, it's a small thing to do for a fine woman and a fortune!"

"Hang me, so it is!" Lord Almeric answered. "You are a good friend to me, Tommy!" And he flung his glass crashing into the fireplace. "No, Pom, you'd bite me. You want the pretty charmer yourself. But I'll be hanged if you shall have her. I'll walk, my boy, I'll walk, and at six I'll go to her, and take you, too. And mind you, no tricks, Pom! Lord, I know women as well as I know my own head in the glass! You don't bite me."

Pomeroy, with a face like thunder, did not answer a word; and Lord Almeric, walking a little unsteadily, went to the door, and a moment later became visible through one of the mullioned windows; his back to which, he stood a while, now sniffing the evening air, and now—with due regard to his mixed silk coat—taking a pinch of snuff.

Mr. Thomasson, his heart beating, wished he had had the courage to go with him. But this would have been to break with his host beyond mending; and besides, it was now too late. He was still seeking a propitiatory phrase with which to end the dreadful silence when Pomeroy anticipated him.

"You think yourself vastly clever, Mr. Tutor!" he growled, his voice hoarse with anger. "You think a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, I see."

"Ten in the bush," said Mr. Thomasson, affecting an easiness he did not feel. "Ten fives are fifty."

"Two in the bush, I said, and two in the bush I mean," the other retorted, his voice still low. "Take it or leave it," he continued, with a muttered oath and a swift side glance at the windows, through which Lord Almeric was still visible, walking slowly to and fro, and often standing. "If you want it firm, I'll put it in black and white. Ten thousand, or security, the day after we come from church."

The tutor was silent a moment. Then, "It is too far in the bush," he answered, in a low voice. "I am willing enough to serve you, Mr. Pomeroy. I assure you, my dear sir, I desire nothing better. But if—his lordship were dismissed, you'd be as far off as ever. And I should lose my bird in hand."

"She took him. Why should she not take me?"

"He has—no offense—a title, Mr. Pomeroy."

"And is a fool!"

Mr. Thomasson raised his hands in deprecation; such a saying, spoken of a lord, really shocked him. But his words went to another point. "Besides, it's a marriage brokerage contract—and void," he muttered.

"You don't trust me?"

"'Twould be no use, Mr. Pomeroy," the tutor answered, gently shaking his head, and avoiding the issue presented to him. "You could not persuade her. She was in such a humor today my lord had special advantages. Break it off with him, and she'll come to herself; and she is wilful. Lord, you don't know! *Petruchio* could not tame her."

"I know nothing about *Petruchio*," Mr. Pomeroy answered grimly. "But I've ways of my own. You can leave that to me."

But Mr. Thomasson, who had only parleyed out of compliance, took fright at that and rose from the table, nervously shaking his head.

"You won't do it?" said Mr. Pomeroy.

The tutor shook his head again, with a sickly smile. "'Tis too far in the bush," he said.

"Ten thousand," replied Mr. Pomeroy, his eyes on the other's face. "Man," he continued forcibly, "do you think you will ever have such a chance again? Ten thousand! Why, 'tis eight hundred a year! 'Tis a gentleman's fortune."

For a moment Mr. Thomasson did waver. Then he put the temptation from him and shook his head. "You must pardon me, Mr. Pomeroy," he said. "I cannot do it."

"Will not!" Pomeroy cried harshly.

"Will not!" And would have said more but at that moment Jarvey entered behind him.

"Please, your honor," the man said, "the lady would see my lord."

"Oh!" said Pomeroy coarsely, "she is impatient, is she? Devil take her for me! And him, too!" And he sat sulkily in his place.

But the interruption suited Mr. Thomasson perfectly. He went to the outer door, and, opening it, called Lord Almeric, who, hearing what was afoot, hurried in. "Sent for me!" he cried, in a rapture, pressing his hat to his breast. "Dear creature!" And he kissed his fingers to the gallery. "Positively she is the kindest, sweetest morsel! The most amiable charmer who ever wore a

petticoat! I vow and protest I am in love with her! It were brutal not to be, and she so fond! Stuff me, a cross word would break her! I'll to her! Tell her I fly! I stay but for a dash of bergamot, and I am with her!"

"I thought that you were going to take us with you," said Mr. Pomeroy, watching him sourly.

"I will! 'Pon honor, I will!" replied the delighted beau. "But you'll see she will soon find a way to dismiss you, the cunning baggage, and then 'Sweet is pleasure after pain!' Ha! ha! I have it aright this time! Sweet is Hea—oh, the doting little baggage! But, flames and raptures! Let us to her. I vow if she is not civil to you, I'll—I'll be cold to her!"

(To be continued.)

A SONG FOR THE SAILORS.

A SONG for the men who have sailed the seas

Under the stripes and the stars,
For our sailor lads of all degrees,
Our valorous Yankee tars!
The man on the bridge when the tempests shriek,
And the gunner at his gun,
And the lad who runs the flag to the peak,
Behold they are all as one!

Call the roll, aye, call the roll,
From that first and fortunate crew
That flung to the winds from the northern pole
The flag of the brave and true!
Oh, their names they shine in a lusty line,
And stanch were the ships they manned;
And they smote the ships of the queen of the brine
For the love of their motherland!

Glory be to that knight of the sea,
And his heroes, conflict scarred,
Who laughed at the odds of one to three
On the stout Bonhomme Richard!
And to him, when around there was ruin and wreck,
Who roused in his patriot ire,
And crossed the flood from deck to deck
In the face of a galling fire!

Praise to the victor of Lake Champlain,
McDonough of dauntless mien,
To him who harried the Tripoli main
And the coast of the Algerine;
To those who fought in that fearsome fight
Whence the Monitor "bore the bell,"
And to him who, lashed to the mizzen height,
Drove straight through the jaws of hell!

A song for the dead, for the heroes sped
To the haven of no return,
But a song as well for those that tread
Their path with its perils stern;
A song for our sailors of all degrees.
Our tried and our trusty tars,
For every man who has sailed the seas
Under the stripes and the stars!

Clinton Scollard.

A LACK IN A LIFE.

BY J. EDMUND V. COOKE.

The strange experience of a dissatisfied millionaire whose spirits were raised by an unexpected contact with the soil of the earth.

WHEN I was twenty nine years of age my father died, and if he had left me as many thousands as he did millions, I think I might have developed into a happy man. As it was, there was a lack in my life which I found it difficult to put into words, and which perhaps was all the more real for that very reason.

There had never been a time in my life when I was denied anything which money could buy or influence procure. My mother loved me intensely, as her first born, and did her best to spoil me from the day of my birth to the day of her death—or after, for she left me almost all of her personal possessions. I was sent to private schools for my early mental training, and my education was finished by private tutors. My teachers always accorded me much more than my due of praise when I knew my lessons, and made excuses for me when I was delinquent. They were as affable and deferential as the rest of the world, and I could see that their chief aim was “to keep on the right side of me.”

When my father died our attorneys politely consoled with me upon his death, and in the same breath congratulated me upon my accession to one of the world's great fortunes, hoping that they might have the honor of occupying the same trusted relation to the estate as in former years.

There was a lady to whom I was paying serious attentions, but she, too, received most of my speeches with a set smile, and never differed from me unless, gnawed by the restless feeling of lack, I said something impatient concerning myself.

I have wondered why, in writing of her, I have not called her a young lady; young in years she certainly was. Most of the girlishness had apparently been trained out of her. She was a martyr to “good form,” and a brilliant match—brilliant with the brilliancy of knightly decoration or of golden specie—was one of the important points of vantage in her game with the world.

Most of my immense wealth was in bonds, stocks, and real estate, and though my interests undoubtedly often conflicted with those

of my millionaire acquaintances—I hesitate to call them friends—they were always exceedingly cordial to me when we met.

I have found out since that I was occasionally attacked by “radical” newspapers and speakers, but they were generally too obscure to come to my notice. The general press lauded me for my occasional gifts and endowments, and sent reporters to interview me on questions of which I knew nothing whatever.

When I mingled with the public, I could not help but observe that I was whispered about and pointed out, and that people gazed at me with expressions of curiosity, envy, and even of a vague, impersonal dislike. I began to understand why men born with political power, instead of such dominion as mine, occasionally plunged nations into wars for their own personal relief and the distraction of their subjects, and without any real grievance.

One day when the lady to whom I have previously referred, was out riding with me, our carriage passed a street car as it was slowing up at a crossing. Between the carriage and the car stood a rough looking man with a sallow face and a ragged beard, glossily black in some places, but blending to a rusty brown in others, so that when he raised his head in the sunlight one almost fancied that the pigment flowed to and fro. As the car approached him I noticed him grin broadly, and drawing back his hand he suddenly delivered a resounding whack to a man standing on the running board of the car. The receiver of the blow seemed to think it as good a joke as the other.

“Wouldn't I a let you have it if I had seen you first?” he shouted good naturedly, kicking heavily into the air to further indicate his meaning.

“Wouldn't you just?” roared the other as we passed on.

“How hopelessly vulgar the common mass of people are!” observed the lady at my side with supercilious disdain.

“Yes,” I said mechanically, for her remark surprised me into a discovery that I had found something interesting in this scene.

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Clinton Scollard.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

THE GREAT CHESSBOARD OF WAR.

Reputations are often quickly made in war time. Promotion comes rapidly in the army and the navy—all the more rapidly when, as in the present case, a new army and a new navy are practically created to meet a sudden call—and to any one of scores or hundreds of officers any day may bring the chance for brilliant service. The soldier and the sailor are always ready

to risk their lives for their country, and in return their country is always ready to hail them as heroes.

But while the fighting men play the picturesque parts in the great drama, it will not do to lose sight of those whose rôle is less showy but certainly not less important. The soldier in the field, the sailor on his gun deck, are like single pieces on a great chessboard. Amid the smoke



CAPTAIN ALFRED T. MAHAN, THE FOREMOST AMERICAN AUTHORITY UPON
NAVAL STRATEGY.



MARK A. HANNA, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM OHIO, AND ONE OF THE PRESIDENT'S PERSONAL FRIENDS AND ADVISERS.

From a photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York.

of battle each can see only his own part of the board. His task is assigned to him by the master mind who stands at the central point, surveys the whole game, and moves pawns and castles steadily toward the grand final result. So it is that our forces, wide apart as the earth's diameter, are linked into an intelligent unit by the wires that keep them in touch with the government at Washington. Here, where policies are formulated and campaigns planned, where daily orders

are flashed to army and fleet, to camp and supply station—here are the men whose share in the war is the most onerous and the most important of all. To the soldier and the sailor the path of duty, difficult and dangerous though it be, is almost always an obvious one. "His not to reason why, his but to do or die"—for his whole decalogue is to obey instructions. The executive authority whose task it is to issue those instructions—this is the man to whom there come sleepless nights

and bitter hours of doubt ; who must let others gather the brightest laurels of victory, while on him falls the direst sting of repulse ; who must meet the divided counsels of friends and the clamor of relentless political foes.

to allow the creation of anything more than a skeleton body of trained soldiers. He has the advantage of fighting on the defensive—an advantage far greater in the warfare of today than in that of a generation ago. Our navy is powerful



ARTHUR P. GORMAN, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM MARYLAND, A DEMOCRATIC LEADER IN THE NATIONAL LEGISLATURE.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

Our present administration has been forced into a position of peculiar difficulty. Perennial hurry is an American characteristic, and events having forced us into a foreign war, press and public vehemently clamor for the instant annihilation of the enemy. That enemy has a considerable army ; we have practically none, for Congress has steadily refused

enough to give us control of the sea—as it would not have been had the war come a few years earlier, or had our antagonist been a little stronger ; but it can deal no final blow without an army to follow where it strikes. Here was a case where premature action meant the risk of disaster, while delay involved consequences almost equally unpleasant. It was not

an easy situation for the administration to confront.

THE PRESIDENT AND HIS ADVISERS.

The creation of an army and the waging of war on sea and land are not simply

executive and legislative departments, among those who are by training and instinct business men as well as politicians. There is Alger, for instance, whose commercial experience has been of great value to him as Secretary of War; and



CUSHMAN K. DAVIS, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM MINNESOTA, AND CHAIRMAN OF THE SENATE COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

matters of military science; they are also vast business undertakings, involving the raising and expenditure of many millions of dollars, the organizing of supply departments, and the placing of great contracts with manufacturers. Besides and beyond all this, too, modern politics is not unmindful of business considerations in deciding the issues of peace or war. It is not strange that the President should have found some of his foremost assistants and advisers, in the

there are Hanna and Elkins, two prominent Senators who stand very close to the administration.

To these two Senators add the names of Foraker, the other representative of the President's State; of Davis, chairman of the committee on foreign affairs; of Gorman, a veteran leader of the Democrats, and we have a Senatorial quintet whose influence upon the course of affairs at Washington is of the first importance, and whose patriotic service in the



STEPHEN B. ELKINS, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM WEST VIRGINIA, AND ONE OF THE FOREMOST CHAMPIONS OF THE ADMINISTRATION.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

present emergency has been of the highest value.

OUR AMBASSADORS IN EUROPE.

There is another group of men who have a delicate and important part to play in the present political complication—our representatives at the courts of the great European powers.

During the Civil War, when foreign jealousy was several times upon the point of extending covert or open aid to the enemies of the Union, our ministers, especially those in London and Paris, had vitally important work to do. Today, most of the courts of Europe are far more in sympathy with Spain than with ourselves, and the republic of France, which

might have been expected to stand with us, has been our most hostile critic. She might grasp at an excuse for interference, should one be given her. It is fortunate that we deal with her government through so capable and so tactful a personality as

disinclination to be photographed, with the result that most of the newspaper sketches have been little better than caricatures. The portrait given here is from a recent photograph, and it will be seen that every feature is characteristic



FRANK S. BLACK, GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, AND A "POSSIBILITY" IN THE FIELD OF NATIONAL POLITICS.

From a photograph by the Albany Art Union, Albany.

General Horace Porter. General Porter is adding the laurels of a successful diplomat to those he has already won as a soldier, a politician, a postprandial orator, and an author.

THE GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.

There are few men in the country of equal prominence in official life with whose actual appearance the public is so little familiar as with that of Governor Frank S. Black of New York. The Governor has always shown a marked

of the man, every line delineating intellect and firmness.

Although Governor Black is personally reserved and somewhat taciturn, few who come in contact with him but are impressed with his honesty, straightforwardness, and ability. It is also worthy of comment that the public press and the public generally are noting in his acts the unfolding of a character heretofore possibly unsuspected, in his independence of restraint or coercion by his party leaders.

Governor Black is equipped for a



JOSEPH BENSON FORAKER, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM OHIO, AND ONE OF THE MOST INFLUENTIAL MEMBERS OF THE SENATE.

From a photograph by Baker, Columbus.

political career by the fact that he is a "man of the people." Born about forty four years ago in Maine, and passing his early youth in his native place, his removal to Troy, a few years ago, was the beginning of a hard struggle for advancement in his profession. He was handicapped by very slender resources, and also by pecuniary obligations of his deceased father's family at home, which his sense of personal honor prompted him to take upon his own shoulders. Finally came the recognition so well deserved, and after breaking up the desperate gang of ruffians then in political control of Troy, one of whom expiated with death the crime of murder in an election day

brawl, he was sent to Congress. From there to the Governor's chair was but a single step.

In stature tall, like one of the pines of his native State, in features and character as rugged and firm as the rock on which it grows, Mr. Black, the unknown country lawyer of a few years ago, is today one of the possibilities in the broader field of national politics.

A TYPICAL AMERICAN SAILOR.

Captain Charles Dwight Sigsbee, now commanding the United States cruiser *St. Paul*, long ago won a well deserved reputation for courage and coolness—qualities that mark the ideal sailor—which was only



GENERAL HORACE PORTER, WHO AS AMERICAN AMBASSADOR IN PARIS HOLDS A POSITION THAT IS JUST NOW AN IMPORTANT AND RATHER DELICATE ONE.

From a photograph by Prince, New York.

confirmed at the time of the destruction of the Maine. New Yorkers have not forgotten an incident that occurred last summer, shortly after he took command of the ill fated battleship. The Maine was passing along the East River, and in that narrow and crowded stream an excursion steamer, full of women and chil-

dren, got under her bows. Captain Sigbee, who was on the bridge, saw that he must either cut down the pleasure boat or steer into a freight pier. A collision with the frail wooden steamer would scarcely scratch the Maine's paint, but it would mean the loss of perhaps a hundred lives. Running into the pier would

save them, but it might mean a serious accident, possibly a court martial for wrecking his ship. The choice was made instantly.

"Hard a port!" he shouted. "Sound the call to collision quarters!"

The ship crashed into the pier, luckily without injury to herself, and the excursion boat passed in safety.

On another occasion Captain Sigsbee deliberately sank his ship to save her from a still worse fate. He was in command of the coast survey steamer Blake, and was anchored in a West Indian port, when a hurricane came up, and in the heavy sea the ship's anchors began to drag. She was drifting to utter and inevitable destruction on a reef. Where she lay, there was a soft, sandy bottom. The captain ordered her scuttled, and down she went. Later, she was pumped out and raised—an expensive operation, but far less costly than building a new ship.

Richmond Pearson Hobson, who sank a coal ship in the mouth of Santiago harbor, is an instance of the way in which war makes new heroes in a day. His daring exploit brought out a crop of stories from those who knew him at Annapolis, where he graduated only nine years ago. He was a quiet, studious, and rather eccentric boy, who was hazed a good deal in his plebe year. An upper classman is said to have labored for weeks—all in vain—to make young Hobson declare that white was black, "because I say it is, sir!" One day the boy of fifteen broke out with: "I do not desire, neither will I tolerate, any more of your scurrilous contumely!"

His success in the examinations soon won him the academy's respect, and though he was the youngest man in his class he graduated at its head.

One of Commodore Winfield Scott Schley's early recollections is of a dinner given by General Scott to all the young men the old soldier could find who bore his name. There were several scores of guests at the banquet, which was given in a New York hotel; and there is no telling how many more might not have been there had they known of it. General Scott

made a speech during the evening, and expressed his gratification at having his name left to posterity in such promising young hands.

Commodore Schley is not related to the conqueror of Mexico, who was merely a friend of his parents. Nor is he of Teutonic birth or descent, as has been inferred from the orthography of his surname. Schley—pronounced "Sly"—is the name of a family that has been settled in Maryland since colonial days.

Of all our flag officers, the one who boasts the most ancient lineage—or could boast it if he wished, which he probably doesn't—is Admiral Dewey. In that wondrous and veracious book, "Americans of Royal Descent," he appears as a lineal descendant of the thirty third generation from King Alfred the Great.

An officer in our navy seldom reaches the rank of admiral very long before he is retired by the age limit, causing all his subordinates to move up one number on the list. In war time, special promotions are given, changes of duty are frequent, and new commands are constantly created. It is very possible that while this number of MUNSEY'S is on the press, there may be changes of rank or assignment among the sailors mentioned in it.

Early in July Admiral Kirkland, now the senior officer on the active list of the navy, and the first Southerner to reach that position since the Civil War, will be retired. In the natural course of promotion this will advance William T. Sampson—who, though acting as a rear admiral, and commanding the most powerful American fleet that ever sailed, is only a captain—to be junior commodore.

When Queen Wilhelmina is crowned, next month, among the jewels she wears there will probably be some that once lay buried in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn. Part of the Dutch crown jewels were stolen in 1829 from the palace of Laeken, in Belgium—then a part of the Netherlands—by an Italian named Polari, who secreted some of his spoil in Brussels, and escaped to New York with the rest. The

theft was a mystery for nearly two years, and threatened to cause political complications. The royal house of Orange was very unpopular in Belgium, and it was openly hinted that the real thief was one of the Dutch princes. Finally Polari was betrayed by an associate, and nearly all the jewels recovered, gems worth two hundred thousand dollars being dug from a hiding place in what is now Greenwood Cemetery.

* * * *

The name of Alexander Gollan, British consul general at Havana, has often been mentioned in the war despatches. Mr. Gollan is a Scotchman, hailing from Gollanfield, Inverness, and he has been in Queen Victoria's consular service for nearly forty years. He was long stationed at Rio Grande, Brazil, where he married a Brazilian lady, and subsequently at Manila. He has announced his intention of retiring as soon as the situation in Cuba permits—which looks as if he may not have found service in the Spanish colonies altogether to his liking.

* * * *

A strange turn of fortune has come to one of the four English socialists who, a dozen years ago, were tried at the Old Bailey on a charge of inciting public disorder. The individual in question is H. H. Champion, who began life as an artillery officer, saw active service in Afghanistan, and left Queen Victoria's army to become a vigorous and conspicuous assailant of existing social and political conditions. Later he quarreled with his fellow reformers, and went to Australia, to found a newspaper, of which he is still the editor. The other day his cousin, Major Urquhart, fell in battle on the upper Nile, leaving Mr. Champion heir to a large estate and an annual income of \$35,000.

People are wondering what a professed socialist will do with this considerable slice of unearned increment.

* * * *

There is a new "Lord of Burleigh," the Marquis of Exeter, who owns "Burleigh House by Stamford Town," having died and been succeeded by his son. The new marquis is a young man who came of age last year. He is a somewhat distant cousin to Lord Salisbury, the family

name of both houses being Cecil, and both tracing their descent to the great Lord Burleigh of Queen Elizabeth's reign.

He succeeds to an estate that has dwindled since the days when "not a lord in all the country was so great a lord" as the romantic nobleman who disguised himself as a landscape painter to win the heart of a village maiden. The son of that poetic marriage, the second Marquis of Exeter, stoutly opposed the building of railroads through his paternal acres, with the result that the great arteries of traffic went elsewhere and his land sadly depreciated in value.

* * * *

It is probable that Paris will some day possess a "Rue Sarah Bernhardt"—but not until after the famous actress' death. A Mme. Thiriay recently wrote to the municipal council, suggesting that the naming of a street after Mme. Bernhardt would be a fitting tribute to the leading Parisian exponent of an important branch of art. The committee that considered the letter report that "the great French tragédienne deserves to have her name given to a street, but it is the rule not to use the name of a living person. The idea is good, but not opportune."

Mme. Bernhardt will no doubt be gratified to know that she is thought worthy of an honor bestowed upon Victor Hugo and other great Frenchmen, but she will be in no hurry to earn it by fulfilling the necessary condition.

* * * *

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts recently offered to furnish sufficient money—about a quarter of a million dollars—to install a water supply for the city of Jerusalem. The ancient capital of David has doubled its population in the last twenty years, and now contains sixty thousand people, who are dependent for drinking water upon cisterns filled by the winter rains. The need was urgent, but it was found that before the work could be begun it would be necessary to pay some fifty thousand dollars in bribes to officials in Constantinople. This characteristic exhibition of Turkish methods killed the project, and defeated the public spirited proposition of Lady Burdett-Coutts.

BRITAIN AND AMERICA.

The remarkable development of sympathetic feeling between the English speaking races—How the saying that "blood is thicker than water" may prove to be the keynote of the history of the coming century.

THE recent expressions of friendly sympathy between the United States and Great Britain have been too numerous, too emphatic, and too evidently sincere to be regarded as merely a passing phase of mutable public opinion, or as a political move brought about by the special circumstances of the hour. We are making history rapidly just now, and it looks as if, in drawing closer to the kindred peoples of England and her colonies, we were setting the keynote of the story of the twentieth century.

The rivalry of nations has made the history of the world, but the coming century may not see its grand issues settled by the sword. There are other factors in working out the fate of peoples. A mutual understanding between Britain and America would be more likely to assure the world's tranquillity than to break it; but whether the future be one of war or of peace, the influence of such a rapprochement would be tremendous. The old balance of power would be utterly upset. The European concert would be obsolete. With all the English speaking races standing together, there would not be much doubt as to the hegemony of the world.

Prophecy is always dangerous, but facts and figures point morals, and intelligent study of the past throws light upon the future. The small states of ancient Greece and of medieval Italy had their day as leaders of the civilized world; they fell before the larger states that grew up around them. Today, the political control of the earth centers in the comparatively small continent of Europe, which is divided among six so called great powers and several minor ones. Of the great powers, three—Germany, Austria, and Italy—have practically no foothold on the globe's surface beyond their own limited and already crowded territory, less in each case than the largest of our forty five States. France is in the same case, for she has no colonies in any true sense of the word, and no foreign possessions that are likely to be a source of strength rather than

of weakness. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that these states must, in the not distant future, be dwarfed by the three that control between them about half of the land surface of the world, and in numbers are already the largest of the civilized nations and the most rapidly increasing. Extent, of course, is not the sole index of power, but any fair review of the situation will indicate that the next century will see three great world powers standing head and shoulders above the rest, towering up on a greater scale than any empire of the past—two of the European nations and one in the new world—Russia, the United States, and Britain with her colonies.

That we should always continue to hold aloof from the politics of the world is impossible. For more than a hundred years Washington's advice has been our golden rule, and it is a notable tribute to his wisdom that the principle he laid down should have held good so long amid the changing conditions of these latter days. It still has its value, but we have outgrown it, as we are outgrowing the Monroe Doctrine. Formal alliances we may not expect to make; they may be unnecessary. But we have our place to take in the world, and our part to play in the management of its great politics.

If Russia, Britain, and ourselves are to be the great world powers, a good understanding between two of the three would manifestly be a guarantee of the peace of the world. Towards Russia we have no possible cause for hostility. Our diplomatic intercourse with her has always been particularly courteous. Beyond that, if her government has ever shown any special readiness to serve us, as some think it has, there can be no manner of doubt that its action was dictated by regard for its own interests. The one autocratic régime of Europe can have no deep seated and disinterested love for a democracy that once defied tyrants and now ridicules and despises them. "It is inconceivable," as a recent speaker said, "that a nation which believes in human lib-

erty, in the government of the people for the people, can have any real sympathy with that eastern despotism." Russia may have a great transformation before her. When that is accomplished, it will be time to think of regarding her with any sentiment warmer than that of diplomatic courtesy.

The obvious grounds for sympathy with England have been recited so often that a reiteration of them might be irksome. Community of language, kinship in race, similarity of institutions, fellowship in religion—these have been exploited until the speaker or writer is almost afraid to mention them lest he excite a yawn or a smile. Then there is the commercial argument, scarcely less familiar. She is by far our best customer. The statistics of the last fiscal year show that we exported a little more than a thousand million dollars' worth of American goods, of which Great Britain and Ireland—whose ports are almost the only ones that admit our products free of duties—took nearly half, or almost four times as much as our next best customer, Germany. The exact figures were these: total domestic exports, \$1,032,007,603; to the United Kingdom, \$478,444,592; to Canada, Australia, and other colonies and dependencies of England, \$111,940,464; making a total for all British countries of \$590,385,056, or more than 57 per cent of the whole, while Germany, second in the list, took less than 12 per cent, and France, which stood next, only 5 per cent.

Contrast these figures with those that show our relations with the Spanish American countries, which a certain political school has sought to cultivate at the expense of our present commercial allies. During the last statistical year the ten republics of South America—Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chili, Colombia, Ecuador, Paraguay, Peru, Uruguay, and Venezuela—bought from us goods worth, in all, a little more than thirty million dollars—just under three per cent of the total we sold abroad. Business considerations do not decide everything in politics, but they have their influence, and a very weighty influence it properly is.

The number of English and American families who are united by personal ties is far greater than is the case with any other two nations. We may jest about the marriages of American girls to the scions of prominent English houses, but the fact remains that these alliances, and many others that are not chronicled, have their effect. Joseph Chamberlain can influence the English people, and cannot his American wife influence Joseph Chamberlain?

The newspapers have perhaps made a little too much of some recent utterances of

English public men. "Overtures for alliance," we have been told, were made by Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Salisbury. This is scarcely accurate, though the words of the colonial secretary and the prime minister were interesting and significant. It is not likely that any responsible move toward a formal alliance will be made. As another Englishman, Sir Edward Grey, said the other day, it is not necessary to "take a great friendly sentiment and think to make it stronger by placing it within the four corners of a piece of parchment."

The vast majority of British people have always had a feeling of sympathy with the United States. Our press, in the past, has not as a rule either fully reciprocated or fairly recognized the sentiment that has undoubtedly existed across the Atlantic. Just now, as if to make amends, it is perhaps making a little too much of it. The official world seems inclined to follow suit, as if to salve the diplomatic buffet we dealt England in the Venezuela matter by a special display of amity. It would be a mistake to expect too rapid and definite developments to follow. The statesman who does anything to bring the two nations nearer accomplishes a service to his country and the world, but great things move slowly.

The true bond between Britain and ourselves is unwritten, and likely to remain so, yet it is palpable enough. The American who lands in England does not feel himself to be quite a foreigner, nor is he regarded as such. Let him cross the Channel, and in France, Italy, or Spain he will find himself an absolute alien. To the continental European the Englishman and the American are indistinguishable, and it is no great slander to say that the only interest he takes in either of them is a financial one.

The rivalry of the Latin and the Anglo Saxon is an ancient one. Their struggle was fought out on many a bloody field in the middle ages. It drove the Armada to destruction on the shores of England; and sent Drake and Hawkins to harry the Spanish main. It was waged over three continents in the great wars of Louis XIV. It shattered the conquering legions of Napoleon against the "thin red line" of Waterloo, and banished the French dictator to St. Helena. Now again, after nearly a hundred years' slumber, it has awakened in a new phase to a new drama of war—our present conflict with the Spaniards. It is not strange that in that conflict we should have the sympathy of British people the world over, but it is gratifying that that sympathy should have found such decided expression and such prompt response.

Words, it may be said, are cheap; but

there is more in this than words. One result is that no hostile combination of jealous powers will attempt to interfere with our settlement of the future of the Spanish dependencies. And as the president of the American Society in London said at a recent gathering of six hundred representative Englishmen and Americans, "As you have stood by us in our day of trial, when your day of trial comes count upon us."

We have seen no better statement of the situation than that made by a member of the Canadian parliament, Mr. Pattullo, of Ontario, in a speech recently delivered in New York. "The dream and the policy of your early statesmen," he told his hearers, "was for isolation and peace. They were wise in their day and generation. But fate may have more in store for you than the wisest of them foresaw, a destiny very different from their visions. You may not be able to control the forces now in motion. You are already in material resources, in population, and in the possibilities of material development the greatest nation of the earth. But it looks as if you might be more than this. The inevitable outcome of this war may be that you will become one of the greatest naval powers of the world."

"If you use your power for peace all will be well; if for needless war it will be an un-mixed evil to you and the world. You have the future now in your own hands. But I may be permitted to express the hope, and I for one believe, that if you plant your forts for good in Cuba, in the Philippine Islands, or in Hawaii, you will not do so in the spirit of territorial aggrandizement. You have now enough of territory and to spare. But while you are seeking the means of protection for your navy in cruising the oceans, your new forts and coaling stations will stand, as those of Britain always have, the outposts of civilization, on which you will keep burning for all time in the face of the world the lamp of human liberty."

"Whether in accepting and achieving your inspiring destiny you will act in alliance with the great motherland of Anglo Saxon nations, the future alone can determine. But if there be not an alliance between Great Britain and the United States in form, there ought at least to be for all time a union of hearts among peoples of the same race, of the same language, and with mutual interests the world over. Every great event in the world's history of late seems to have shown the essential unity in interest of Great Britain and of this greater Britain beyond the seas. In Armenia a couple of years ago, American interests, through your missionaries, were affected more than those of some European powers."

The concert of the Anglo Saxon world at that time might have settled the Armenian question for civilization and Christianity. Every event in the far east of late has shown that the interests of this great industrial and commercial nation of the future are bound up with the interests of that great trading nation which believes in open ports."

In the many answers that have been given to the question why there has been, in the past, an unfriendly feeling toward England among so large a part—yet not a majority—of our countrymen, the two chief reasons assigned have been the old grudge of our two early wars, and the carrying across the Atlantic of the unappeased enmity of Irish immigrants. Surely it is time to let the Revolution—in which we won a signal triumph—and the somewhat purposeless struggle of 1812—of which we had decidedly the worst, notwithstanding the popular impression to the contrary—become history, as they have in England. Our struggle, as a matter of fact, was with George III and his ministers, not with his people; and the quarrel is too remote to remain a live issue. As to the grievances of Ireland, it is hard to see why they cannot be safely intrusted to the Emerald Island itself, which has considerably more than its share of representatives in the British House of Commons, with a proportionate allowance of lung power.

A great theme may inspire a minor poet, and if ever the present English laureate has risen to the heights of song it was in his recent greeting to America:

Answer them, sons of the selfsame race,
And blood of the selfsame clan,
Let us speak with each other, face to face,
And answer as man to man,
And loyally love and trust each other as none but
free men can.

Now fling them out to the breeze,
Shamrock, thistle, and rose,
And the Star Spangled Banner unfurl with
these,
A message to friends and foes,
Wherever the sails of peace are seen and where-
ever the war wind blows.

A message to bond and thrall to wake,
For wherever we come, we twain,
The throne of the tyrant shall rock and quake
And his menace be void and vain;
For you are lords of a strong young land and we
are lords of the main.

Yes, this is the voice on the bluff March gale:
"We severed have been too long;
But now we have done with a wornout tale,
The tale of an ancient wrong;
May our friendship last long as love doth last and
be stronger than death is strong."

OUT OF HIS PAST.

BY H. L. HAWTHORNE.

The part pride played in the wrecking of three lives—How a mystery at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis culminated in a tragedy in far off Chili.

IN a little, curved street leading down to the bay from the grounds of the capitol at Annapolis, there lived, a few years ago, a German tailor, who, starting as an industrious immigrant, with a very limited English vocabulary and a still more limited amount of capital, had grown, by strict attention to business, from next to nothing to something slightly better in the course of eighteen years. Here in his dingy shop, which, during all this time, had retained its unambitious interior, Adam Hetsch made for his friends and neighbors their unobtrusive Sunday bests, which met the social demands of this ancient and somewhat contracted town with entire satisfaction.

Among the State Representatives was the Hon. Henry Beckman, a man of German extraction, who, by some chance, opened the door of Hetsch's dingy shop one afternoon, and put in motion a series of events about which were eventually drawn this obscure German family's fate lines. It so happened that the Hon. Beckman, on some visit of political significance, stood in immediate need of a pair of trousers, and on going down hurriedly from the capitol had noticed the tailor's display in Hetsch's window. Its meagerness had deterred him at first, but when he glanced at the name over the door he mounted the wooden steps and entered.

True to his past experience as a small politician, the Hon. Beckman talked to Hetsch of his business, the condition of the tailor trade, and the rights and wrongs of tailors generally. From that to politics was but a step, and the duties of his own position, now for the first time being assumed, enabled him to impress his importance upon the obsequious Hetsch.

The trousers, by some accident, proved a success, and when the honorable gentleman dropped in to pay his bill, he expressed his approval warmly.

"They are excellent," said he, viewing Hetsch's handiwork. "Why don't you get business among the midshipmen at the naval academy?"

"Ach! dat iss not fer me," answered the modest Hetsch, and then, his jealousy rising, he added, "Dose fellers vass too prout fer my shop. Dey must haf Noo York. Det tink Annapolis vass too leetle fer dem. Dey turn up der noses at us peeples."

"Too proud for us, eh! I tell you, sir, this false pride is eating away the very foundation principles of our republican institutions, and it is openly fostered and nourished and emphasized in the national academies. It should be checked. The American people owe it to themselves and to posterity to see that class distinctions are blotted out of these schools of the people."

The Hon. Beckman, continuing, pointed out the growing ascendancy of aristocracy in our land, to all of which the little tailor gave a cheerful assent. The statesman, finding a willing listener, expanded on the matter, in the course of which he found that the Representatives themselves could govern the class of boys who went to these schools, and were, therefore, responsible in a way for their social tone. He recalled, too, a letter received a few days before from the Secretary of the Navy, reminding him that the representation from his district at the naval academy was unfilled, and requesting that the nomination of a candidate for cadetship be made as promptly as possible. Before the hour had passed the Hon. Beckman had offered the cadetship to the tailor's son Felix, a youth of good parts, who had seemed well content to take up the burden of his father's trade with stolid acquiescence, and who now, with his father, stood confounded by the contemplation of the honors thus held out to them.

In the next few days, Mr. Beckman became more and more determined on the boy's appointment; partly because no political creditor had asked for the place for some henchman's son, partly by the sympathy of his German blood, and partly by the impulse to leaven the aristocratic naval loaf with a little of democratic commoner.

Young Hetsch's appearance was not much against him, but it certainly was not

in his favor. His education had been fairly good, but special training would be necessary to get him past the opening test, and Beckman, who had now entered strongly into his design, finally induced the somewhat awestruck father to draw forth from its hiding place the scanty savings of years to pay for the unfinished schooling of the young candidate.

The boy Felix was not enthusiastic, but he followed obediently in the lead of the bustling Beckman. He went to his tasks without ardor and without excitement, and one day, at the end of three months, his strict application to his books brought success. The official envelope of the Navy Department was broken under the light of the oily lamp of the Hetsch home, and in it was found the announcement of his successful candidacy, with orders to report forthwith to the superintendent.

Hetsch's career at the academy was as quiet and as unobtrusive as his father's shop windows. He studied industriously, and made a few friends, but sought and acquired no special prominence among his fellows. During the first year, his Saturday afternoons were spent at his father's house. His presence was an excuse for the little tailor to uncoil his legs, and the somewhat frowzy *frau* to lay aside the kitchen spoon, and for both to sit quietly while he told them of his "marks," his room, his drills, and his other occupations. The father and mother grew gradually in awe of this young fellow in blue, with his natty cap and its golden anchor. It seemed to them that he had entered into a new life in which they had no concern, and into which they had no wish to pry. To the mother particularly he seemed a new being, a feeling partly due to her inability to understand the words he used in telling them of the great school by the Severn. When he came, she would wash the marks of the kitchen from her hard, knotty hands, steal softly into the room where he sat talking, look gently at him, and sit quietly down in her shabby rocker with a half smile, in which awe and motherly pride mingled, illumining her placid German face. To the father, the son's new and elevated surroundings were a source of timid pleasure and respect. Thus brought in contact with the imagined aristocratic atmosphere of the academy, his peasant nature bowed before it, and his attitude to the boy lost much of the fatherly, though his heart was full of love and proud satisfaction.

Into his son's life he intruded but once. He sought out his room one afternoon, after study hours, but his short visit was confused by the bustle of cadets about the

building, the sounds of bugles, and the air of alert activity everywhere, from all of which he escaped with relief to his tailor's table, polished by years of unflagging toil.

As the years went by, the boy grew absurdly out of proportion to the narrow side street, the musty shop, and the unlettered parents. Just when the realization of this came upon him, Felix could not have told. He never entered the social circle of his fellow cadets, so the gulf between his early life and that toward which he grew came to be seen but slowly. Toward the end of his third year he became aware of an effort in making his Saturday afternoon visit at his home. He began to dread the weak black eyes of his father, which never failed to brighten when he opened the dingy door with its jangling bell, and his mother's greasy dress and lank hair grew unpleasantly obtrusive. He found himself at a loss in the disjointed talks during those wearisome hours. One Saturday, as he put on his full dress preparatory to the usual visit, his room mate burst in on him.

"Hello, Dutch!" cried he. "Out for your usual Saturday afternoon disappearance? Say, you mum old figurehead, where do you hide yourself, any way? I told Conant that I believed you went down to the wharf and communed with your kin, the oysters; but he insists that you go up to the legislature to satisfy yourself on your wisdom of keeping still. Conant has an idea that his wit is simply excruciating. I'll give you a pointer, old man; Squib Higgins swears he'll follow in your wake today, to find if this offishness about the girls doesn't mean some particular girl. You keep your eye on Squib."

Hetsch flushed and replied:

"Higgins had better attend to hunting a two five in mechanics. I have friends in town I go to see."

His room mate laughed. "That's one on Squib. But I say, Dutch, you're the deepest old oyster on the beach. Why, I don't know the first thing about you. You're from Maryland, aren't you? Of course, saw it in the register. Baltimore, I suppose—though you're Dutch as sauerkraut, for all that. By the way, there's a thin legged little tailor out in town with your name. Stumbled in there one day to see if I couldn't underbid those New York robbers on a cit suit for furlough. But the old Dutchman seemed so flabbergasted at a civilized person piping him up that he fell into a Dutch calm, so I scuttled."

Just then the first call for the dinner formation sounded, at which Hetsch's room mate dashed to his bowl to begin a hurried toilet, talking rapidly of a projected

sail on the Severn after dinner, in one of the cutters.

Hetsch's reticence on the subject of his parents had at first been due to his uncommunicative nature, and latterly to an unconfessed but increasing impulse to keep his humble connections out of sight. In the mind of the young cadet, at the beginning of his academy life, there was no moral cowardice in thus putting out of view that which might tend to lose him the respect or friendship of his fellows. It was the wish of his people to separate from him in his naval life, and as he had no social aspirations there was little or nothing to lose from the general knowledge that he was the son of a poor and ignorant German tailor. As he grew older, however, with the added dignity of an upper classman, on whom his juniors must look with respect, and he found himself becoming more identified with the great national naval establishment which was to be the scene of his future career, his ambition was roused, and by contrast, his origin rose before him as a clog and a menace. As the years had gone by he had thought that he saw in his father's manner a certain air of conscious pride, of ownership, of the well dressed and well appearing cadet. On this afternoon he returned to his quarters, when dinner was over, with the uneasy feeling of being pursued by the shabby, crooked figure of his father, and the loose, peering face of his mother. Slowly he took off his cap and button covered jacket, lay down on his narrow iron bed, and for the first time spent a free Saturday afternoon away from the ill smelling sitting room of his people.

Felix Hetsch had quite misunderstood his father's state of mind. The old tailor had willingly surrendered himself to second place in the family precedence, and while in the privacy of his home his heart glowed as he and the mother talked of the greatness of their boy, he never boasted to his humble customers of the relationship. He felt, in an indistinct way, that his son's standing would suffer from their acknowledged presence, and he was quite willing to keep out of the way. To the mother it was all a dream. She saw her son growing great before her very eyes. He spoke a language she could not understand, wore the uniform and seemed especially under the protecting eye of that wonderful government to which she had come, from the toil worn fields of Germany, for comfort and freedom. He was being filled with that mysterious force called knowledge, so overpowering to her dim conception. She all but worshipped him.

During his last year at the academy, Felix

Hetsch gradually fell out of the habit of his Saturday visits. It was easy to make excuses, to the poor innocents of the tailor shop. Then the day of graduation came and passed; and through the bustle and confusion, the coming and going of crowds of sightseers, the brilliant ceremonies and the prolonged and wearisome speeches, and diploma distribution, Hetsch caught glimpses, now and then, of two worn and frightened, yet very happy faces, so startlingly out of tone with the gaiety and sprightliness of fashion which filled the walks and lawns of the academy.

Contrary to custom, orders for sea met some of the class, and among them, to Hetsch's relief, were his own. In a week he was on his ship, alone at last with his career, the dust of the past shaken from his shoes, and his classmates scattered, never, as a body, to meet again.

The two years in the European squadron passed but too quickly. He drank in his new life with deepest pleasure. The great nations of the old world became undying impressions, with their wonders of palaces, their fleets and armies, their elegancies, riches, and art. The humble scenes of his boyhood had gone from him, and not even a letter bore to him the lost faces of the little old people in the crooked by street of Annapolis.

The orders for his final examination brought him again to the old haunts. With a step almost of indifference, he reached the door of the cottage, but the jangling of the bell brought a rush of memories. As he entered there rose about him the suffocating sense of distasteful ties, which he seemed destined never to shake from him. To his eyes nothing had changed. The contrast to the world in which he had moved made it impossible to him to note that there was an added touch of poverty to the rooms before him, through which there came slowly a shabby little man with weak eyes and an untidy, dull faced woman.

Their greeting was gentle and loving. He was grateful for their lack of effusion. He could not know how wonderful he had grown to them. They were frightened, but deeply thankful to look upon his face again.

"Felix," whispered the little man, "your mutter and me vas glat you vas safe from der sheep." The German was mindful of that stormy passage in the steerage of twenty years before.

Felix passed a month with them, and then was assigned to sea service again, this time to South America. During this period at his old home, he bore with them decently and with a pleasant spirit. He asked nothing.

ing of his father's affairs, for conditions seemed not to have changed. And yet there were signs, though he failed to notice them, of a certain and steady decline in the uninviting surroundings.

Embodened, perhaps, by his son's absence from the town, the little tailor, in a perfectly human way, had indulged in gentle boasts of his great son to his modest patrons. The infrequent letters from abroad made texts for him as he measured and sewed and bargained. Slowly jealousies were aroused, at first decreasing his limited custom, finally making for him enemies and competitors. At the time of his son's return, he had reached a low ebb in his affairs, and he could barely keep matters going.

Hetsch's expenses in Europe had, of course, absorbed most of his pay, but he had felt no uneasiness about his people. The conditions in the cottage were perfectly congenial and satisfactory to them, and when they were very old and wanted rest he would be their sheet anchor. By that time he would be well able to afford them ample comfort.

Once he had said to his father:

"Father, wouldn't you like to live in a larger house?"

"No, mein sohn, dis house iss goot 'nough. I like dis house. You vas a leetle poy here;" and his eyes grew weaker than usual as he turned slowly to his needle.

The shop seemed quiet in these days of waiting, and once he asked in a tone of mild interest:

"Father, where are your neighbors and customers? Is business all right?"

"Yah, mein sohn," hastily answered the father. "Business, he iss all right."

"Perhaps they're afraid of me," Felix suggested, with a careless smile.

"Yah," the tailor answered eagerly, "dot iss it; dey tink you iss a great man;" and even the fear of being discovered could not hide the proud glisten of his eyes.

Felix bade them a quiet good by one day and boarded the train for New York. The whirling wheels left farther and farther behind the unwholesome memories of a pinched and sordid boyhood, of the ill smelling back sitting room and the jangling shop bell. They left behind, also, the little bowed figure of the tailor, his weak eyes running with tears, the frowzy wife bending hesitatingly above him, and about them both the knowledge and the evidences of poverty run to earth.

The U. S. S. Wachusett moved lazily along the Pacific coast of South America, touching here and there at ports of no importance, and stopping for months at the great seaboard cities. The process of

"showing the flag" was pleasantly but thoroughly done, with tenders of fêtes by admiring friends, and adventurous trips into the back country to lighten the monotony. Two years of easy voyaging passed, and then came a long stretch to the westward, touching in at the Marquesas and Tahiti, and after six months, a snug harbor at Talcahuana, Chili.

The wardroom of the Wachusett was in a state of lively excitement as the "messenger" dumped on the center table a double armful of long accumulated mail.

"Are we forgotten when we're gone?" quoted the navigator, with a grin. "Well, hardly."

"I think I'll draw out of the game," said the paymaster drily, as he extracted a handful of letters from the mass.

"I've never known it to fail, in delayed mails," quoth the marine officer, "that the letters I want never arrive, while those that turn up are usually—er—surprises, and"—examining a long tailor account—"not always pleasant."

Hetsch took up the few papers and letters falling to his share, and with his usual reserved manner withdrew to his stateroom. His mail was short and quickly read; a chatty letter from his old room mate, a communication from the superintendent of the academy asking if he would accept an assignment at Annapolis in the Department of Languages, and lastly, a brief, scrawly letter from his father. It was of old date, some four months back, and told in his poor, scratchy, ill spelled words that his humble life was unchanged, but that the mother was growing a little old; in fact, seldom left her bed. The small pile of papers consisted mainly of naval literature, but among them he unfolded a Baltimore journal, in which his eye caught at once the bold blue lines of a marked column, topped by the usual heavily printed heading.

His startled eyes grew dark and fierce as he looked, then, with quivering pulse and heavily beating heart, he read word by word the fateful tale of his hidden life and the consequences of his indifference and cold neglect.

It read:

"A pitiful leaf from the record of two lonely lives! A son's neglect, and a father's broken heart! Adam Hetsch and his wife died at the county home yesterday within an hour of each other."

Then followed, in a column or more, the humble annals of the little tailor from the steerage of the great liner to his death bed in the almshouse. The crooked by street of Annapolis came into view, with the dark little shop, the jangling door bell, the

squalid surroundings, item by item, so dreadfully familiar in his boyhood memories. Then his own name flashed up at him from the printed page, and with shame crimsoning his cheeks, he saw himself ignobly hiding away those two shabby lives that he might be saved confusion, shaking from him one by one the tendrils which those loving hearts had woven about him, and finally, with no thought of their fate or of their welfare, abandoning them to the grudging pity of public charity.

He learned that for years his father's simple trade had languished largely, so the article stated, through the humble tailor's possession of an aristocratic son. It was an offense to his lowly neighbors to hear him in his innocent admiration of his great boy. The struggle against poverty had been long and grim. At length the shop was closed, and in a shabby back room the two toiled on with such intermittent work as came their way. The mother soon became bedridden, while the little tailor, sal-low and wizen, hovered about the streets seeking something for his weakening hands to do. The end came slowly, for the little man fought sturdily to the last. Perhaps he was buoyed by the secret hope that his boy would come back, and that then he could tell him a little of his troubles. But he would not tell him now. Oh, no! The boy must live like a great man, perhaps dine with governors and generals, and who was he, to stand in the way?

But the weak little eyes drooped and glistened as he crept to the tumbled bed where

the *frau* lay pining and starving, thinking only of her son.

The county took them in finally, but the struggle had been too severe. Both grew older and more feeble within the year, then stolidly and without complaint they went their way. At noon the mother died, and an hour later the little tailor opened his weak and wandering eyes, and with a gentle nod to the nurse whispered:

"Mein sohn, he vill come back safe from hiss sheep, so? He was a great man, mein sohn;" and then he died.

So this was what the world thought of it all! Ensign Felix Hetsch of the navy held up to public scorn, jeered at, exposed! Why were they so quiet out in the ward room? Were they, too, reading this Baltimore paper with its shameful story and its stinging comments? Wretchedness sat upon his woful face, and doom burned in his sunken eyes. So this was what the world thought of it!

* * * *

At the sharp crack of the pistol, the officers sprang into the ward room, where they saw a hazy blue smoke creeping through the lattice above Hetsch's door. In a moment they were in his stateroom, or peering in at the crowded entrance.

Hetsch lay on his bunk quite dead. On the floor lay his revolver. In the air was the mingled odor of smoke and burned paper. A Baltimore journal, from which a long clipping had been taken, was found on the dresser. The clipping was never discovered, but nevertheless, in time they heard the story.

MASKS.

WE see them here and there in many places,
Where life seems darkest and where fortune basks;
Old, young, and middle aged, a host of faces—
How many of them, think you, are but masks?

Behind the scenes, the coming and the going,
The old and new, the play times and the tasks,
Lie hidden depths that are beyond our knowing;
We see the maskers, but who sees the masks?

The priest at shrine, the clown at courtly revel,
The pilgrim with his staff and water flasks,
The saint and sinner, devotee and devil,
Pass and repass, but not without their masks.

Could we have truth and put away beguiling—
Nay, then, such truth no truthful seeker asks!
Come, baffled fate, and thou shalt find us smiling;
Roses for thorns—for men and women masks.

Ernest McGaffey.

WOMEN IN JOURNALISM.

BY ANNE O'HAGAN.

Just what it means to be a woman reporter on a great daily newspaper—A vivid picture of the life, showing its struggles and humiliations as well as its rewards.

THE Association of Collegiate Alumnae, an organization which has for one of its ends the issuing of statistics concerning the college woman in the various occupations she enters after graduation, sends me annually a request for information on "women in journalism."

"How many women journalists are there?" the A. C. A. inquires. "What are their incomes? What are the hours and the seasons of their labor? What dignities have they attained? Are many of them managing editors or city editors? And what advice should be given to young women ambitious to be journalists?"

The document—which does not give room for exhaustive answers—set me to thinking about "women in journalism." That is in itself a somewhat unusual thing for a newspaper woman. Her profession, if one may so designate her unlearned, helter skelter calling, leaves her but little time for meditation upon its merits and demerits. She is either in a state of cheer, born of the proximity of pay day, the cloudlessness of the weather, and the fact that she has not been assigned to interview the haughtiest and most exclusive dame in New York, or she is plunged into morose rebellion against her trade and the universe by the opposites of all these. In neither mental condition is unhurried deliberation or impartial judgment easy—and to that lack of thought upon our business it is doubtless due that there are many of us.

Going back to the pertinent question of the A. C. A. (the ladies love to think their organization famous enough to be recognizable by mere initials), how many women journalists are there? They average, probably, five to each of the large city dailies. On some conservative sheets there are but two or three, reserved for such dainty uses as the reporting of women's club meetings and writing weekly fashion and complexion advices. On other, more progressive papers there are eight or ten, scurrying breathlessly through the town to see bankers or murderers, to report teas or trials, to interview

the latest strike leader or to ask the newest divorcée questions which she will decline to answer unless she needs advertising for some post-matrimonial venture.

Neither of these classes is editorial. There are, however, a few women in small executive positions on daily papers. They have charge of the "woman's page"—sacred to currant jam and current gossip concerning subjects of no importance. Or they are in charge of a section of a Sunday supplement. They enjoy a certain measure of ease and seclusion. If it is sometimes borne in upon their minds that the management regards their departments either as an abuse of excellent space for the sake of a hypothetical circulation among women, or as a joke scarcely connected with real newspaper work, they console themselves with their undeniable dignity, their assured incomes, and their power among those of their sisters who need free advertising.

Even those whose lowly positions keep them in the sour grape attitude toward the editors of the "woman's departments" will admit that it is pleasanter to sit before a roll top desk and plan pages than it is to catch trains for points in New Jersey where disagreeable things have just happened. It is pleasanter to say unto trembling young women, "Go and watch them depart," than it is to be a trembling young woman and to obey the curt command. But for all that, the woman editor's position is not altogether desirable. She knows that her work is not too seriously regarded by the men whose vision must sweep the horizon from Cuba to Cathay for news, and whose brains are busy with the planning of policies which shall give their papers power. It is humiliating to do no work worth being taken seriously. It is stagnating—and no one knows this more keenly than the woman's page editor—to have no more vital subject for thought, so far as her profession is concerned, than the presentation in new form of an article on chafing dish suppers or on Mlle. Lightfoot's complexion regimen.

She knows, moreover, that it is worse

than stagnating—that it is debasing—to assume toward all things and beings feminine the attitude which custom seems to demand of her. No woman is ever mentioned on a "woman's page" who is not, if not transcendently beautiful, at least gifted with "a charm of manner all her own." No actress is there whose home life is not of a sort to gladden every mother's heart. No woman lawyer or doctor is anything but "deliciously feminine"; no woman orator exists—on the woman's page—who is not shy as April anemones; there is no artist who is not about to wrest the laurels from Rosa Bonheur's long threatened brows. There is no reformer harshly haranguing the world on unsavory subjects who is not herself a star of saintliness and a rose of sweetness. No Congressman ever had a wife whose brilliancy as a hostess and whose personal fascination did not cause the enraptured woman's page editor and reporter to grovel before her. She who orders and edits all this occupies the highest executive position yet obtained by women in journalism—in spite of the remarkable ability which distinguishes them all on one another's woman's pages. She has drifted into doing work either puerile or servile. She is generally a woman of intelligence and skill.

I wonder if the good ladies of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae will consider her career quite worth while.

Then there are the reporters. They call themselves "special writers" when they are reserved for particularly sensational work, but their business is reporting. Those whose association with the news of the day is through the women's clubs or the tailors are intellectually in the same category with the woman's page editors. So far as doing any real work either for their sheets, their times, or themselves is concerned, they might as well be cutting paper dolls. Opening the paper in the morning, they are gratified if their section has not been omitted. It has been, if there is any rush of actual news. Their work is tolerated, not needed. They are a meringue at a luncheon. If time is plenty it may be eaten—once or twice in the week. Even then it palls. But in busy seasons, busy folk skip the fluffy sweet.

Then there are the rest of the reporters—who "take their chances with the men" and try to enjoy the proud equality. On a morning paper they report for work between eleven and twelve o'clock. They go to their desks. Men of all sorts and conditions, their attitudes of all degrees of ease, lounge about at the work tables. They read their papers and smoke. They laugh and joke. They yawn and tell who won at poker last night, or criticise So and So's story with

pungency. As is unavoidable in such a gathering, there are some whose manners are not all the caste of Vere de Vere demands, and many who see no good reason for reserve and view dignity as unfriendly stiffness.

To be sure, these offer no deeper offense to their feminine associates than is conveyed by a too easy manner and a tendency to pay personal compliments. Undoubtedly women mixing with men anywhere are subjected to somewhat similar trials; there will always be familiar persons ready to comment on their work, their neckties, and their eyebrows. There are these in newspaper offices also. Sometimes the women who begin by resenting it all frigidly grow gradually to tolerate it.

They say—and to an extent they define the situation properly—that they are more philosophical. Their critics say that they have grown callous. Smoke no longer sickens them—which is a good and necessary thing. They do not keenly object to the easy, unkempt style of their associates. The shirt sleeves and elevated feet of such men as are addicted to negligé of dress and manner are overlooked. The woman who does not to some extent show an interest in what is known as "the gossip of the shop" is regarded, not without reason, as a prig. But "the gossip of the shop"—talk of the city editor's palpable unfairness, the "fakes" of the rival papers, the way that Smith's wife always has to come to the office on pay days to get even a tithe of his earnings, the genuineness of Miss Jones' blonde hair, and so on, is not particularly elevating. It is, however, the mental food offered the woman reporter while she waits in the office for her assignment. Sometimes she waits a couple of hours, sometimes a couple of days.

When assignments come they do not always seem to her desirable. She is, in the beginning, often a gentlewoman. She would swoon, if she were not too athletically reared, at the thought of speaking to a man known to be a wife beater. She would become a pillar of ice at the suggestion that she should ever approach a woman of evil notoriety. Most of all, she would regard as insulting a proposition that she should pry into the private affairs of her neighbors. The mere thought of addressing any one to whom she was not properly introduced would seem outrageous to her.

Having become a reporter of the class to which I am now referring, what happens? She is sent to the office of a broker; she runs the gamut of his office boys' and clerks' stare; she may gain admittance to his sanctum. She is not introduced to him,

of course. She is to ask him, tactfully, if it is true that he runs a bucket shop for women up town, or if it is a fact that his daughter eloped with her riding teacher, and if he will kindly furnish a photograph of her to accompany his denial of the rumor.

Or, as the woman reporter idly waits for her assignment, the city editor summons her and impressively bids her take the one o'clock train for the scene of the coal mine strike in Pennsylvania. He frowns with busy annoyance at the suggestion that she would like to go home for a hair brush. Finally she compromises by sending a telegram requesting that a packed portmanteau follow her. She adds another, telling the hostess with whom she was to dine that she cannot come. Then she goes to the coal mines.

Here the good ladies of the A. C. A., doubtless, will see a chance for doing work worthy a trained intelligence and a sympathetic heart. Here is a development of the capital and labor problem. Here the reporter may really help the cause of right and progress. The good ladies of the A. C. A. do not know of newspaper policies.

The reporter belongs, perhaps, to the clever organ of the capitalists. She has not been told what to find among the coal miners, but she knows. She is to find comfortable homes—owned by miners; flourishing schools, attended by miners' children; neatly dressed wives of miners, holding the fat babies of miners in their well developed arms. She is to see mine superintendents and owners greeted with friendly, though perfectly self respectful, bows from the workmen as they drive along the road. She must see their wives playing Lady Bountiful to any sick families there may be among the miners. Of course she is permitted to see a few low browed malcontents of foreign birth and un-American feeling. She may also notice a little poverty and distress, but it must be caused by drunkenness or wilful neglect of opportunities—a neglect due mainly to a passion for attending socialistic meetings. Such is the glorious opportunity given for real "work" by the capitalistic organ.

Or it may be that she is employed by the rampant "people's" paper. She will find a starving family in every block; hollow eyed mothers, and babies too feeble even to wail, will reveal themselves to her at every step. And in each case her voracious reports will be the foundation for inspired editorial utterance. Neither reporter—neither the busy young woman from the "people's" sheet nor the one from the brokers'—will be guilty of absolute falsity. Each will find instances of what she seeks. She will ac-

centuate, not invent. But insincerity will permeate her work and insincerity will warp her mind. In time the women reporters come to regard this lightly, but there is probably not one who did not begin her career with clearness of mental vision and honesty of purpose. That these are inevitably lost is the greatest harm that the journalistic life does women. It is infinitely worse than the deterioration of manners, which is also inevitable. It is as bad, though more subtle, than the lapses in morals in their narrower sense which some other occupations induce.

In case that it has not been the reporter's privilege to dash, all unprepared, into the wilds of Pennsylvania, she has probably dawdled about the city room for an hour or two. Then she has received her assignment. If it is the day of the Charity Ball, she is to go to the houses of the women who will be its patronesses. She is told, if the city editor is in a mood of expansive generosity, to "take a cab." The privilege of taking a cab is one which, to the managerial mind, seems to compensate for all indignities. When an editor wounds a woman's pride by telling her that she must interview butlers and ladies' maids he applies the balm of "a cab." On Charity Ball days more newspaper women ride in carriages than all the rest of the year.

In a cab, then, she drives, her pride pocketed, but squirming restlessly in its hiding place. She goes to the patronesses' houses. She requests descriptions of the frocks and jewels with which they are to dazzle beholders. Sometimes the description is willingly, not to say eagerly, given; sometimes it is refused with all the ungraciousness that can be infused into a refusal. Sometimes the reporter stands in the hallway—the butler eying her as a detective does a ticket of leave man—and there is borne through its tapestried length a far carrying, crystal clear utterance: "My gown? What impertinence! Tell the young person certainly not!" And the "young person" is not always philosopher enough to smile and tell herself that it is not she, but the *Morning Clarion*, that is being snubbed by an underbred woman with a loud voice and a heavy purse.

She returns to the office after a while and the city editor asks confidently: "Well, how many? What, only nine? Did you take a carriage as I said you might?"

Then she explains wearily that not even the sound of the hired wheels upon the asphalt has proved an *open sesame* to all fashionable dressing rooms, and begins to write her rapid little paragraphs on Mrs. A's brocade and Mrs. B's point lace.

While she is doing this, she is told to "finish that up as soon as possible" and go to the ball to assist the dapper youth who does society for the paper. She eats whenever the pause comes. She goes to the ball; she assists the society reporter. She comes back to the heated, hurried office a little before midnight and dashes off pages of copy as fast as her fingers will work. It has long ceased to be a question of speed of thought. Tired out, with tense nerves, she goes home to such refreshing sleep as she can snatch. The next morning half past ten finds her traveling down to Park Row again, ready for the new adventures.

She interviews murderers and makes close analytical studies of murderesses. To do this she visits jails and grows accustomed to their murky atmosphere and to their stolid keepers. She attends trials and tries hard to keep from feeling keenly out of place in scenes where men squabble and fight, and where the lowest and the guiltiest thoughts of human beings are laid bare.

Nothing is sacred from her. That is doubtless because the inquisitive public declines to let anything be sacred from it. She interviews the woman just appallingly widowed; she interviews the woman whose domestic infelicities are bruited abroad. She pesters royalty within the city walls by constant requests for bulletins of its movements, its tastes, and its intentions. She hardens herself to be impertinent, and in proportion as she succeeds in the womanly process she counts herself improving in her work.

She denies herself many physical luxuries, as well as those of sensibility and refinement. "Abandon headaches, ye who enter here," is the impalpable lettering over the city room door. Headaches interfere with the getting of news and with the writing of it. Weather must also become the merest trifle to the woman who essays reporting. She must be willing to wade through snow, to swim, if need be, overflowing gutters, to face cutting winds, to tramp in dog day heat, and at the end to write as sparkingly as nature and education permit.

That such an occupation requires women of strong physical and nervous constitution is sufficiently apparent. It has passed into an axiom on Newspaper Row that four years of journalistic work mean an attack of nervous prostration for a woman. Some escape this by the simple process of having less momentous spells of illness, with their enforced rests, at briefer intervals. Occasionally one works for years with no breakdown and no sickness worthy of note. But she is regarded almost with awe as one slightly uncanny.

No woman reporter makes an engagement which has not a proviso attached. She "accepts with pleasure"—unless she chancies to be writing her interview with the wife beater or with the captain of the Vizcaya at the time when the dinner party is given that she may meet the distinguished sculptor or the man who might have been her fate. She will go to the theater joyfully on Wednesday—unless she happens to be at Highland Falls obtaining the statement of the last woman who has become known to fame as the heroine of an Enoch Arden story. She will attend her sister's wedding—if she isn't stranded in a Connecticut town whence no trains leave before morning, but where a most interesting centenarian is celebrating his birthday. And these things, though trifles, doubtless, to the strong minds of men, are trials to the sex that has an inherited fondness for occasions that permit it to wear its best clothes.

That from all these causes the newspaper woman has her detractors is not a matter to cause marveling. She is not, as a rule, well dressed. She pins her ugly walking hat on hair which she may have time to keep neat, but which she never has time to dress becomingly. She fastens up her sturdy boots; she can't wear attractive frivolities in shoes when she does not know whether she will be climbing the Berkshire Hills or picking her way over Greenpoint cobbles by nightfall. She is tailor made or ready made as her income permits, but there is a painful lack of individuality about her serges and her shirt waists. Some are fresher than others; some show the marks of last week's wetting. Some still have the lines of the tailors' iron. But they are alike to a degree that must be distressing to the esthetes she meets sometimes.

Her manners are not always what the editors of the etiquette columns and the gifted composers of the advice to débutantes would approve. The office life leads insensibly into tolerating a lack of punctiliousness from men; it is only a step thence to a lack of fastidiousness in herself. To look upon talk with a shoplifter or a snub by a servant as a natural feature of the day's work necessarily destroys some of that delicacy which used to be considered a charm. The restaurants where her haphazard meals are taken, are not the nicest schools of deportment. Out of town assignments, traveling by train and carriage, staying at country hotels, buying her own tickets, and making her own bargains, rub the bloom from a woman no matter how high minded or sensitive she is.

This is the story of what the average newspaper demands of its women. It means all

of her time, all of her strength, the loss of many things non essential to happiness and goodness perhaps, but dear to women from long association—the loss of almost all social life; the consequent drifting away from all friends but those of her office and her profession; loss of attentions, meaningless enough, but dear to her since the time of Eve, and loss of much that has constituted her charm in times past.

What does it offer her in return? She is regarded as not an ill paid person among women workers. Those who sit in state and are responsible for the pages of soft soap and sugar make from forty to fifty dollars a week. Occasionally a woman who has achieved a unique position, though it may not happen to be an admirable one, can command a higher salary than that. In New York there are two women drawing \$100 a week. One of them earns hers by her reputation for undertaking daring feats; the other by her daring style.

The average salary for the woman who does not occupy an executive position, and who has not become identified with a distinct and popular line of writing, is much less. She earns from twenty to thirty-five dollars a week. If she works "on space"—that is, if she is paid not by the week, but by the piece, to speak in jobbing terms—she may make more and she may make less. The average rate a column is about seven dollars. A column a day is an unusually good allowance. Many days—sometimes whole weeks—will pass without the space writer's happening upon a "story" worth half that allowance in the paper.

But even the twenty dollar a week salary does not seem hopelessly small pay to the woman who is earning her living in some other way. The average teacher grumbles: "We get less." She gasps with horror at the thought that women whose renown must be chiefly that of sensationalists have salaries equal to a college president's.

She overlooks the important fact that whereas she and the college president and all pedagogues work nine months in the year, the newspaper woman works eleven and a half; that whereas the pedagogue works five days in the week, the newspaper woman works six; that whereas the pedagogue works four or five hours a day, the newspaper woman works ten, and very often twelve or fifteen.

She works ten hours a day, six days a week, and fifty weeks a year; that is 3,000 hours a year. If she is paid what is a fair average—\$30 a week—she earns fifty cents an hour. The teacher teaching from nine until two for five days a week, and for thirty six weeks, works 900 hours a year. If she gets

\$1,000 she spends her time more than twice as advantageously from a monetary point of view as the journalist who earns \$1,500 a year. In the ordinary instances newspaper work does not pay financially.

It does not offer advancement sufficient to allure an ambitious and clever woman. There are no managing editors among women; there are no city editors; there are no night editors. There is a rumor that on one Chicago paper—the *Post*, if I recall aright—a woman is employed as an editorial writer. With that the whole sisterhood comforts itself. There is a remembrance which it hugs to its heart—that once a woman was Sunday editor on a New York paper. And it refuses to go on and admit that her day of glory was brief, that she now writes fashion articles for a syndicate, and that the paper that made the experiment was itself an experiment which failed.

It is not by what it holds out to ambition, any more than by what it offers greed, that the newspaper manages to compensate its women for all that it forces them to give it.

To say that it has a fascination is to say no more than may be said of opium by the opium eater, or of the car of the great god Juggernaut by its victims. It has such a fascination, one that is inexplicable. It has also its well defined rewards for such as can obtain them. They are not handed through the cashier's window on pay day. They are not compliments, though these are smoothers, also, of the rough road newspaper women must travel.

If a woman counts wide experience of life as gain, it is hers. She knows the teeming sweat shops of the East Side, and she sits at banquets where clever men and women make epigrams. She gauges the depth of the visiting foreign poet's soul, and she accurately reckons the length of his hair. She visits sinners in their cells. She finds saints in unexpected places. She meets shams at every turn and gradually she comes to recognize them. She is forced to regard the world objectively, and that for a woman is a blessing too great for easy measuring. If she is made sometimes insincere in her work, at any rate she acquires a certain sense of proportion which answers for the sense of humor men tell her she must forever lack.

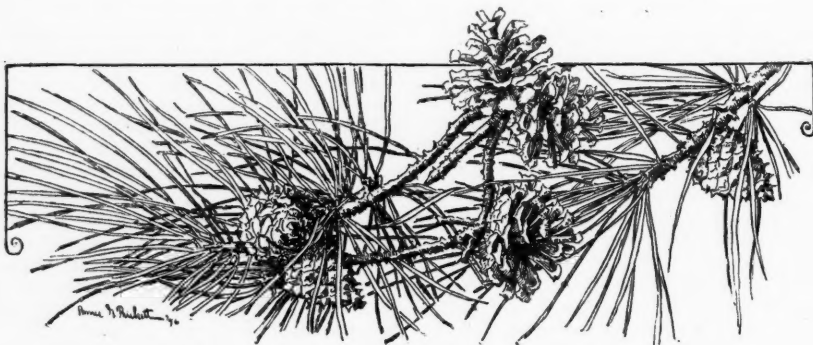
If she is a woman of sterling sense—and if she is not she will not long find her services required—bigotry will become impossible to her. She will find the uncouth man, who at the end of her first fortnight arouses her wrath by his personalities, doing her the kindest services. She will learn that the reporter with an ungovernable fondness for a pipe and an ungraceful attitude is cleverest

of his tribe at difficult work. She will, when she grows used to it, be not averse to the transformation of men from flatterers and cavaliers into friends and comrades.

The effect of her work depends so largely on the handling of trifles that she will watch for them and take pleasure in them. And the woman who has learned to find joy in trifles has the one rustless weapon against ennui and disgust. The newspaper woman is watchful for pussy willows silvering a thicket on a late winter day in the country; she listens to the tune the street piano

grinds, and she watches the tenement children dancing to it, when she climbs Avenue B stairs in search of her "story." Her eyes are open always for "local color," and so sometimes they catch a glimpse of what the godly might call divine radiance.

Do these compensations compensate? Only the newspaper woman can tell and her verdict will depend, alas, upon the weather and her assignment on the day when her decision is demanded. And the present obscurity of the good ladies of the A. C. A. will probably remain unenlightened.



THE IDEAL.

THERE is a figure fairer far
Than Phidias ever wrought or feigned;
At hand the stone and chisel are—
O sculptor, free the vision veined!

There is a scente to Titian's dreams
Would ne'er in its lost light arise;
Thy childhood's mountains, fields, and streams—
O painter, limn their splendid dyes!

There is a chord whose elfin tones
Beethoven's soul could never seize;
Thine instrument before thee moans—
O master, touch the yearning keys!

There is a song all but divine
That never rung through Sappho's brain;
Its words are simple, few, and thine!—
O poet, build the matchless strain!

Henry Jerome Stockard.



THE STAGE

ALICE NIELSEN'S DARING.

Undaunted by the notable wrecks that strew the way—Camille D'Arville, Della Fox, Lillian Russell—Alice Nielsen, late leading soprano with the Bostonians, announces that she will tempt fate as a lone star in October next. Her temerity seems all the greater when we recall the fact that she has been in the eye of the playgoing public little more than a year, having achieved the success which makes the artist's name stand out from a bill as

though printed in letters of a different color, only in March, 1897, when she appeared in the New York production of "The Serenade." However, stage chronicles tell us that length of service has little to do with the possibility of "hits" in the realm of stars.

Miss Nielsen has many things in her favor—a good voice, a pleasing presence, and abounding vivacity. And, after all, to employ a quotation we have had occasion to use many times in this department,



ALICE NIELSEN AS "YVONNE" IN "THE SERENADE."

From a photograph by the Rose Studio, Providence.

"the play's the thing." Miss Nielsen has secured two good men to provide her with the vehicle on which so much depends. They are the makers of "The Serenade"—Victor Herbert and Harry B. Smith. And the present name of the new work is "The

they had several other new operas of whose merits they were confident, and yet, lo and behold, during their spring season at Wallack's, "Robin Hood" again bobbed up serenely, and the only other work offered during the four weeks' engagement was



MARY HAMPTON, WHO CONTEMPLATES STARRING.

From a recent photograph by Chickering, Boston.

Fortune Teller." It is rumored, moreover, that Eugene Cowles is to leave the Bostonians and become a member of Miss Nielsen's company.

The Bostonians, by the way, are sadly in need of freshening up. Last August they announced for the final night of their season at Manhattan Beach the "burial" of "Robin Hood," intimating thereby that that standby for so many seasons would positively never again be revived. They declared that in addition to "The Serenade"

"The Serenade." They played to good houses, so we suppose it is all right. But why does the management appear heartily ashamed of clinging to this dear old friend of Sherwood Forest, and periodically give out that it has no further use for him?

MARY HAMPTON'S FINE RECORD.

Nobody seems to understand why Charles Frohman went to England for the leading woman of the Empire stock company to succeed Viola Allen. Jessie Millward is un-



CARRIE PERKINS AS "MOTHER HUBBARD" IN "JACK AND THE BEANSTALK."
From a photograph by Chickering, Boston.



MARGARET MAYO, OF THE "SECRET SERVICE" COMPANY.

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

doubtedly a good actress, but with so many well equipped women already in his own service to choose from, it seems a pity that an American could not have been selected. In Mary Hampton, who has played Miss Allen's rôles on tour for several seasons, he would have found an admirable artist for this important post. Her *Rosamund* was a brilliant success, and her splendid work with Sothorn in "An Enemy to the King" is still fresh in the mind of the playgoer. During this past winter she has been enacting *Renée* in "Under the Red Robe."

It is announced that Miss Hampton has resigned from the Frohman company and, like Miss Nielsen, contemplates launching out for herself. We trust that the rumor to the effect that she is to use an Indian war

drama entitled "The General's Daughter" is not authentic. Indians are proverbially bad luck pennies to all who tamper with them in the play line, "The Girl I Left Behind Me" being the exception that proves the rule.

At this writing Miss Hampton is engaged as leading woman for "Shenandoah," the war inspired summer revival at McVicker's, Chicago.

THE REVIVAL OF THE STOCK SYSTEM.

The great success of the Castle Square Opera Company has incited managers all over the country to inaugurate stock systems on the same general basis—good all round productions at reasonable prices. This is not only a good thing for the public,



CARRIE RADCLIFFE, LEADING WOMAN OF A PHILADELPHIA STOCK COMPANY.

From a photograph by Baker, Columbus.

but serves as an excellent training school for actors as well, although it involves a tremendous amount of work, as the bill is changed once a week, calling for never ending rehearsals. But there are some theaters where the amount of labor involved exceeds even that required in these organizations. We give a portrait of Carrie Radcliffe, leading woman at Forepaugh's, Philadelphia, where two performances a day are given six days in the week, and a new play is produced every Monday afternoon. One of the New York critics who attended a presentation of "The Wife" at this house spoke in almost enthusiastic terms of the excellent results obtained.

A good deal of rubbish, by the way, has

been written about stock companies during the last few months. In fact, the critics' camp has been divided into two parties, one on the side of the syndicate, and the other against it, and the opinions of both have been colored by their sympathies. This is extremely unfair to the public, who care not a whit whether the company producing a play belongs to a "trust" or is a thoroughly independent organization. What the people want are good plays, well presented, and if the critics blindly ignore that which is worthy simply because it may be presented under the auspices of a management to which their paper is hostile, the reader is cheated out of his rights.

"A fair field and no favor" seems to be

a needed motto for the play reviewer just now.

SOCIETY AND THE VARIETY STAGE.

Nothing better illustrates the fickleness of the dwellers in the modern Vanity Fair, and

such a place as Tony Pastor's, and everybody with any sort of pretense to social standing believed that variety performances of every sort were vulgar to the last degree. Very early in the eighties, however, some enterprising amusement seekers from the



ROLANDE DAVIS, OF THE MAY IRWIN COMPANY.

From a photograph by Schloss, New York.

their instability in matters of taste, than the extraordinary degree of popularity achieved of late years by the people now termed "vaudeville artists," but formerly known as "song and dance men."

It is not so very long ago that the variety stage was voted distinctly "low" in the august circles of Vanity Fair. Well bred women shuddered at the idea of going to

regions of fashion discovered Harrigan & Hart's, which for two or three seasons had been one of the most popular and interesting playhouses in the town. Then it became the fashion to go down to the little bandbox across the way from the old St. Nicholas Hotel, and enjoy an entertainment furnished by a company composed entirely of variety actors.



MAEBELLE THOMPSON, OF THE DALY COMPANY.

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

About the same time pieces like "The Tourists" and "Fun on the Bristol" leaped suddenly into favor with the better classes of society. These so called farce comedies were simply very bad variety shows, and were heartily despised by bootblacks, policemen, and other intelligent citizens who had been brought up in the galleries of New York variety houses; but the men and women of fashion, who had never seen the really good variety performers, declared that they were bright, fresh, and original. They were supported in this view by certain venerated dramatic critics, who had never before dreamed of crossing the threshold of Tony

Pastor's playhouse, and felt, when they commended such ponderous fun making as that of Saulsbury's troubadours, that they were "discovering" a new and characteristic phase of native dramatic art.

In due course of time the slaves of fashion learned that a really good variety show was better than the inferior imitations that they had previously thought so alluring. They began to pay cautious visits to Tony Pastor's, and even to Koster & Bial's, all of which seems laughable to us when we consider the modern music hall's popularity with the most fashionable men and women of New York.



MARIE STUDHOLME, OF THE ENGLISH "CIRCUS GIRL" COMPANY.

From a photograph by The Carbon Studio, New York.

If Eph Horn or Nelse Seymour could return to earth and see the way in which vaudeville artists—the variety man no longer exists—are patronized by the exclusives of Vanity Fair, he would curse the ill luck which put him on the earth a quarter of a century too soon. The woman who entertains on a large scale knows that she can offer her friends nothing that will please them better than the "specialties" of some well known performer. May Irwin recently received six hundred dollars for singing half a dozen songs in a swell drawingroom, and it must have amused her to recall the days when the same people would have scorned to send for her on the ground that Tony Pastor's people were "impossible." Carmencita, Chevalier, and Weber & Fields have also appeared with success in many private houses.

It is an ill wind that blows no one good, and the present craze not only affords the rich and well to do a good deal of amusement, but also brings to the most popular form of entertainment known on the American stage a degree of prosperity and importance in the public mind that it has never enjoyed before.

THE METROPOLITAN SEASON IN RETROSPECT.

One fact stands out with striking prominence in looking back over the New York theatrical season of 1897-98. This is the unusual number of flat failures dotting its course. Many of these plays were such obvious weaklings that their coming to performance at all must be set down to their managers' fixed determination to trust to chance rather than judgment.

To offset this dismal side of the ledger there has been one success not only greatly overtopping every other hit of the season, but smashing all receipt records of recent years. We refer, of course, to "The Little Minister," in which Maude Adams has been playing steadily to packed houses from September 27 to June 14. Is the play or the star the magnet in the matter? In answer to those who assert that it is Miss Adams, opponents can point to the almost equally long run of the piece at the Haymarket in London. Some aver that the name is a great factor in the problem, implying that those who would not attend the playhouse on ordinary occasions, will do so to see a piece dealing with a clergyman who must be all that he should be, as there is the novel to vouch for him. Undoubtedly the book's great vogue had a good deal to do with the success of the play—although there is a greater departure from the story than has been the case with most of the other dramas made from novels. But aside from all accessory influence, "The

Little Minister" is constructed with rare cleverness to enchain public interest. There is a strong element of variety, the scene shifting from outdoors to indoors and giving opportunity for picturesque mounting, while the incidental music adds another enjoyable feature, and the comedy element dominates everything.

The other hits of the year in English plays were Pinero's "The Princess and the Butterfly," and Carton's "The Tree of Knowledge," both produced by the Lyceum stock company. The remainder of the season's successes were all American made, namely, Goodwin's "An American Citizen," by Mrs. Ryley; "A Virginia Courtship," by Eugene Presbrey; "The Conquerors," by Paul Potter; "The Moth and the Flame," of the Kelcey-Shannon organization, by Clyde Fitch, and Lottie Blair Parker's "Way Down East."

In the comic opera field the star comedians have contented themselves with works carried over from previous seasons. With the single exception of Frank Daniels with "The Idol's Eye," the novelties were both produced by stock companies—DeKoven and Smith's "The Highwayman," and Sousa's "The Bride Elect." The success of both these offerings should be a particular source of pride to their devisers, as they have won through intrinsic merit alone, and have not been carried into the haven of hits on the strength of a low comedian's high reputation.

The music hall realm witnessed the continued steady advance of Weber & Fields in the favor of the best class of theater goers. Housed in a hall of small dimensions and no particular pretense to beauty, this enterprise has secured an enormous clientage by turning the profits of its early success back into the business. Other shows advertising "star casts" are put out of countenance by the combination of talent one finds in the burlesque bills here.

One more notable feature of the season is the capture of the city by the Castle Square Opera Company. Not only has it crowded the American Theater from Christmas Day, but the quality of the audience has been noticeable as well as its quantity. All sorts and conditions of people are in evidence there. Lovers of good music do not hesitate to pay as little as seventy five cents for their seats simply because they can afford to ride to the theater in their own carriages. The company has won a reputation for far more than its low rates, and is now an important element in the amusement purveying of the city.

The theaters closed for the summer even earlier than last year. The Casino will prob-

ably be the only house to keep its doors open straight along. Its production of an annual review is set down for July 4, a month later than usual.

A good deal has been said about the effect of the war on theater going. As a matter of fact, the political situation has had very little influence one way or the other, unless possibly the conflict has actually played into managers' hands by admitting of the revival of dramas like "Shenandoah," for some time laid on the shelf. Pretty quick work was done by Oscar Hammerstein in his "War Bubbles," produced May 16, and containing matter relative to the battle of Manila, fought just two weeks previous. That the best thing in the conceit was a travesty on a performance at the Metropolitan Opera House, having no earthly connection with the war, is a straw showing that managers are evidently determined to entice audiences with the bait of the topic of the hour, no matter by how slight a thread military titles are linked to performances.

Apropos of the war, a Paris journal announces that the Theater Royal, of Madrid, now holds the record for the largest receipts ever received at a single theatrical performance. This is set down at a million and a half of francs (\$300,000), and was paid for seats and boxes at a benefit performance given late in April to raise a fund for the purchase of a warship to fight against the United States.

Although the character that Carrie Perkins impersonates in "Jack and the Beanstalk" is not one naturally associated with grace and beauty, she is clever enough to make her *Old Mother Hubbard* attractive, and yet still keep the figure within the picture. She hails from Massachusetts, and began playing at the Boston Museum, in 1877. Among the prominent companies of which she has been a member was that of Dixey, in "Adonis," and Rice's Surprise Party, which produced "Evangeline." Miss Perkins almost invariably designs her own costumes.

Among our portraits this month are those of three players who are recent acquisitions to the stage. Rolande Davis is a cousin of Caroline Miskel Hoyt, and has been playing during the past season with May Irwin's company in "The Swell Miss Fitzwell." Margaret Mayo is a Western girl, from Portland, Oregon, and possesses musical and literary talent, as well as a taste for acting. She has been playing the part originated by Odette Tyler in "Secret Service." Macbelle Thompson is a native of the national

capital, and joined Mr. Daly's company some two years ago. Among her parts are *Winnie* in "The Last Word," and *Inis* in "The Wonder."

In our notice of "The Master" a few months ago, we stated that we awaited the English verdict with interest. This has now been registered and agrees with that expressed in this department—which was at direct variance with that of the critics on the daily press. The *London Stage* declares that the leading part is "only a lath painted to look like iron," and wonders what John Hare saw in the piece likely to draw the public.

We give a new portrait of Marie Studholme, who is now enacting *Dora* in the company producing "The Circus Girl" on tour in England. She was last seen here in the ill fated "In Town."

"The Circus Girl," by the way, was withdrawn from the London Gaiety on May 7 (after a run of 497 performances) giving place to another maiden—"A Runaway Girl," a new musical comedy built on the same lines and which promises to have an equally successful career. Seymour Hicks, the clever young actor and husband of Ellaline Terriss, is one of the authors, and Miss Terriss is the heroine, who runs away from a convent and joins a band of wandering minstrels. Mr. Daly will undoubtedly stage the piece in New York during the autumn.

American plays are just now dotting London so thickly that the fact is becoming a byword of comment in the papers over there. For instance, the *Graphic* recently remarked: "When the entire London stage is occupied by American companies it has been pointed out that the new theaters, which have sprung up of late with such prodigious rapidity in the suburbs, may afford to English companies a convenient refuge—at least till the fashion of the hour undergoes a reaction." Last year we had "Secret Service" over there; this, we have had "The Heart of Maryland," "Too Much Johnson," "The Conquerors," and "The Belle of New York," with more to follow.

Now look out for a succession of failures. This massing of hits will inspire a stampede of managers across the ocean that sooner or later will kill the goose that lays the golden sovereigns. Of course it is but natural that the craze should spread, but it would be a pity to disturb good first impressions by an indiscriminate rush of ill chosen "attractions" to a market that must soon suspect it is being "worked."

STORIETTES

WAR EXTRA NO. 13.

THE air was thrilling with reiterant cries of "Extra! Extra! Extra!" Through every street rushed small boys eager to dispose of their bundles of glaring headlines, but eager, too, to get back to headquarters and obtain the next edition, now a mass of cold metal and a chaotic confusion in the worried brain of some prominent official, but soon to be brought into conjunction in war extra No. 18, 20, or 30, as the case might be.

Washington was astir. The quiet serenity of a nation at peace with all the world had been disturbed, and, whatever the private opinions of her servants, national pride and glory were at stake and had to be upheld. A call to arms had sounded from one end of the land to the other. From all points of the compass troops were steadily tramping toward the South. Important assignments were hourly made; leave takings and sudden departures were the order of the day; messengers hurried here and there, and vehicles rushed from point to point.

The gossips of the capital who had no personal concern in the tragic moment were discussing pretty Katharine Duval and Teddy Lawrence. Their affairs were all well known. His adoration, her scornful flouting of him; his twenty proposals, her twenty refusals; these were public property. The main point against her was that one moment she cruelly laughed her suitor to scorn and the next demanded his complete submission to her will. In this capricious behavior she had transgressed the limit of endurance accorded to flirting and coquetry even in Washington's liberal society.

Extra No. 13, issued at one o'clock on this particular day, announced that Lieutenant Edward Lawrence would leave Washington at four o'clock, presumably to confer with Gomez. That he would land in Cuba, etc., etc. To every one who read the announcement that this favorite of the winter's gaieties was to be rushed into the midst of dangers, perhaps to death on a battlefield or in some plague ridden hospital, occurred the questions: How will Katharine Duval feel? Will she regret her treatment of this persistent lover or not, now that he is to be taken from her, perhaps forever?

It was just two o'clock. Miss Duval stood in Senator Duval's library, while down Senator Duval's front steps rushed tumultu-

ously a blue coated messenger boy, one crisp dollar bill in his hand and another in prospect, provided he accomplished his mission.

Miss Duval's appearance would probably have seemed sufficient answer to the above questions of the gossips if they could have seen her. She was gowned apparently for a reception, in filmiest gray chiffon and white lace, while neither in her eyes nor on her cheeks was there sign or symbol of regret. Yet extra No. 13 lay on the library table. There was no sign either of impatience or excitement. On the contrary, her patience was warranted to last until half past two, at which hour she expected her messenger or—

Lieutenant Lawrence read the tiny blue note thrust into his hand by the panting messenger:

I must see you before you go. Come at the earliest possible moment.

KATHARINE DUVAL.

Lawrence wasted three moments considering the matter, and three more in writing a note saying that he was extremely sorry that duty prevented, and so on and so forth.

But his divinity had been unusually unkind the night before. The laugh with which she had rejected his twenty first avowal of adoration still rang in his ears. He wanted a kinder, sweeter memory to take with him; so he yielded and went.

He was six minutes late, and Miss Duval's cheeks were pink, but perhaps impatience was not the only cause of this unwonted color.

"Oh, Teddy, you're so late! And the time is so short, any way. I can't let you go this way—positively can't. We—we must be married at once." One of Miss Duval's hands was in his, the other rested on his coat.

"But—"

"No," she waved aside his protesting "but"; "there's no time for argument. I couldn't do a thing until I saw whether you came. You must rush and get the license and the ring, and I'll get the bishop. It's awfully irregular and queer, but he'll come, I know. I shall be back with him at quarter past three, and you must be here a little before that to explain things to papa. He will be here at three, sharp. I've just telephoned to him."

If this conversation seems one sided it is

only because it is quite impossible to reproduce Mr. Lawrence's part in it. This consisted of gasps, echoes of Miss Duval's words, with a few interspersed adjectives. When it came to a question of action, however, he was ready. Perhaps he did waste one minute, but to neither of them did it seem sixty seconds, nor to either of them did it seem wasted.

At precisely half past three o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lawrence were receiving the bishop's congratulations and the parental blessing. Then followed a momentary silence. No one seemed quite ready to say the obvious words, to speed the departing bridegroom, to console the bereaved bride.

"I didn't intend to, Ted. I do assure you I thought that all I wanted was to prove my love to you and to be yours absolutely and entirely, to belong to you until death—" Here the bride's voice broke. "I thought I could let you go, but I cannot. I am going with you just as far as I can."

Three masculine protests answered this assertion, but Mrs. Lawrence heard none of them. After her departure the maid found, at intervals on the stairs, a varied collection of hatpins and stickpins. A gray hat lay on the first landing, a gray bodice on the upper step, and a gray skirt just inside her bedroom door. But all this was in order that precisely at three forty she might again enter the library gowned in dark blue serge, a traveling bag in her hand, ready to accompany her husband.

The three protests were repeated, but Mrs. Lawrence deemed them unworthy an answer. She kissed the bishop—had he not baptized her and confirmed her and, besides, all, married her? Then she drew her father's head down. A flash of tears dimmed the old blue and the violet eyes alike, but she whispered in his ear, "You'd do it yourself, you know you would, if you were in my place," and the old Senator could not gainsay her.

At three fifty five they arrived at the station.

"Extra! Extra! Extra!" rang the familiar cry.

"Oh, Ted, do get me one! I haven't seen an extra for over two hours."

The first words that met her eyes were these:

Lieutenant Lawrence will not leave until tomorrow, or possibly the following day. The messages to Gomez will have to be held back until more definite arrangements have been made for their transmission.

Lieutenant Lawrence's orderly was already at the station with orders from headquarters for the lieutenant to remain in Washington and await further instructions.

"Oh, Ted!" gasped Mrs. Lawrence; then she added philosophically: "Well, it can't be helped now, and, any way, you do know now that I love you, don't you?"

Kathryn Jarboe.

MARRIAGE ON FRIENDSHIP.

"So you won't marry me?" I said indifferently.

"I didn't say quite that," said Miss Morris, trailing one hand in the lake after the fashion of young women when in a canoe.

I splashed water with my paddle and waited.

"In the first place," continued Miss Morris, "you are not in love with me."

I said nothing. I was, awfully, but I am a very reserved young man, and I think twice before I speak. Leisure hour practice in playing solitaire has taught me never to lay down a card until I am absolutely forced to part with it.

"In the second," added Miss Morris, "I am not in love with you."

There was a note of injury in her voice. She had doubtless expected some denial of her first proposition.

I grasped my paddle more firmly and began to make for the dark shadows at the other side of the lake. We had been drifting and were coming into too near a view from the hotel. Moreover, Miss Morris was watching me in order to judge the effect of her last remark, and I did not wish to give her any satisfaction. She is a college young woman, of a psychological turn of mind, and is collecting data for a paper on the emotions.

"Well?" said she finally, in a tone which meant, "What have you to say for yourself?"

Accordingly I spoke.

"I don't remember," said I, with dignity, "that I mentioned anything, Kathleen, except to ask you to marry me."

"No, that's just it," said Miss Morris, with resentment. She was not getting so many points on the emotions as she had expected. She concealed her chagrin, however, and resumed.

"Do you believe in marriage founded on friendship?" said she.

"Why not?" said I. "Some people consider friendship on a higher plane than love. There is a tranquillity about friendship which love can never have. It is therefore more lasting. The lilies are cooler than the roses, but they live longer." I made this last statement somewhat rashly, I admit, but I hoped that Kathleen had not yet taken up the study of botany at college, or if she had that she would mistake my words for some poetic

quotation. In this hope I was disappointed, for she giggled.

When she was through giggling, she took her hand out of the water. It must have been just awfully cold, and my own hands are very large and warm. I should have liked—but, as I have said, I am a very reserved young man.

Kathleen dried her wet hand on her handkerchief, laid it all pink upon her smooth white one, and leaned forward—confidentially I thought, but perhaps it was only to obtain a closer survey of my face. "Do you know," said she, "I have often thought that if I were desperately in love with a man, I would not marry him if I could?"

"I was startled, and my heart was really very heavy, but I laughed in a trivial way that I have.

"Isn't that attitude unusual?" I asked.

"Not for me," replied Miss Morris coolly. "Just imagine if you loved a person very dearly and imagined yourself loved in return, how it would be to discover some day that the other's love was a thing of the past, and all you had left to you was your own love and a memory."

"Terrible!" said I. "But isn't there just a chance that the other's love might remain true?"

"Think for yourself," said Miss Morris. "Among how many married people do you find the lover and sweetheart? Why should the expression of love change if the love remains the same?"

"Perhaps the expression doesn't change," I suggested. "Probably it is only concealed from the public and has full demonstration in private."

"You know that isn't true," said Kathleen, and as I have observed that nine times out of ten Miss Morris is right, I was silent.

"Just think what it is like to be in love," said she.

"How can I?" I murmured, lifting my eyebrows.

"Oh, come!" said Miss Morris, and for some reason she appeared much ruffled. That is the way with young women. They are so inconsistent. Had not Miss Morris but recently informed me that I was not at all in love? And here she was requiring me to know what it was like.

"Perhaps I could imagine," said I, and Kathleen smiled.

"Tell me, then," said she, and with that she shut her eyes and leaned provokingly back in the cushions so that I couldn't see her face very well. And yet, were it not that Miss Morris never blushes, I could have sworn that her left cheek was unusually red.

"Well," said I, "let's see. First of all

there is the falling in love. Sometimes it comes suddenly and we call it love at first sight. Personally I cannot understand that kind."

"Nor I," said the cushions faintly.

"Then there is the love that grows gradually, almost imperceptibly, and takes possession of the person, as it were, all unawares. Perhaps the person has been rather unimpressionable on the whole, and has never had a good idea of what love is—has sneered at it when he found it in novels, and has scorned it in poetry. But one day he meets a little girl with brown, soft hair which has ruddy lights all through it, and deep eyes that have a way of being violet at one time and gray at another. And after he has known her a while he notices these things.

"This girl has a fashion of half closing her eyes when he corners her in argument, and it delights him. He forgets all his points for thinking of her eyelashes. And there is an atmosphere about the girl that makes his blood move swiftly and happily when he is near her, so that just to be in her presence is a joy, even though she treats him abominably, and he thinks he is wretched. When she lets him take her hand the whole world changes, and he wonders why in the creation he wasn't made to feel that way all the time. He dreams a good deal by day—likes to do it, in fact—and makes up for it by sleeping very little at night. He grows thin and—"

"That will do," said Miss Morris, emerging very suddenly from the cushions. "You have been reading Jerome, and you never looked healthier in your life."

I stopped speaking with some slight embarrassment. It is annoying to be pulled up in that way when one is just warming up to one's subject. I was not aware that I had brought myself into the conversation at all. Moreover it is a matter of comment between myself and the scales that I have lost ten pounds in the last three weeks.

Miss Morris resumed the conversation, however.

"If love is what you imagine," said she softly, "you must see for yourself that few married people seem to be in love. If they were so at first, and I suppose some of them were, how much better it would have been never to have married and to have been forced to see the gradual cooling of affection. It would have been better to have separated at the time when they loved most and to have given one another no opportunity to discover personal faults."

"I cannot agree with you," said I wearily, and I began to paddle towards the boat house. "Of course, we all have our faults, but when a man loves a woman with his

whole heart, her faults have a way of seeming lovable to him, too. I don't believe true love ever dies."

"Do you think the person you were imagining would feel just the same as before when he was near that girl two years after marriage?"

"Yes," said I; "I feel sure of it."

"Yet, after all, the question has nothing to do with us, because we are not in love."

"So you have said," said I.

"Nevertheless, at the same time, you believe thoroughly in a marriage upon friendship?"

"I would marry you upon friendship," said I, and therein I spoke truly, for I would have married her on friendship if I could not have her love, and on indifference if I could not have her friendship. I would have taken her any way.

"Very well," said Kathleen; "I will marry you."

We had been drawing nearer and nearer to the wharf, and now I silently drew up the canoe and stepped out. I stooped over to hold the canoe with one hand, while I reached the other to Kathleen. She disdained it, however, and placed her own upon my shoulder. At her touch my strength suddenly left me so that I could scarcely steady the canoe. I suppose I changed countenance, for Kathleen looked at me with open curiosity.

"Then, so you do love me?" she said slowly.

"Yes," said I. I was mortified to have let her find it out and at the same time I was glad—for what lover is there who is not glad to have his lady know his love?

I hoisted the canoe to my shoulder and carried it into the boat house. All my strength had returned, and although I had so little cause I felt as if I had triumphed.

I packed away the cushions and rugs, and came back to the sunshine. And just at the edge of the light, two hands, the touch of which I should have known anywhere, caught the front of my coat, and my love's brown head was on my heart. She has such dear ways, has Kathleen; but I put both arms around her swiftly, for fear she might run away.

Kathleen goes back to college tomorrow to begin her senior year, and, as I have said, it is understood between us that in another summer she will marry me on friendship.

L. B. Quimby.

A BIT OF CLAY.

THE studio was hung with plaster casts. A mask of the Venus de Milo smiled vacantly at the opposite wall, while another

of St. Jerome frowned down upon the crowd of girls chattering away like blackbirds beneath it. Fantastic plaster arms, hands, and feet sported themselves here and there between the masks, and miniature anatomical figures added a certain grotesqueness to the incongruous grouping.

A full length Hercules occupied a corner of the studio, and near it a young man prepared to work in clay. He removed the cloth from a half finished bust, and stood waiting for the girls at the other end of the room to settle down and quit their chattering. He placed a screen about the bust, hiding it from their view, and, taking up a tool, held it poised, ready to begin.

The girls were supposed by the teacher to be hard at work copying from the casts, but instead they were idling away their time talking about anything and everything but art, standing together in their big painting aprons which gave them the look of grown up children.

"I'm tired of these old casts," said Lucille, a little French Canadian. "I've done nothing but copy from them for two solid years. Sit down there, Marie, and let us draw you as we did yesterday. It's better practice, any way, than these old things full of finger prints."

Marie curtsied with mock gravity. "In other words," said she, "if I am not a Venus, my face is clean. You do me too much honor. But I decline to have myself caricatured. Some of those things you sprung on me yesterday were nightmares. Jennie made my eyes so big they seemed about to fall on the floor; and Susanne drew my face so thin that I looked like a picked robin."

"There were others," murmured Susanne.

"Others? I should think so. Charlotte made me look like a dime museum freak. One would think, to look at her sketch, that I had water on the brain, my head was so abnormally large. It was all out of proportion."

"Well, sit down and let us try it again," entreated Lucille. "We will see if we can't do better. Besides, Jean is waiting for us to get quiet so he can go to work."

Charlotte closed her two hands over her mouth. "Hello, Jean!" she cried, "can't you work while people are talking? You ought to be able to concentrate your mind better than that. Go ahead. We'll be quiet."

"What are you working on, Jean?" asked Susanne—her name was plain Susan, but the girls had given it a French frill. "That old negro? I should think you would be sick and tired of him by now. To my certain knowledge you have done him in every known medium—charcoal, crayon, red

chalk, pen and ink, oils, and clay. Why don't you get you another model?"

"Jean is what you might call an industrious person," said Marie. "He stays by a thing until he finishes it. He doesn't gyrate from plaster casts to living models and back again to plaster casts, like some people I know. He sticks by his old clay."

"And a good deal of it sticks by him," said Lucille.

"The first thing we know," Marie went on, "he will be like that sculptor—what's his name?"

"We give it up," cried the girls, in a chorus.

"Well, any way, the fellow who was so enamored of his art that he died for it. One cold night he was afraid his clay would freeze, so he got out of bed—I suppose the bed didn't have any other covers on it—and put his only coat around the statue. The next morning they found the statue all right; the clay hadn't frozen, but the sculptor had."

"You tell that so feelingly, Marie," remarked Susanne, "you nearly make me weep. Why don't you practice in private if you *will* tell touching stories like that?"

The others laughed, and Marie closed the discussion, which threatened to become general. "Be quiet," said she. "I am going to pose."

She took her seat in the center of the group, the mark for a dozen pairs of eyes—more, for Jean glanced constantly in her direction, working rapidly, modeling first with his little sawlike tools, then pressing the medium tenderly between his forefinger and thumb. Under his manipulation the plastic clay was fast fashioning itself into a thing of beauty.

For a while there was stillness in the studio. There could be heard only the scratching of swift pencils over rough drawing paper. Once a girl uttered an annoyed exclamation, then rose and ran about the room in search of an eraser; then, resuming her seat, she worked with energy, fearing that Marie would tire and quit posing before she could finish her sketch.

One sketched her in profile, another took a three quarter view, and still another, back of her, drew the mass of sunny braids coiled about her head, with the merest suggestion of a rounded cheek and a dimple.

Suddenly Marie yawned and stretched herself.

"There," they exclaimed, "you have spoiled the pose! We'll never get it again in the world."

"It's a terrible loss to art, I know," said Marie; "but I'm tired and I'm going to quit." She stood erect, clasped her hands above her head, and yawned again. "An-

other thing," she added, "this is the very last time I am going to pose. As I remarked before, I am tired of your old caricatures."

She started around the circle back of their chairs, examining the sketches.

"Of all the horrible things!" she laughed. "When *will* you girls learn to draw? See this, Jean"—raising her voice—"see how they have made me look. Is one of my eyes half an inch lower than the other?"

But he did not answer her question, though he looked straight at her in the musing, dreamy way in which artists study their models.

"He's in the clouds as usual," said Susanne, holding her sketch off at arm's length and peering critically at it. "There's no earthly use in trying to call him back. Say, Marie"—with a quick change of subject—"this isn't so bad, is it? It seems to me the contour of the head is very good, and so is the drawing of the eyes."

Marie bent over the back of the chair and studied it a moment. "It's a fortunate thing," she said meditatively, "that artists see their own work through rose colored glasses. Now the whole thing seems abominably out of drawing to me. If that face looks like mine, let me crawl off somewhere and die."

And they separated with a laugh, each going to her work; some to the room in which a class painted in oils from the living model—a crossing sweeper brought in from the street—others to the class in pen and ink, where they prepared themselves for illustrating; and others home.

Marie stood in the little dark room where the students took off their aprons and washed their brushes. Hers lay in a heap, unwashed. "Oh, these old brushes!" she cried in dismay. "I forgot them, and now look how dry and sticky they are! How shall I ever get them clean?"

Clara Washburn, a girl of fifteen, stood at the sink, rubbing her brushes on a great cake of yellow soap, then nimbly back and forth across the palm of her hand. "Leave them," she said. "I will wash them for you."

The same thing happened every day. Marie forgot her brushes, and Clara washed them for her. She threw her arms around the child's neck and kissed her. "You are the dearest girl in the world," she said.

And for Clara that was quite enough pay. She left her own brushes and commenced to wash Marie's, while the elder girl drew off her apron, smoothed her hair, stuck two long hatpins in her hat, and went out into the hall. The door of the studio where the plaster casts hung was still open. She glanced in.

It was growing late. The subdued north light falling on the casts gave them a softened effect; the finger prints of the students were no longer visible. The face of Venus gleamed delicately in this tender light. Even the frown of St. Jerome showed less severe. A "Fighting Gladiator," thrusting out his doubled up fist, appeared to menace her as she stood in the doorway, while "Mercury," standing perilously on one toe upon a ball—the earth—beckoned her to come in.

The studio was not peopled alone by these dim plasters. Jean still worked there on his clay. He worked swiftly and silently, a smile lingering about his lips as he deftly manipulated his tools—the smile of the artist satisfied at last with his own handiwork.

Marie tiptoed up behind him. So absorbed was he that he did not notice her nor hear her footsteps.

Before him was the bust of a girl. She was shrouded in a great painting apron. This apron, high at the neck, fell into simple and graceful lines about her shoulders. In a marvelously dexterous way he had given the effect of checks—the broad checks of her own painting apron. She looked from the apron to the face—it was her own! No need to complain here of the incorrectness of the drawing, the pooriness of the likeness; the features were perfect. There was in them the quizzical, half tired, sleepy look of a girl sitting for her portrait, trying to keep awake under the fire of a dozen eyes. The lips were slightly parted, the eyes were pensive, and there was a tiny, distracting dimple in the rounded cheek.

Marie laughed, so pleased was she with this charming likeness of herself, and Jean, dropping his tool, turned his face to her. It was suddenly ashen as the faces of the plaster casts on the walls.

"Why, Marie!" he exclaimed, "I thought you had gone home long ago," and he attempted to cover the bust with a cloth.

"I came back to see what you were doing," she explained. "Take that cloth off and let me see it again. I like it."

Jean obediently removed the cloth, and they stood looking at the face. It returned their look, lifelike, with its parted lips and speaking eyes.

"It is good," said Marie.

She flushed as she glanced questioningly up and found his eyes upon her. What beautiful eyes he had, but how sad they were! She looked away, disturbed by the vague trouble in them; wondering if he did not care for her, since he had done her so beautifully in clay. Jean was so silent, so reserved, she could never understand him.

The class in oils had broken up. The sound of the girl's voices came down the

hall. They roused Jean from his reverie. He sighed.

"It is beautiful, isn't it?" he asked. "I have worked hard on it. While you were sitting for those girls, you were also sitting for me. Isn't it exquisite? Aren't the eyes caressing, dreamy? Isn't the mouth adorable? Isn't that little dimple in the cheek the sweetest thing in the world?"

He appeared to have forgotten not only her presence, but her very existence. He half shut his eyes, he formed his two hands into tubes, and looked through them. He lost himself in a kind of ecstasy over the beauty of his own creation. Marie watched him, wondering why, since she stood there so near him, a live girl, real flesh and blood, with an adorable mouth and a dimple, he should so rave over a bit of senseless clay.

Presently, with a last lingering look, he started forward, and before she could prevent it he had crushed the face between his hands; quickly kneading it down, down, until nothing was left of its beauty, until there remained on the working table only a shapeless lump of clay. This he continued to work as a woman works her bread; he sprinkled water on it from a bowl, and when it was sufficiently moist he spread the cloth over the pitiful ruin and, turning from it, faced her again.

"It was a beautiful dream," he said then; "and it is ended as all dreams end—in nothingness."

A tear quivered and fell from Marie's long lashes. A sense of loss overwhelmed her. That face had been so like hers. It was as if a part of herself lay buried underneath that cloth.

"Whichever pathway we choose in life," Jean went on, with a sob, "the opposite one seems the best. That pathway was full of flowers. I could almost smell them, they were so sweet; but it was not for my feet. They had already chosen another."

A swarm of girls passed the door. One of them looked in.

"Is that you, Marie?" she asked. "Come on and go home with us."

"Yes, go on," said Jean, "but first let me show you something."

He drew a little photograph from his pocket and held it up before her. The face was sweet, the eyes all alight, softly radiant.

"Don't you think she is pretty, Marie?" he asked. "She is—my wife."

"Come on, come on!" cried the girls; and Marie, followed by the smile of Venus, which seemed suddenly to have changed from vacancy to mockery, walked slowly out and away toward home, like one in a dream.

Zoe Anderson Norris.

LITERARY CHAT

A NEAR VIEW OF LABOR.

Mr. Walter A. Wyckoff is a lecturer on sociology in Princeton University, according to the testimony of the title page of his book, "The Workers." It is to be presumed, then, that he has made his living by talking to undergraduates on such subjects as "The labor problem that confronts us," "The under strata of metropolitan society," or "What shall the poor do during the winter evenings?"

It was while engaged in wrestling with these problems that Mr. Wyckoff conceived the idea of studying the condition of unskilled laborers in a practical fashion. With this purpose, he set out for a tramp across the country, taking no money in his purse, and determined to earn his living entirely by manual labor. He has described his adventures in a volume called "The Workers," which is not only thoroughly interesting, but is also an important contribution to the science of which its author has made a special study.

Mr. Wyckoff tells us how he went from house to house looking for something to do, and sometimes for something to eat. He tells us how it feels to work hard in the open air all day long, and also how good hearty food tastes to a ravenous man at the close of the day's work. He enters into the details of his nomadic life, describing the different sorts of company which he encounters, and the way in which he is received in the different houses where he asks for work or food. In short, he gives us a clear insight into the lives of the poorer laboring classes, whom, as Ambrose Bierce says, "we honor and avoid," and whom we have always with us.

Mr. Wyckoff has done his work without the aid of statistics. He tells us nothing about the percentage of starving men in the world, nor does he figure out how much each one would receive were the accumulated wealth of the planet to be divided equally among us all. For all that, the quality of accuracy underlies his pages, and we should be thankful to him for presenting us with the result of his investigations in an interesting, rather than in a dry form.

The humanity of the book is perhaps its strongest point. He has interested himself, apparently, in the people with whom he has been thrown in his journey, and in some of these he interests us so well that we are loath to have him leave one humble scene without telling us more about the characters that he has introduced to us there. This human

quality is well evidenced in the following description of his boarding house in Highland Falls, where he was employed for a few days on the work of demolishing a building at West Point:

Mrs. Flaherty wears toward me now a motherly air of possession; and she wrinkles her brows in perplexed protest when I tell her that I am going away in the morning, with no knowledge of where I shall find another place. She wipes her mouth with the corner of her apron, and tells me, with increasing emphasis, that I'd better stay by my job and let her care for me decently, and not go wandering about the country and, as likely as not, come to harm.

Her husband is a painter, a little round man with red hair and high spirits, who is a well preserved veteran of the Civil War, and very fond of telling you of his life as a "recruitie." Minnie is their daughter. She inherits her father's hair and gives promise of his rotundity, but just now Minnie is fifteen, and the world is a very interesting and exciting place. She took her first communion last Easter, still wears her confirmation dress on Sunday, and is really pretty in a blushing effort to look unconscious when Charlie McCarthy calls.

Charles appears regularly on Sunday afternoons, I gather. He is a driver for an ice dealer, is not much older than Minnie, and is very proud of a light gray suit and a pair of highly polished brown boots.

Tom is Minnie's only brother. He is a stoker on a river boat, and can spend only his Sundays at home. Tom is a little past his majority, and takes himself very seriously as a man. He tells you frankly that he is earning "big money," and is anxious that you shall escape the knowledge that he is a libertine.

Mr. Wyckoff works successively as a day laborer, a hotel porter, a man of all work in an asylum, a farm hand, and a logger. The best chapter of his experiences is perhaps the one in which he describes his life in a Pennsylvania logging camp, and makes us familiar with Fitz Adams, the boss, Black Bob, Sam, the bookkeeper, and, most interesting of all, Dick the Kid, the handsome young logger with wages in his pocket that he is burning to spend.

The final pages of this chapter and of the book could well be omitted. They are devoted to a description of a prayer meeting, and somehow the words do not ring as they do in the other portions of the volume. In the other chapters there are occasional horrified references to the habit of blasphemous speech, which is common enough in all grades of society, and not wholly unknown in the university which is the scene of Mr.

Wyckoff's professional labors. But the sort of religion that is infused into the prayer meeting scene does not serve to round out the satisfaction which an intelligent reader derives from the main part of the book, and somehow suggests the fact that it was put in as a sort of sop to those piously inclined, just as a sensational newspaper always makes a great spread with its Easter number.

There is one moral to be drawn from "The Workers," namely, that there are plenty of jobs waiting for the sober, industrious, decent, and reasonably intelligent man. If Mr. Wyckoff had only been in search of work he need not have traveled far.

A RED RAG TO THE RHYMESTRESS.

In reviewing a collection of college poems, a contemporary says: "In the verses from the women's colleges one unpleasant spectacle presents itself more than once—that of a girl writing in the character of a masculine lover. This is certainly less what the world desires of rhymestresses than lullabies." That gage was not thrown down unconsciously. There is something malicious in the very wording, especially that of the last line. Nothing exasperates the average college woman more than to be treated as though her femininity were all that mattered—as though she were not a human being as well as a daughter, wife, and mother. Man, she protests, is the father of children and the bread winner, yet the world does not look at him merely in the light of these two functions and reprove him for thinking of anything else. Nor does he neglect them because his horizon is unlimited. Nature will see to it that there are plenty of lullabies, for the rhymestress is no less a woman because she is also a reasoning, learning, wondering human being.

As to her writing "in the character of a masculine lover," why, nine women out of ten are cleverer at love making than the man who is giving them points. They are more nimble, more wide awake to the importance of trifles, more sensitive to the shades of mood. They are given to saying in many ways, with delicate variations, what a man is satisfied to state once, baldly. They are artists where he is a crude workman. A woman seldom goes through a love scene without realizing how much better she could have done it, had the title rôle been given to her. She must write, to show how she would like to be loved. Let man read and profit by it!

SILENCING THE CANNON'S MOUTH.

Inventors, in their craze for mechanical perfection, pay no more attention to what they throw aside with the old imperfection

than a new railroad pays to the wild flowers it must crush out of its path. At this very moment some of our noblest poetry is in peril of mortality, all because a youth in the Middle West has invented, or is trying to invent, a noiseless cannon.

A quiet battle may be pleasanter for those who are in it, but they are a handful to those who thrill at the echoes of war resounding through our literature. And how can it echo without any noise? Half of the grandest war hymns and battle prayers of the future will never be written if the inspiring voice of war is stilled. Those of the past will lose all their resounding glory, since future readers will not know how to hear in them the rattle and thunder they tell of, and all their vivid phrases will have grown cold and unmeaning.

And what will the story writers and war correspondents do, with half their vocabulary swept away? The dull roar of artillery, the booming of cannon, the barking of guns, the crackling of muskets—how can any writer of warlike scenes, from Kipling in India to Richard Harding Davis in Cuba, get along without these reverberating phrases? The beauty and the picturesqueness of war were laid aside with plumed helmets and gleaming breastplates. Now its impressive voice is to be smothered and inarticulate, without glamour; it will become simply businesslike murder—a thing of no literary value.

"HE WHO HATH WINGS."

The desire to fly has become a mania among earth bound mortals, who continue to kick off bravely from the housetops, in spite of the wreckage in the streets below. "He who hath wings, let him soar," Swinburne flings back from the song heights to which he has risen, but the young aspirant on the roof devoutly believes that wings can be made for any willing shoulders, and that the longing to fly in itself marks him a skylark.

And so every man who feels the stirring of spring within him, every woman whose heart can give more than the normal number of beats to the minute, calls the feeling inspiration and plunges into literature. "I want to write a poem. What shall it be?" is the literal expression of the modern writer's attitude. When he creates, it is not because some great idea came to him with a force and a glory that sent every other thought scudding out of sight, and set him quivering with the need to give it form. He first catches his mood, then, finding himself duly exalted, hunts around for an idea to which the mood may be applied.

One type of writer makes his selection

with a keen eye to the salability of the coming product. When his little fire is kindled, he looks about for something to fry. If he can find nothing, rather than waste the heat, he takes some very beautiful words and molds them and pats them and marks them and puts them in the oven, and sells them as poetical pattycakes.

This literary baker represents the practical side of modern letters, and is, on the whole, more endurable than the housetop fledgling who wants to spend his energies in aimless flights, just because it's so lovely to be away up in the air. This one pets and enjoys his soul as a woman does old lace. He longs to be up among the immortals, not that he may sit at their feet and learn, but that mankind may see him there. And so he binds on his futile wings much as the Chinaman does his silken cue, that there may be a convenient handle with which to yank him into paradise.

THE FAME STALKERS.

The trembling schoolgirl author, with her manuscript tied up in blue ribbons, and her identity cloaked by a rhythmic and flowery *nom de plume*, has faded into a gentle memory. There are still plenty of schoolgirl authors, but they do not tremble at the sanctum door, and their typed manuscripts are held by brass headed fasteners, while their chief ambition is to have their real name known as far as a magazine can travel.

"Now, how soon can you let me have an answer on that?" they say with business-like severity, and the editor realizes that, instead of being an autocrat in their eyes, he is but a mechanical tool by means of which they seek to carve their names on the future.

"Of course, you may not care for the subject," says one of these, laying an offering on the desk, "but I don't think you'll find anything to criticise in the literary style." "It is exactly what you want," another modestly asserts.

"Two magazines have been after me for this, but I decided to give you the first opportunity. I'd so much rather you had it," declares a third, so confidently that, if the editor is not careful, he will find himself buncoed into a twinge of gratitude.

And they will scold him, too, on occasion. "Why, I could have sold that spring poem in any number of places, and now you've kept it so long, it's too late. I think you ought to pay me something even if you don't take it," they declare, for, to drive a keen, hard, money making bargain, there is no one ahead of the minor poet.

There is no longer anything sacred about the sanctum; it is nothing more than a retail

commission house. If this strenuous, assertive, bargain driving young race continues to develop along the same lines, the editor will become in time as timorous and impotent as the schoolgirl author he bullied in the good old days.

THE WRITER AND THE PROOF READER.

The laity accepts the general fact that the author swears at the proof reader much as it recognizes that a dog barks at a cat, without troubling itself about the source of the animosity. It has little conception of the stealthy malignity of the being who strews red ink symbols down the galleys, or his power to wound and humiliate the writer.

If he left the printed words simply and honestly "pied," as the unsuited printer prefers them, the writer would bear no grudge, since a buried idea is less mortifying than a mangled one. But the proof reader gives conscientious attention to reversed letters, syncopated syllables, and all the little blunders that could not possibly mislead the reader. When he comes to a word that is correctly spelled and perfectly aligned, and yet, not being the word the author used, throws the meaning completely off the track, then he shows his disposition, and, slipping by with an inward chuckle, leaves it to stare the author in the face, knowing that his dismay will be like that of the innocent starling when from one of the eggs she has been mothering flaunts a cuckoo.

For instance, when the writer refers to the heavy swell upon the ocean, a sneaking "m" is allowed to replace the "w," and all the dignity of his storm scene is wrecked. His allusion to the "purple cow" comes out flat and pointless, since the printer, not being well grounded in his *Lark*, reads it "purple coin," and when the villain speaks "with a sound like the snarl of a cur," it is modulated into "the smile of a cow," and the proof reader, grinning to himself, passes by on the other side. A staid and respectable women's club is written up as a "haven" of delight, and comes out in bold black type as a "harem," bringing on the author a storm of indignant letters. He is made to appear fool and blackguard, and suffers no less keenly because everybody else is too hurried to notice the fact. "Such a fuss over one little word," the public would say. But to the writer the least syllable is of measureless consequence, and he blushes and winces at his distorted work as a parent would if his child came to him with pink eyes and lavender hair.

CONCERNING LITERARY "FAKES."

At the close of a century which has seen such an enormous development of the art

of writing as a means of livelihood, it is worth while to stop and glance at some of the literary "fakes" with which the helpless public has been inundated for so long and with such insistence that many of us, from mere force of reiteration, are beginning to take some of their authors at their own valuation.

About thirty years ago Mr. Dodgson, under the pseudonym of Lewis Carroll, produced "Alice in Wonderland." It was a book of great cleverness and originality, and like all thoroughly good literary work, it will probably last as long as there are children to read it. Some years later Mr. Edward Lear wrote a book of "Nonsense Verses," with illustrations of the crudest description, both in drawing and in coloring; and this won also deserved success. But since that time a host of imitators have arisen, and the immortal verses, "'Twas brillig" and "There was an old man who said how," have been copied and paraphrased *ad nauseam*.

A literary genius will produce a set of verses like these:

A blue dog sat upon a tree,
With mien depressed and sad.
He held a dollar in his mouth,
Alas, 'twas all he had!

and every one is called upon to admire them. As the average American is terribly afraid of being considered "unappreciative," he has not the moral courage to confess that they sound like pointless nonsense, and joins in the cry of "How clever!"—especially as any reference to impecuniosity is supposed to enhance the original brilliancy of any theme. And so the author gets a reputation for "brightness" at a very small outlay of work and none of originality, and people are represented as going about the streets quoting his work.

Another scourge is the "pastel," which in various forms and at different epochs has devastated many of our leading magazines. About the year 1878 Turgeneff wrote those exquisite sketches which were translated into German under the name of "Gedichte in Prosa." Some similar bits of work were also translated about 1890 from sundry French authors, and published under the title of "Pastels in Prose." Since that time aspiring young writers have tried their hands at the same form of composition, with some such result as this:

The Poet stood upon the seashore. At his feet stretched the ocean, wide, limitless, unfathomable.

Far out upon the horizon gleamed the flame of the lightship. And the Poet's soul went out to the light, as he said: "Thus are the waters of Circumstance ever placed between the soul that yearns and the goal of her ultimate ambition."

And at his feet still stretched the ocean, wide, limitless, unfathomable.

If the pastel happened to deal with two mystical people, unknown except by hearsay on this side of the Atlantic, and called *Pierrot* and *Columbine*, its success was assured. It was straightway pronounced "an exquisite thing," and "so French," for, in a pastel, to be French is everything.

The affectation of interlarding writing with French words and phrases is an old one, but a change is noticeable in the words themselves. Fifteen years ago a writer vindicated his claim to culture by introducing into his work such sentences as "*Je ne sais quoi*," "*qui vive*," and "*au revoir*"; but nowadays no such simple phrases are considered any proof of knowledge of the world. To give the impression of a protracted residence in Paris (a sure sign of ability in any direction) it is now necessary to call the region about South Washington Square "the *quartier*," to allude casually to finishing dinner with a "*demitasse*" or a "*mezagrín*," and to indulge in longer phrases, such as, "*cet artiste a perdu sa prise sur nous*," or "*c'est bien fait; vous voilà enfin arrivé*"—none of which would suffer in the least by a literal translation.

An easy way of "forming a style" is to hunt up a few obsolete words, and by using them with sufficient frequency create an impression of great familiarity with English writers of say the Elizabethan era. The prolonged and widespread use of the word "vagrom" is a case in point, and shows what may be done by a combination of ignorance and a desire for "style." It has a Chauceresque sound, and, unaware of its special connection with *Dogberry*, numberless literary frauds have used it as a synonym for "vagrant."

A recent and trying form of "fake" is the "authors' reading," which is now given on the smallest pretense for the benefit of anything and everything. It always commends itself to the managers of benevolent enterprises by the fact that it costs nothing to get up except the rent of a hall. Human nature is so constructed that it likes to hear itself talk, so an invitation to read from his own "works"—heaven save the mark!—is eagerly accepted by the young man who tells you he has "five hundred dollars' worth of manuscript on hand," and by the young woman who writes for the "Quips and Wiles" department of some enterprising periodical. Surely the men who gave the first authors' readings in aid of the Copyright League never dreamed what disastrous results would ensue in future years.

Why is it that in the domain of art alone the poseur meets with success? Should we

feel any more sure of the quality of our groceries if the proprietor of the shop where we buy them arrayed himself in weird garments and attempted to write poetry? Would the solidity of our furniture be improved if the vendor thereof played on the violin or gave "studio teas"? Not at all. Any success which a business man meets with is apt to be the result of supplying a good article of the kind desired. Why should not literary success be based on the same principles?

What we need is a little independence of judgment. A thing is not necessarily clever because it is printed on brown paper. Let us pray that we may be given the grace to perceive this, and the courage to assert it.

Rudyard Kipling received a graceful compliment from Australia, the other day. It seems that a certain Dr. Nicholls, who was an enthusiastic admirer of the works of the Anglo Indian writer, recently died at Port Germain, South Australia. Remembering his love for his favorite author, his friends inscribed on the stone that marked his resting place the last verse of Kipling's "L'Envol." A photograph was sent to Mr. Kipling, who immediately wrote the following characteristic letter of acknowledgment:

DEAR SIR:

I cannot tell you how touched and proud I am to think that you found any verses of mine worthy to put on a good man's grave. You must be a brotherly set of folk at Port Germain to do what you have done for the doctor's memory, and here in England I take off my hat to the lot of you. There is nothing a man's people value more than the knowledge that one of their kin has been decently buried when he has gone under in a far country, and some day or other Port Germain will get its reward. Will you send me a copy of a local paper so that I may know something more about your part of the world? What do you do? What do you expect? What back country do you serve? And how many are there of you? I want to learn "further particulars," as the papers say.

As soon as a man does something sufficiently great an inquisitive horde starts up to discover what he can't do. One of these has just triumphantly held up the fact that Kipling does not show himself heart to heart with nature in his writings; that his soul is not linked to her fair works; that he is never contemplative in her presence. Moreover, he has dealt little with love, comparing very unfavorably with Keats in that matter.

It would be about as reasonable to compare a skylark with a war horse. When a man has done great things, why should the earth be ransacked for the great things he has not done? It is no discredit to the war horse that he does not build nests in the tree

tops. We can blame him only when he fails as a charger.

There are plenty to write about nature and love. Kipling has written about men. When we have deep, solemn chords, such as "Jehovah of the Thunders, Lord God of Battles, aid!" what does it matter if the man who struck them deals but little in trills and grace notes?

* * * *

If the public is tired of hearing the author rail against the grasping publisher, ever playing vampire to a helpless brotherhood, it will find another side to the matter in "Authors and Publishers," of which the seventh edition, revised and enlarged, has recently appeared. The book is written by G. H. and J. B. Putnam, who have good reason to know the publisher's side of the quarrel, and can tell harrowing tales of authors who did not keep their agreements and books that would not sell.

The authors, having the public ear already turned up to them, have poured into it all their troubles, and the literary temperament is not one to underestimate the size of the pea under the twenty mattresses, being supersensitive and not without vanity. The publisher, meanwhile, has had to endure in silence, except when at long intervals a book of this nature has given him a chance to slip in a chapter in defense of his kind. And then it dawns upon us that he is perhaps a trifle less black than he is painted.

* * * *

A number of prominent critics have come forward lately and held out a friendly hand to certain vagabond phrases that have long passed freely among the people, but have never been recognized between covers. Now, the tramp "had rather" is being escorted into a circle of authority by a college professor, and receiving thumps of welcome and approval from writers and editors not given to promiscuous hospitality. "His origin may be a trifle irregular, but he's a good fellow, after all," they say. "Everybody likes him. Let's have him up."

Yet it was only a little while ago that those in authority were impressing on us the fact that this waif had neither father nor mother, nor ancestors of any kind to give it a right of existence. Even the chance to slip in as an idiom was denied it, since the legitimate phrase, "would rather," lay in plain sight, ready to do all the work of that department. Now the writers are showing an increasing leniency to words and phrases of dubious origin. With the new element come fresh force and originality, while a certain elegance and purity are inevitably lost. If more blood, less fineness, is the need of today, they have done well to unbar the doors.

ETCHINGS

HUMAN PINWHEELS.

SOME minds are like Fourth of July pinwheels: they run rapidly enough, but go nowhere; their light is sufficiently bright, but it cannot be utilized; their heat serves only to consume themselves.

BETSY'S BATTLE FLAG.

FROM dusk 'til dawn the livelong night
She kept the tallow dips alight,
And fast her nimble fingers flew
To sew the stars upon the blue.
With weary eyes and aching head
She stitched the stripes of white and red,
And when the day came up the stair
Complete across a carven chair
Hung Betsy's battle flag.

Like shadows in the evening gray
The Continentals fled away,
With broken boots and ragged coats,
But hoarse defiance in their throats;
They bore the marks of want and cold,
And some were lame and some were old,
And some with wounds untended bled,
But floating bravely overhead
Was Betsy's battle flag.

When fell the battle's leaden rain,
The soldier hushed his moans of pain
And raised his dying head to see
King George's troopers turn and flee.
Their charging column reeled and broke,
And vanished in the rolling smoke,
Before the glory of the stars,
The snowy stripes, and scarlet bars
Of Betsy's battle flag.

The simple stone of Betsy Ross
Is covered now with mold and moss,
But still her deathless banner flies,
And keeps the color of the skies.
A nation thrills, a nation bleeds,
A nation follows where it leads,
And every man is proud to yield
His life upon a crimson field
For Betsy's battle flag!

Minna Irving.

THE SPANISH PRIVATEER.

IN the blue of Newport harbor,
Where the cruisers come and go,
And the yachts are rocked at anchor
With their folded sails of snow,
And the guns of old Fort Adams
From the frowning ramparts peer,
Lie the dark decaying timbers
Of a Spanish privateer.

Whither bound or what her errand,
Or the port from which she came,
Is a mystery of the waters,
Like her captain and her name.
But with all her cannon loaded
And her decks for action clear,
And her colors at the masthead,
Sank the Spanish privateer.

Was she wrecked without surrender,
Was she scuttled by her crew,
When the smoke of battle drifted
And the leaden bullets flew?
History's pages all are silent
As the seaweed on her bier,
Or the ghostly shadows hiding
In the Spanish privateer.

In an iron banded locker
In the hold beneath the brine
Divers found a rusty cutlass
And a flask of golden wine;
But her sailors' bones are coral
In the deep for many a year,
And the fish are crew and captain
Of the Spanish privateer.

Time has stripped her of her glory
Since they steered her by the stars,
Gone is all her spreading canvas,
Gone are all her slender spars;
But the hulk that soon will crumble
In the tides and disappear
Will forever keep the secret
Of the Spanish privateer.

Minna Irving.

LIPS AND EYES.

As I passed her house I thought I would call
and take her by surprise.

"Why, how do you do?" said her lovely lips.
"What kept you away?" asked her eyes.

"I doubted my welcome," I sadly said, and
spoke without disguise;
"Are you sure of it now?" asked her laughing
lips. "You know you are sure,"
said the eyes.

"I have tried my utmost and more," I said,
"to stifle my heart's vain cries;"
"It's a serious case," said the careless lips.
"It is for us," said the eyes.

"Your cruel words dug the grave of hope,
and in hope's grave love lies."
"White lies or black?" asked the scoffing lips.
"Oh, piteous sight!" said the eyes.

"But now I must go, for I sail tonight, and
time un pitying flies;"
"Don't let me keep you," exclaimed the lips;
"Do let us keep you," the eyes.

She gave me a cold, cold hand to take, and
we said our last good bys;
And then, as I feared to kiss her lips, I kissed
her on the eyes.

A man can hear two languages at once if he
only tries:

"I don't see how you *dare!*" said the lips;
"But *we* see," said the eyes.

E. W.

"ONE KILLED."

A BRILLIANT victory! Hear the shout
Ringing through all the land!
Enemy utterly put to rout—
Vainly essayed a stand.
The streets are crowded, men hurry across;
A nation with joy is thrilled
Because 'twas achieved with a trifling loss;
But Jim—our Jim—was killed!

The flags are flaunting exultingly,
Proud in their arrogant scorn.
Thanks arise for a victory
With naught—almost—to mourn.
Yet in my heart, like a cut from a knife,
A pain that won't be stilled—
An insignificant loss of life
When Jim—our Jim—was killed?

"A marvelous thing that in such a fight,"
Come comments over the wire,
"The list of casualties should be light
In the face of a venomous fire.
One dead is the sum, from a bursting shell"—
O God, that Your wisdom willed,
When otherwise all would have been so well,
That Jim—our Jim—was killed!

Edwin L. Sabin.

THE FOREST BRIDGE.

As I go over the forest bridge
In the amber lights of dawn,
The fresh leaves whisper silkily
Like the tread of a fleeting fawn.
And mists appear
Like genii queer,
Where the deep, wet hollows yawn.

Under the bridge, with a soothing lisp,
The soft dark waters flow;
The maples curve their shapely tops
And ripple the dusk below.
Mosses and reeds
And river weeds
On the moist, wide margin grow.

The merry reapers seek the fields
Where the wheat and barley stand,
And just beyond the broken stile
I see them cross the land;
And one is there
With chestnut hair,
Who waves his strong brown hand.

The wild white morning glory loops
The bridge's beams adorn;
Beneath its edge the windflowers pale
And the cuckoo buds are born.
The land hath not
A sweeter spot
Than the forest bridge at morn.

Hattie Whitney.

NATURE'S BABE.

WHEN Mother Nature bore the world
She clasped it to her breast;
She bathed it where a brooklet purled,
Then in white clouds 'twas dressed.

Again she clasped it to her breast,
Sang to it soothingly,
And whispered: "I love you the best;
You're all the world to me!"

Tom Hall.

THE EAST.

THE pious oriental, be it morn or vesper
bell,
Turns toward the east for life and hope; but
I, love's infidel,
Toward east or west, or north or south,
wherever thou may'st be,
That way I turn for life and hope, for that
is east to me.

Clarence Urmy.

THE SEA'S SONG.

SONG of the summer sea
Splashing the sandy shore,
Telling of ocean lore
In mystic minstrelsy,

Sing you our promised ships
That never reach their port,
While we their coming court,
Tear eyed, with quivering lips?

Sing you of distant wrecks
Broken on coral reef,
While, in the cottage, grief
Ever the soul must vex?

Sing you the storm king's rage
Rolling on high the main,
Mocking at human pain
Till death's cold hand assuage?

Or of fruit laden isies
Far from the path of ships,
Where time unreckoned slips
And summer ever smiles?

Sing you the mermaid's song
Echoed in shells' faint croon,
As it was sung the moon
In the fair nights gone long?

Song of the summer sea,
Though we incline the ear,
None can tell joy from fear,
None may know smile from tear,
In your strange melody.

Wood Levette Wilson.

MY KLONDIKE.

WHY should I join the Klondike quest
For wealth, and brave the weary miles?
At beauty's fireside will I rest,
Where pearls are found—when Mabel
smiles.

And on those lips, whose Cupid's bow
Appeals by its enticing hue—
No other lips attract me so—
I see the blushing ruby, too.

In rubies nor in pearls alone
The limit of the riches lies;
A chance there is for me to own
Those diamonds in Mabel's eyes.

The gold that glints within her hair,
The ivory of neck and arms—
What treasure trove! Yet I declare
I've not exhausted half her charms.

But why in terms of sordid pelf
Describe what priceless is? Know, then,
Fair Mabel I'll possess—herself
Will make me wealthiest of men.

Edwin L. Sabin.

COACHING SONG.

WHEN a clear blue sky and a cooling breeze
Have driven the grime of the fog away,
When the air asparkle with mirth and life
Thrills with the joy of the cloudless day;
When the savor of forest and field and sea
Have somehow strayed to the smoky
street,

When a restless pulsing leaps in the veins,
Then a singing voice in the heart repeats,
"Up and away! Up and away!
Welcome the gift of the glorious day!"

Just out of the bounds of the busy square
The coach is waiting, and up we spring;
The guard's clear horn sounds a rollicking
air;
The galloping hoofs of the horses ring;

The crack of the whip it is good to hear,
The coachman's face is ruddy and brown,
And the merriest day of all the year
Is our coaching day out of London town,
Fooling along, speeding along,
"Twickenham Ferry" our coaching
song!

What matters it whither our journey tends?
The sway and the swing of the coach is
best,
Perhaps at the Court of the Roystering
King

We willingly loiter a while and rest,
But the tarnished splendor of days gone by
Is not so fair as a wayside flower,
And the radiant blue of an English sky,
And the sunshine's gold, are a royal dower.
So up and away! Up and away!
Welcome the gift of the glorious day!

Grace H. Boutelle.

A SPECIAL SALE.

WHEN Nancy bought her wedding gown
Cupid played clerk the while.
I saw the rascal mark it down
A sixpence for each smile.

And, when the bargain was complete,
He bowed down to his knee;
"The usual discount for a sweet
And merry heart," quoth he.
Theodosia Pickering Garrison.

AFTER THE QUARREL.

WE will not quarrel, dear, today,
While skies are softly blending
Their mingled hues of gold and gray,
And peace seems never ending.
So let's reserve our little spat
Till morrow dawns—or after that!

The birds, the happy little birds,
Are harping in the tree tops;
Along the beach, as white as curds,
Its shining spray the sea drops;
We have eternities to fill
With incivilities at will.

But for today—this azure day
Was made for something kinder;
The merry notes of birds at play
Shall be our heart's reminder,
And we the birds shall emulate,
And let our little quarrel wait.

Come, love, forget the hasty speech,
The thoughtless word—remember
The year that has for all and each
Its spring and its December.
And love is like the year—so sing
With all the heart, and keep it spring.
Joseph Dana Miller.